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LITERARY & HISTORICAL ESSAYS

BY THE SAME AUTHOR

SOCIAL LIFE
OF SCOTLAND
IN THE
EIGHTEENTH
CENTURY

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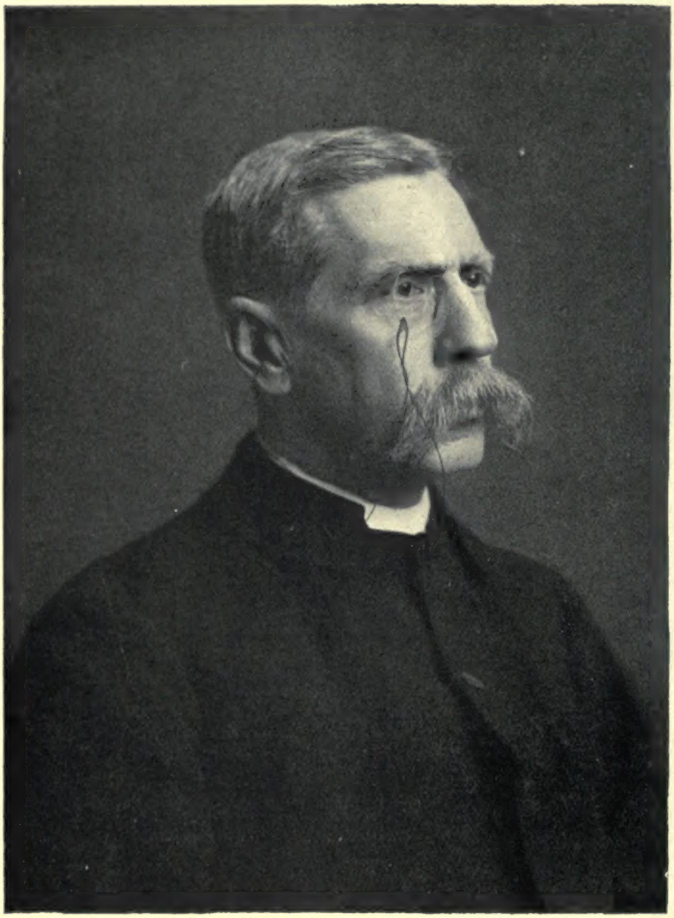

HENRY GREY GRAHAM.

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LITERARY AND HISTORICAL ESSAYS

BY

HENRY GREY GRAHAM

AUTHOR OF 'SOCIAL LIFE OF SCOTLAND IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY'
AND 'SCOTTISH MEN OF LETTERS IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY'

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PREFACE

HENRY GREY GRAHAM, author of the essays in this volume, youngest of the eleven children of the Rev. Robert Balfour Graham, D.D., minister of the parish of North Berwick, was born in the manse there on October 3, 1842. *He was a student of literature even from boyhood. All his pocket-money was spent on books. On the death of his father, in* 1855, *Mrs. Graham took him and her youngest daughter to live in Edinburgh. After about two years at school there, supplementing similar tuition at North Berwick, he entered the University, where his career was uneventful. Shy and retiring, he did not contend for honours, and indeed, it is said, did not take class work very seriously. Still, he held a good place, especially in Divinity, and at the meetings of debating societies showed great cleverness, often speaking with keen wit and cutting sarcasm. Licensed by the Presbytery of Haddington in* 1865, *he became assistant to the Rev. George Allison, at Bonhill, Dumbartonshire. Promotion came without much delay. The Secretary of State for the Home Department assigned to him the* *charge of Nenthorn, Berwickshire, to which he was ordained on March* 12, 1868, *and as soon as he settled into the manse his mother and sister joined him. For five years he led such a quiet, uneventful life in this little, out-of-the-world parish, that when it was announced that Mr. Russel of the* Scotsman *was about to reside at Nenthorn House, he felt alarmed at the news. Mr. Russel would probably come to his church and listen critically to his sermons, and the prospect filled him with dismay, for Mr. Graham had a modest estimate of his own abilities. But a friend to whom he confided his fears assured him that the Editor was "not a church-goer." This, however, proved erroneous, for no sooner had the service commenced on the next Sunday than in came Mr. Russel. The sermon was got through somehow, and the minister was thankful to reach the seclusion of his vestry. But there the great man joined him, having come to compliment him on the quality of his discourse. The acquaintanceship thus begun ripened into affection on both sides. At Mr. Russel's request, Mr. Graham became a contributor to the* Scotsman. *He wrote many a review and not a few leading articles, and his writings were not confined to ecclesiastical affairs. He continued to write for the* Scotsman *long after his friend's death in* 1876, *but at no time did his journalistic activity encroach upon his Church duties. His connection with the* Scotsman *did not lessen the regard in which he was held by notable men of the world. Amongst his correspondence are some amusing* *letters from Professor Nichol, one of which is quoted here.*

Darrochmor, Carrick, Lochgoil,
June 10, 1889.

Dear Mr. Graham—We have just settled here for the summer. You will have heard that my resignation of the Chair of English Literature has been accepted: so I "cease from troubling" the people of the "second city in the Empire" by my political or religious heresies; at least from within *their exquisitely polished and keenly appreciative circle.*

Believing, however, that the system of teaching English followed in our University has been of some service in helping students to write at least respectably, I am anxious that the tradition of those years should be so far preserved in the work of my successor, and I have no hesitation in saying that the wish of the students in the matter is also mine. They are preparing a memorial on behalf of Mr. Wm. M'Cormick, who has been to me an invaluable assistant, and more than any one else is familiar with the wants of his audience. Ample testimony to his striking success as a lecturer will soon be forthcoming; but I wish to know if I am prejudiced in his favour as a writer. A volume of lectures by him will soon be forwarded to you; and if you have leisure I would gladly accept the favour, which I have never asked though I have gratefully accepted it for myself, of a short notice by you in the Scotsman. *Cooper, in this instance ignorant that M'Cormick is a friend of mine, will not be likely to place any bar in the way.—Ever yours truly, in haste,*

J. Nichol.

The following letter from Mr. Findlay, proprietor of the Scotsman, *refers to Mr. Graham's refusal to become a candidate for Old Greyfriars, one of the most important churches in Edinburgh. For on the death of Dr. Robert Lee Mr. Graham* *was urgently pressed to accept nomination in candidature for the succession, but after much correspondence and hesitation, he could not see his way to leaving Nenthorn.*

8 Rutland Square, Edinburgh,
December 14, 1876.

My dear Mr. Graham—The reason of your withdrawal distresses me; I am very sorry to think you should require to be warned off such a venture on the score of health. But I trust it is, if not an unnecessary measure, at least only a precautionary one; that is, that you are strong enough to enjoy work, and do it well, if you do not take too much in hand. I never thought of you as a valetudinarian; but it is a character many a one is compelled to take up early enough; and if they play the part well, they may play it a long time. Indeed it is generally the most robust who, fearing nothing, and overtaxing their strength and resources, are really prematurely cut down, or rather worn out. Our late friend—though you never knew him in his full vigour, which was marvellous—was a sad example of this. Therefore I trust you will obey orders; but I hope they will not prove inconsistent with your by and by getting into some sphere more worthy of your powers than your present—pleasant as that is, I doubt not, in many ways.

Any trouble we have had is not worth a moment's consideration. Besides, we were selfishly interested in the business, as we did not disguise ourselves to be. And in a selfish point of view I am only sorry that you did not resolve to give us your company on Saturday and your sermon on Sunday on the arranged understanding that neither pledged you to anything! I am sure we *should have enjoyed both, however much you had made yourself a martyr, as you really ought to have done. However, if you will come and see us, in a social sort of way, the next time you have occasion to be in town, you shall be forgiven.—Ever yours sincerely,* *J. R. Findlay.*

PREFACE

On September 3, 1878, *Mr. Graham was married, at the Catholic Apostolic Church, Gordon Square, London, to Miss Alice Carlyle, his first cousin, his mother's niece. Miss Carlyle's mother, whose maiden name was Frances Wallace Lawrie, was a sister of Mrs. Robert Balfour Graham, and seventh daughter of the Rev. Archibald Lawrie, D.D., minister of Loudon, and grand-daughter of the Rev. George Lawrie, D.D., also minister of Loudon, and the friend and patron of Robert Burns. She and some of her sisters used to be called "the lovely Miss Lawries of Loudon." In those days, when entertainments were simple and young people enjoyed a dance on the green, the handsome Edward Irving, about three-and-thirty years of age, sometimes took part in merry-makings. This seventh daughter of Loudon Manse, then in her teens, was a great favourite with Irving, and, much to her girlish delight, he would take her as his partner in the country dance. At eighteen she married Thomas Carlyle of Shawhill, Ayrshire. Mr. Carlyle, then a member of the Scottish Bar, became famous for eloquence, and in* 1831 *acted as counsel for the Rev. John M'Leod Campbell in the "Row Heresy Case"; but in* 1835 *he gave up his practice to become a minister in the Catholic Apostolic Church, and went to England, where he remained until his death. His last surviving son, Mr. Hildred Edward Carlyle, died on October* 3, 1904; *and among Mr. Graham's papers is found the following chronicle:—*

Mr. Hildred Edward Carlyle, whose death took place in London on Monday, in his sixty-first year, came of that old Dumfriesshire family, the Carlyles of Torthorwald, a family which at one time owned extensive estates in Nithsdale. The Carlyles were warm supporters of the cause of Robert Bruce, and it was as a reward for his distinguished services that in 1303 *Sir William de Carlyle received in marriage Lady Margaret Bruce, the sister of the king. His great-grandson, Sir William de Carlyle of Torthorwald, was one of the retinue of Margaret of Scotland, and attended her into France on the occasion of her marriage to Louis the Dauphin in* 1436. *It was the son of this Sir William—John Carlyle of Torthorwald—who was raised to the peerage by James III. of Scotland in the year* 1473 *by the title of Lord Carlyle of Torthorwald. The title, which was given by charter of creation to heirs-male, fell into abeyance after the death of Michael, 4th Lord Carlyle, in* 1579. *In* 1798, *however, Mr. Dacre Carlyle, Fellow of Queens' College, Cambridge, a distinguished Orientalist, was served heir to the last Lord Carlyle. On his death six years later without issue the claim to the dormant title devolved upon Mr. John Carlyle of Shawhill, in Ayrshire, who died unmarried in* 1821, *when Mr. Thomas Carlyle, Advocate, father of Mr. Hildred Carlyle, who has just died, inherited the property and the claim to the ancient title. Mr. Hildred Edward Carlyle entered the Post Office Savings Bank when it first started over forty years ago, and retired only lately from the position of sub-controller. With Mr. Carlyle died the last direct male descendant of the Lords Carlyle of Torthorwald, and the title so long dormant is now extinct. The only living sister of the late Mr. Hildred E. Carlyle is the wife of Henry Grey Graham, the author of* Social Life in Scotland in the Eighteenth Century. *Among the cadets of the house were Christopher Carleill, a famous Captain under Francis Drake; Ludovick, the playwright in the days of Charles II.; and in more recent times, Dr. Alexander Carlyle, of Inveresk. The great Thomas, of Cheyne Row, was not descended from the baronial house.*

PREFACE

This chronicle is published in order to explain and justify the following spirited protest against "the great Thomas" which was made by the minister of Nenthorn in the Athenæum *of May* 14, 1881 :—

THE TWO CARLYLES

It has been said in apology for the Reminiscences of Thomas Carlyle, *which, to Mr. Froude's consternation, are obtaining so sinister a fame, that although the impressions which they give of the several characters appearing in them are often wrong, yet the facts at least are always correct. It may not be uninteresting to the public, and it certainly is just to the dead, to point out one case where almost every fact is bitterly false, and the whole impression is cruelly erroneous. In p.* 312, *vol. i., while narrating a visit to Mr. Drummond at Albury, Carlyle says: "My* double-goer, *T. Carlyle, 'Advocate,' who had for years been 'Angel' there, was lately dead, and the numerous mistakes, wilful and involuntary, which from my fifteenth year onwards he had occasioned me, selling his pamphlets as mine, getting my letters as his, and* vice versâ ; *nay, once or more with some ambassador at Berlin* dining *in my stead,—foolish vain fellow, who called me Antichrist withal in his serious moments, were likewise at an end." Now, curious to say, not one of the charges here is true, and must be due to the mistakes, wilful or involuntary, of the old man who makes them. Mr. T. Carlyle, here spoken of, was a member of the Scottish Bar who became an Apostle (not "Angel") of the Catholic Apostolic Church, commonly known as the "Irvingite." Before he gave up his profession he had been counsel for John M'Leod Campbell in the once famous Row heresy trial in* 1830; *he had already published a work on* The True Humanity of Christ, *in support of his friend Edward Irving's views ; and after he joined the new religious movement, he was appointed Apostle for Germany, a field for which his great acquaintance with German language, literature, life, and thought especially* *qualified him. All who knew him remember him as a man of singular modesty and singleness of heart, a man, too, of much ability and keen, bright humour. It is easy to prove how false is every assertion made against him by his great namesake. He speaks of "the numerous mistakes, wilful and involuntary, which from my fifteenth year onwards he had occasioned me." Now, seeing that at that time the "double-goer" was only* six years *old (having been born nine years after his accuser), it will appear that the future Apostle must have been very precocious or the future Philosopher very inaccurate. "T. Carlyle, 'Advocate,'" though born like his namesake in Dumfriesshire, was of a very different rank in life from him; his father was a landed proprietor, the representative of a very old family, and he was not likely when so young to be brought in contact with the mason's son; and, whether he then met him or not, certainly could not at the early age of six, when still in the nursery at Shawhill, have harmed the lad who was then at Edinburgh University.*

Pass to the other charge of "selling his pamphlets as mine." It could be imagined that a vain, dishonest man might pass off the famous Carlyle's works as his own to make an ill-got reputation for a purpose, but it is curious that vanity should induce such self-effacement as here described—as to pass off his own works as those of somebody else, and thus, instead of gaining fame for himself, to confer it on another man. Let us at once disprove the ungenerous libel. Mr. T. Carlyle's pamphlets, written in English and German, bore the following titles:—"The Hope of Christendom," "On Symbols of Worship," "The One Catholic Supremacy," "The Office of the Paraclete," etc. They were written in support of his own and his Church's religious views; they were either issued anonymously—being entirely for edification, not for fame—or published as by "T. Carlyle, Advocate," *the profession always being mentioned so that there could be no mistaken identity. It will thus be seen how utterly false the charge is. No one could conceive any enthusiast for his Church, for which he had sacrificed his profession and his home, getting his "Irvingite" pamphlets* *sold under the name of the author of* Sartor Resartus, *whom he is said contradictorily to have called Antichrist. No one could conceive any sane man issuing, or any sane man accepting, as the work of such an author publications with opinions ludicrously incongruous with every thought by which he had gained his fame, and treating of the Second Advent, the giving of Apostles, and the Epistles to the Seven Churches.*

I next come to the very vaguely worded accusation of "his once or more *with* some *ambassador at Berlin dining in my stead." It is evident that here the vanity is in the Philosopher, not in the Apostle, for he at once supposes that no two persons of the distinguished name of "Thomas Carlyle" could achieve the high privilege of dining with an ambassador. I suspect that "T. Carlyle, Advocate," was too much of a gentleman to think this a great honour, still less an honour to be gained by acting the dishonourable part of a social swindler. Yet the author of the* Reminiscences *allows himself to credit that a gentleman who was publicly engaged in Germany, and especially in Berlin, in the high apostolic work of his Church, known to many men of all ranks by his office as well as his ability, with introductions to men of high position, could pass himself off as—or be mistaken for—a totally different character. The friend of Irving, of Neander, and of Bunsen; the author of at least one work of a little note—*The Moral Phenomena of Germany*—which was translated into German, like most of his works, and passed through three editions, of which his friend the Prussian ambassador, in letters before me, speaks as "a work by a man who has studied us as no foreigner has done this long while," and of which the King of Prussia in an autograph letter, also before me, writes* (in 1845) *in warmest praise, —such a man was not likely to need to resort to dangerous personation of another man to gain the poor honour of dining with "some ambassador" at Berlin. Had Carlyle known that his "double-goer" also had dined with the king, who knew the "Apostle's" works well, he would, of course, have been sure that this also was due to a fraudulent personation of himself. Baroness Bunsen speaks of Mr. T. Carlyle in her diary under*

January 28, 1845*:* "*We saw for one day a remarkable man, Thos. Carlyle, not the author of the* French Revolution, *etc., but a member of a new sect and called the Apostle for Germany! You would expect an impostor or a madman, but we found neither; a man and a gentleman, amiable, intelligent, and I believe truly pious and well intentioned. . . . This Mr. Carlyle has been in Germany, known many people in Berlin, and has written a book on Germany, containing more truth both in praise and censure than has been told, I should think, by anybody who has yet treated the subject.*" *Those who knew Mr. Carlyle personally, who knew his ability (Irving speaks of him in a letter as* "*his young friend, a man of the rarest genius and highest accomplishments*"*), his ingenuous, high-minded character, can laugh—though angrily—at these calumnies written of a man* "*lately dead*"*; but it is painful for his family and his Church to find such gross aspersions, which the public may believe, and which will be preserved for all time in literature. Mr. Froude should make amends in future editions of the* Reminiscences *for the injury he has done to the reputations of the dead and the feelings of the living. Literature may have suffered by Carlyle not finishing his strange autobiography, but it must be seen now that though English literature has lost much, the characters of his unfortunate friends and foes have assuredly gained a great deal more. A reviewer in the* Globe *has referred to the above misrepresentations, and attributed them to* "*genealogical jealousy*" *against a man* "*who was head of the clan and heir of the old title of Baron or Earl of Torthorwald.*" *Whatever the reason may have been, I know that Mr. T. Carlyle considered that he had been much wronged on one occasion at least, many years ago, by his great namesake, who was not disposed to be very charitable to any one who encouraged his friend Irving in his later religious views.*

The result of this protest is indicated in a letter to Mr. Graham as follows:—

3 Chalcot Gardens,
Haverstock Hill, N.W.,
1st Feb. 1887.

Dear Sir—I return enclosed the cutting from the Athenæum *you sent me. The passage in the* Reminiscences *referred to has been omitted, and the omission marked by a footnote to the effect that there are good grounds for believing that Carlyle had been misinformed. I may add that I, of course, believe that your relative was a man of strict honour and incapable of the act imputed to him; but I consider it only fair to my uncle's memory to say that, as is plain from letters in my hands, he had no reason to doubt the truth of the statement as to the Berlin visit which he wrote in the* Reminiscences. *Mr. Barton (John Sterling's brother-in-law) was not his only authority for it, and to any one who knew Thomas Carlyle, Author, it is as absurd to charge him with "vanity" in such a matter as it could be to charge your kinsman with impersonating him.*

I hope the correction will be satisfactory to you. I have made it on my own responsibility, but I am sure Mr. Norton will be pleased that it should have been made.—I remain, dear sir, yours faithfully,

MARY CARLYLE.

In publishing this, there is no desire to revive contention. Readers of the first edition of the Reminiscences *may still believe that Mr. Graham's relation was a "double-goer." That is why it seems necessary to supplement the footnote by Miss Carlyle's ampler acknowledgment that a serious wrong had been done.*

The years at Nenthorn passed in quiet though active happiness, for Mr. Graham's devotion to literature did not in any way interfere with his parish visiting, nor with the preparation of his sermons. Soon after his marriage he published

Rousseau, *a volume in* Foreign Classics for English Readers, *edited by Mrs. Oliphant, novelist. Its vivid account of France during the period when the Revolutionary storm was brewing is acknowledged by authorities to be singularly accurate, and the life of Rousseau is made as enthralling as any romance. In his garden Mr. Graham took a keen interest. At the manse a yew hedge which he planted when the trees were scarcely more than a foot high is now substantial record of his labours. Mr. Graham was a great lover of the country. He used to say that a long walk was the best means of encouraging thought. Many a sermon was composed while he walked, and written on reaching home. Fond as he was of country life, he had practically no taste for sports or games. He did not shoot; he played neither cricket nor golf; to fishing he had a special dislike. The only outdoor game he took an interest in was croquet; and he was always ready, when wanted, to take a hand at whist. For ordinary town life Mr. Graham had little liking; but a fortnight's stay in London was one of his greatest pleasures. During one of these visits he would go out after breakfast and appear again just in time for dinner. He was well known by sight to all booksellers and printsellers throughout London; not only to those who have libraries in the fashionable thoroughfares, but also to those whose dingy shops and open bookstalls are to be found in the poorer parts, or even in the slums. He seldom spent much money on a book, most of them being "picked up"* *in second-hand bookstalls in Edinburgh, London, Bath, etc. Wherever, indeed, he spent his summer holidays the nearest country town yielded its treasures out of ancient circulating libraries. His knowledge about such books was wonderfully exact, even experts could not beat him at knowing the market price of a book, and many a bookseller has marvelled how he came by such lore. They used often to await his periodic visits for a judgment on some rare print or book, and would say that "there was nothing worth knowing in such matters but his reverence could give points to the trade." Many were the reminiscences which Mr. Graham would tell in congenial company of treasures found here and there at sales, at bookstalls, or even snug and overlooked on the shelves of an expert in such wares.*

Wide as was his reading, Mr. Graham's interest lay chiefly in the eighteenth century, and in it and in its society he was infinitely more at home than at a Glasgow dinner-table. He knew every wit and author, every leader of fashion and society, every celebrity of the time, not merely by sight, but also by such little tricks of dress or mannerism as their intimates have noted here and there in their voluminous memoirs. In the tavern where the literary coterie foregathered in Edinburgh, in the drawing-rooms and coffee-houses of London, in the salons of Madame du Deffand or Madame Geoffrin in Paris, he would have known any one worth the knowing, not as a mere outsider, but as an intimate who is subconsciously aware of every little foible and *eccentricity, jealousy, and pet aversion, well aware what topics to obtrude and what subjects were best let alone, and in pungent satire and ready quip well able to hold his own in their tournaments and duellos of wit. For besides an infinite pains in securing information about a society in which he had so much in common, through the medium of books, he made a collection of prints to illustrate the chief memoirs and journals of the time which is probably unique. Boswell's* Johnson, *Madame d'Arblay, Cockburn's* Memorials of His Time, *Doran's* Their Majesties' Servants, *are a few of the works treated in this way. The first-named being enriched by some* 700 *portraits. These illustrated volumes, of which there are between sixty and seventy, are now of great value. Mr. Graham amassed a library of over* 4000 *books. These were constantly pruned and weeded out, and constituted an ideal reference library upon the eighteenth century, and general history, biography, and philosophy. It was a catholic library. There were also included a number of rare books—rare, that is, for a man of his limited means. There were complete sets of first editions of Stevenson, Dickens, Hardy, Meredith, and many another author whom popular taste has thus honoured. Mr. Graham, indeed, lived among books, and was rarely seen without one in his hand.*

In 1884 *Mr. Graham was called from Nenthorn to a busier charge. The congregation of Hyndland, Glasgow, had lost their pastor, Dr. Service, a well-known scholar and thinker; and Mr. Graham* *was inducted as successor on October* 31. *He ministered in Glasgow for twenty-two years, and though his leisure there was less than it had been in the country parish, it was put to excellent use.* Social Life in Scotland in the Eighteenth Century, *first published in* 1899, *was read with astonishment and delight all over the world, and it was "crowned" by the* Academy *as being the greatest book of the year. It was followed, in* 1901, *by* Scottish Men of Letters in the Eighteenth Century, *a work of similar merit. These books were so exhaustively reviewed, and are so well known, that it is unnecessary to say much about them here; but the following is an example of the private exchanges of opinion to which Mr. Graham's works give occasion. These letters refer to* Scottish Men of Letters.

WHITTINGEHAME, PRESTONKIRK, N.B.,
Dec. 29, 1901.

Dear Mr. Graham—I have asked Principal Story to write with this a note of introduction, that you may not altogether consider me one of the many-headed public, who feel an author exists for the purpose of being questioned as to his writings.

We have been reading your last book with great interest, and my brother-in-law, Arthur Balfour, who knows the period better than most people, has been full of interest and comment. One or two of the questions he put to me, I told him I thought you would not mind my writing and asking yourself. The first one is why you did not include Arbuthnot among your selection of Scotsmen? We also have felt that Burns has been so much written about, that a more incidental inclusion of him, to the benefit of more space to the less known names would have been good. I think Mr. Balfour felt that the Edinbro' circle *was so unique that perhaps the scheme of the book might have dwelt more on this group. Perhaps you will answer that Arbuthnot's long residence in London put him outside of men resident in Scotland?*

I think Mr. Balfour also felt that in the chapter about the Man of Feeling, *that school of sentiment dated further back than Richardson, a view Prof. Saintsbury agreed with when I told him. He putting it back to a period of French literature and Sterne in England.*

Personally I am too loyal a daughter of the Church of Scotland not to regret the backhanders the said Church and its ministers get from you at times! Also, it is a smaller matter, but I won't allow that "by preaching of the word" has dropped out of the civic belief of Glasgow! It is a book which must give much pleasant reading to all of us in Scotland, and it may lighten the gross darkness in which the Southron lives, when Scottish men are concerned.—Believe me, yours very truly,

FRANCES BALFOUR.

Dowanhill Gardens, Glasgow,
Dec. 30, 1901.

Dear Lady Frances Balfour—Principal Story has forwarded your letter to me, and it is a great pleasure to me to know that my book has been of sufficient interest for you to write asking some questions and make kindly comments upon it.

I am glad to answer them, whether my explanations prove satisfactory or not.

1. *With regard to* Arbuthnot *I have not overlooked him, as a reference to page 276 will show. The notice is meagre indeed; but I did not say more, because he left Scotland before the eighteenth century began; he was entirely associated with England, and in several cases his works were written in collaboration with Englishmen—Swift and Pope,—and* besides *the details of his personal life are few, even his fullest biographers supplying few traits and characteristics of interest.*

2. *My reason, or excuse, for treating of Burns at length is*

that this would be expected from such a book; and though one gets wearied of "toujours *Burns*," *the volume might have seemed ill-proportioned if it had treated largely of small men, and meagrely of nearly its greatest. I think I could only have curtailed it by some ten pages. After all, I see that I have devoted to men* (*and women*) *connected with Edinburgh about* 280 *pages.*

3. *On the point concerning the* "*School of Sentiment*," *I think I have fallen into no error. Richardson's* Clarissa Harlowe *appeared in* 1748, *and there was no wave of sentiment before that in* England,—*not even in France, and it was not till* 1759 *that Rousseau's* La Nouvelle Héloïse *came out, to make it fashionable in society and literature among the French. Diderot had done something to that effect a few years before, it is true, but not before Richardson, over whom he raved. Sterne's* Sentimental Journey, *which I have mentioned, appeared only three years before the* Man of Feeling.

4. *I fear that I have not made my meaning clear regarding the* "*Preaching of the Word.*" *The old motto or* "*sentiment*" *was* "*May Glasgow flourish by the preaching of the Word,*" *and it is only of recent years that the last clause was omitted from the legend round the city arms and the civic toasts. It was only a mild* "*backhander*" *I meant at the omission of this phrase or* "*sentiment,*" *without meaning to cast any aspersion on the religious emotions of the citizens or the city.*

I have done my best to explain away some objections, successfully or not. I fear there are others which must have occurred to Mr. Balfour which I can only apologise for, and I observe a few slips of the pen and oversight in the proofs which cause me uneasiness.

I should be sorry to be thought disloyal to the Church by any ill-placed "*pleasantries,*" *being descended myself from a long line of ministers—back to* 1650; *one of them being Dr. Lawrie of Loudon, my great-grandfather, whom I have mentioned in connection with* "*Ossian*" *Macpherson and Burns.—*
I remain, yours faithfully, *H. GREY GRAHAM.*

Of the private life of Mr. Graham it is not necessary to speak at length. He had a gentle spirit, simplicity of purpose, humbleness of heart, with great strength of will. Two of the most beautiful traits in his character were his wonderful spirit of forgiveness, and his power to acknowledge that he had done wrong. Jealousy, inquisitiveness, conceit, meanness, had no place in his nature. He was of an exceptionally cheerful disposition, full of wit and humour. His troubles, disappointments, and anxieties were borne with courage. His faults were few. Indeed, had it not been for his impatient temper his character would have been almost faultless. Some winced under his sarcasm, not realising that a very quick sympathy with human frailties may underlie the sarcasm which scorches or the epigram which cuts; indeed, humour and wit can never come from any save those who have a quick innate understanding of mortal weaknesses, and therefore a gift of compassionate sorrow. It was not really against men that Mr. Graham aimed his shafts. It was against the errors of men, their false ideas, or their more ludicrous actions. He had no ill-will towards any man.

One of Mr. Graham's Glasgow friends has said of him—"He radiated cheerfulness. His very presence was the death of dulness. And this was more than a mere matter of temperament. By habit he was a student and a man of letters, a bookish man; but those who knew him well knew that the heart of this bookish man was the heart of a soldier, *gay in the face of trouble for himself, courteous and considerate of the needs of those by his side. This fine trait of manhood shone out conspicuously in the weeks of his last illness, when he was always ready to jest and smile at his own troubles, except when he was expressing solicitude and regret for the trouble he was giving to those about him. And so he passed, smiling, courteous, debonair to the end."*

He died on May 6, 1906, *and was buried in Cathcart Cemetery, Glasgow. The cross which marks his grave bears the following inscription, chosen by himself:—"Until the day break, and the shadows flee away."*

SOCIETY IN FRANCE BEFORE THE REVOLUTION[1]

I

One day in 1751 Louis XV. was driving to mass at Notre Dame when his carriage was stopped by a man, haggard, ragged, and famishing, who thrust in at the window a bit of dirty black bread. "See," he cried, "what we are paying four sous a pound for!" and the poor wretch was beaten off by indignant lackeys, as he muttered his fierce curses on the rich, while the king proceeded devoutly to mass. In that year the country was in a state of famine, the people "eating grass like sheep," and "dying like flies"; but the court went on spending and the *noblesse* squandering. It was when the country was in destitution, when debts were wildly accumulating year by year, when the expenses of futile inglorious wars, and the boundless luxury of still more inglorious peace, were threatening to bring the land to ruin, that the monarch uttered his famous phrase of sublime cynicism: "It will last my time—after me the deluge!" So he went on his course—wasting, banqueting, sinning, and campaigning. Madame de Pompadour, mistress of the king and master of the kingdom—acting charmingly in the theatre at Bellevue one day, on another directing a campaign on the Rhine—sending Marshal d'Estrées the plan of manœuvres with the route marked out with patches from her cheeks gummed upon the paper. She dies—the virtual ruler of France—on a stormy night in 1764, and the king looks out of the window, against which the wind and rain are pelting, and coldly remarks, "Madame has got bad weather for her journey to-night." Clearly this man, with a heart as empty as his exchequer, was not the king to be the saviour of a distracted country.

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[1] Lectures delivered to the Royal Institution in February 1901.

Ten years go by—years of ignoble reign, of prodigality and senile profligacy, and in 1774 the royal debauchee dies—"with a head of feathers and a heart of lead"—of a loathsome disease; and, deserted by kindred, courtiers, and hirelings, he is hastily put in two leaden coffins, and the body is borne swiftly to burial amidst the hissing and laughter of the populace. This was he on whom the hopes of the people once had centred, and had gained the title, he had done nothing to earn, of "the well-beloved." Eagerly, hurriedly, expectant courtiers rush to salute the young king, who, with his queen, at the age of twenty, had fallen heir to a throne, a prison, and a scaffold. Well might poor Marie Antoinette fall on her knees and pray, "God guide us, protect us! We are too young to reign!" They certainly were not sovereigns to reign in an unruly time, to direct the destinies of a troubled nation. Louis, dull, honest, well-meaning, will listen in confusion to all advisers, and in the multitude of counsellors will never find wisdom. He can make locks excellently in his smithy, he hunts incessantly, he learns geography diligently, and in time knows exactly the boundary of every province of his kingdom, and hardly anything that goes on in one. Nature fitted him to be the respectable father of a small bourgeois family; fate, by the irony of Providence, made him father of a population of 26 million rebellious children.

Deeper and deeper sinks the country into difficulties; the revenues are plundered by one-half before they reach the Treasury, and are wasted when they get there. At length there are over 600 million livres of deficit; national debts are increasing by 197 millions a year; while the middle classes, fearing a national bankruptcy, will give no more loans, and the poor, who are overburdened, can endure no more taxes. In vain one minister after another is chosen to save the land from ruin. Like phantoms they come and go, these bewildered statesmen, leaving the government more embarrassed and the people more disappointed. France had throughout many generations suffered many things of its physicians, and in the middle of the century a saying was current that France was a sick man who for a hundred years had been treated by three doctors in red. The first (Cardinal Richelieu) bled him, the second (Cardinal Mazarin) purged him, and the third (Cardinal Fleury) had put him on diet. All these methods had failed with signal uniformity. What can Louis XVI. do, ignorant of business and finance, and of most things besides? M. Maurepas is called to cure the State—a bright, merry cricket of a minister in perennial youth and cheerfulness at seventy, who at once makes everything seem smooth, calms all fears, and with seducing confidence would persuade a patient that a death-rattle was a slight catarrh. He fails, and departs, and Turgot takes his place as Controller-General—an admirable reformer, economist, and patriotic minister; and he proposes measures to redress popular grievances, to remove inequalities, and make the rich pay their taxes as well as the poor. But soon he is driven out of office by a pique of the queen, by the influences of the nobles, frightened at loss of privileges; and the king, who sympathised with his minister, is left to whimper feebly, "Turgot and I are the only two who love the people." Necker, the Genevese, who had come to Paris a poor clerk, and is now a wealthy banker, is next installed in office, bringing with him much assurance, honest purposes, and beneficent schemes, by which he won the hate of the *noblesse*, whose so-called "rights" he infringed, and the love of the people, whose wrongs he exposed; and he, in his turn, disappears, after having in 1781 issued his report on finances, which opened the eyes of the nation to the wanton waste of revenue. The brilliant, reckless Calonne succeeds as Controller—a man who, if faith in himself could remove mountains of debt, would assuredly succeed. "I fear," said the queen, now dabbling in politics, "I fear this is a difficult matter." "Madame," replied he blandly, with a vow, "if it is difficult, it is done; if it is impossible, it shall be done." And this he ingeniously tries to do by borrowing loan after loan, which involves the country in overwhelming debt, the deficit increasing by 400 million, and the taxation by 21 million livres. At first he advocates, like Turgot, equal taxes, abolition of iniquitous privileges to nobles, and then, in despair at the odium in high places, convokes the Assembly of Notables—curiously putting in the hands of the aristocracy the task of remedying the state of affairs which it was their sole interest to continue. Upon this the sanguine Calonne was forced to retire, with rotten financial schemes, having, it was said, been "praised when he set the house on fire, and dismissed when he rang the alarm bell." What is to be done? Yet one more saviour is sought in Lominie Brienne, Archbishop of Toulouse, who has wealth and wit in abundance, as well as sonorous political maxims. Some burdens are relieved, which only awakens the people to the grievances they had borne; and in desperation the king is counselled to summon the States-General the first time for 175 years, when with the orders of nobles and clergy should appear the *tiers-état*, the people from bourgeois to peasant, who will then send deputies to utter aloud before court and aristocracy the complaints over which their hearts had brooded and their lives had bent. "Great God!" exclaimed the queen, "this is the first beat of the drum of ill omen. These *noblesse* will ruin us!" When the archbishop retires—with a pension of 800,000 livres to further burden a distressful country—Necker is called back amidst the huzzas of the people of Paris, only to be dismissed soon by the king, amidst the cries of their dismay. The States-General meet in May 1789, but their efforts prove too tedious and their measures are too slow to satisfy an impetuous and hungry mob, whose pent-up passions break forth beyond control. The Revolution has begun.

While these great political embarrassments were occurring, what was the condition of society of various classes?

Let us look first at the condition of the higher or highest orders. It may be said when that is described that it is, after all, a picture not of matters serious to the nation, but merely of its frivolous aspects. True; but we must remember that sometimes frivolity may prove a very serious thing for an age. Naturally one turns to the court, which sets the fashion, and gives the keynote to all the high and powerful classes of society. However much distress and poverty may abound in the provinces, here there are no traces; no sounds of a people's mourning or misery penetrate the walls of palaces. At

Versailles, where chiefly the king resides, all is gay and brilliant as in olden times. The rooms crowded with courtiers, to whom menial offices are of transcendent importance, attending their royalties from morning till night, when they walk, dress, eat, walk, play, sup, yawn, and retire to rest. In that gorgeous throng, in which the queen stands supreme in grace and beauty, the king seems hardly at home. Short he is and clumsy, with puffy cheeks, protruding, near-sighted eyes, hair stuck out from the habit of running his fingers through it, sometimes with clothes dirty and hands grimy from his blacksmith's tools. He has an insatiable love of hunting, and the whole territory for leagues round Paris is one vast game preserve. In pursuit of deer and wolves and wild boars he spends a third part of every year; he is happy when 450 head of deer fall to his hand in one expedition; a day at home is a day wasted to him. In his diary he marks *rien* as the record when he is not after the game. Even in the days when M. Necker is dismissed, and when the States-General meet, the brief entry is *rien*—nothing! and when confined a prisoner in Paris he chronicles a stag hunt, and laments he is not present. The chase costs him a million; he does not grudge it. But busy at sport, levées, plays, banquets, what time has he to devote to his country? The queen has her amusements too: her theatre, her games at hazard, her fêtes, her gossip, her toilets. A new fashion is her delight, a new costume is a source of rapture. Mdlle. Bertin, dressmaker, ruled the queen, the queen ruled the court, and the court ruled society. No fashion is too fantastic, none too extravagant, to be adopted by men of society, and Marie Antoinette little thinks that each freak she indulges will cause vast expense in 10,000 homes, endless deceit of wives, untold debts to husbands, and dispeace in innumerable households. When her majesty wears a certain colour to-day, Paris must wear it to-morrow. For example, she chooses a dress of dark-brown taffeta. "Why," says the king, "it is the colour of a flea!" Thereupon all over the country dyers are employed in making *puce*-coloured stuffs of all shades of the thigh, the head, the back of a flea. Another day she wears pale yellow satin. "Exactly the colour of the queen's hair!" exclaims the Comte d'Artois, and everybody dresses accordingly. Locks of the queen's hair are sent to Lyons, to the Gobelins, that the exact shade may be copied. Graceful, gracious, unstable, she passes her time ever seeking some fresh amusement; she speaks whatever she thinks, and thinks much she should not speak; says whatever comes uppermost, which judicious people take care to keep undermost; plays at her theatre her favourite soubrette parts in her full-toned, melodious voice; reads but little (fortunately, for her library at Versailles is full of immoral books chosen by her friends); gambles audaciously at hazard, which, though forbidden by police in France, is played freely at the palace. At Marly she loses

120,000 francs at a blow, and she and her ladies would retire from the tables with the fronts of their gowns blackened by the piles of money which they had had on their laps. All this will be remembered against her one day.

All this time the country is distracted with poverty and debts, while the king lavishes presents and pensions on favourites of his own or of the queen; now a million to pay the Prince de Conti's debts, now two millions to please the Noailles family—gifts to every obsequious, grasping court sucker. Of a loan of 100 millions which Calonne raised, only a quarter entered the Treasury—Monsieur gets 25 millions of it, and Comte d'Artois 56 millions; the king thought nothing of giving as marriage dowry to a court friend a sum representing the taxes of his villagers. Every year the overburdened people had to support 15,000 persons of the royal household, at the cost of 40 to 50 million livres, the tenth of the whole public revenue; and yet the king is deeply in debt to wine merchants and butchers, who crave in vain for their money. The king is plundered by all who serve him, from chambermaids who make 50,000 francs by selling candles lighted by day, placemen who sell royal dessert to fruit shops, and wine from the table to inn-keepers, to Duc de Gevres, who, at a display of fireworks, makes 50,000 for wood and scaffolding which belong to the king. No wonder, with perquisites so magnificent, places at court are bought and sold for 100,000 or 50,000 francs, for they confer rank, pensions, and pay to cloak-bearers or valets at court, who retire with noble competences.

The necessary qualification for a courtier was an ancient lineage, and none could attend the queen's drawing-room, or accompany the king to the chase, unless he could count his nobility back 400 years. The ladies of quality who were privileged to be with her majesty every day, and to put on the royal stockings, looked down superbly on those permitted to attend only once a week—superciliously calling them "Sunday ladies." Versailles was the seat of the high *noblesse*, who either lived in the palace, or in magnificent mansions in the streets of that place, which had risen from a village to a town of 80,000 inhabitants, most of whom lived on the court. There are seen in that society the most accomplished actors in high comedy of life, whose exquisite manners have taken centuries to arrive at perfection. The streets present a brilliant scene—splendid equipages, gorgeous uniforms, liveries, costumes, the prancing of horses, amid swelling music from a multitude of bands. It is a town of functionaries, officials, courtiers, whose whole interest is centred on the palace, and whose income was drawn from the country. As for the nobles, exempt from almost everything which the poor must bear, they are the spoilt children of France; all luxuries, which to them are necessities, are untaxed; all privileges are for them; all posts in the army, all benefices and dignities in the church, all positions in government, are in the hands of these gentlemen, who, as Figaro says, for these benefits had "only given themselves the trouble to be born."

Let us turn from Versailles to Paris before 1789, which was not the clean, swept, brilliant city of to-day. We find there dingy, dirty streets, in which rise, storey above storey, the houses to the sky. There creak in the wind huge signboards on the shops, menacingly overhead; no side pavements are made for passengers, who need to walk precariously in the middle of the narrow thoroughfare, crowded with people, dogs, chairs, carriages, at risk of being overrun by vehicles or kicked by the lackeys standing behind the gilt coaches. With supreme disregard of plebeian life and limb, some prince's carriage drawn by six horses passes at full gallop, as along an unfrequented country road, amidst shouts of *Gare! gare!* upon which all take refuge in turn under a doorway, or squeeze themselves against a wall. No wonder great numbers are knocked down and injured, as was Rousseau, and that over one hundred are killed every year.

When it was wet weather, from the skies and from thousands of spouts and gargoyles the water poured and drenched the luckless wayfarers, and swelled the open gutter in the middle of the street, which soon became a fetid river, bearing on its ignoble tide black mud, rags, and garbage, which flowed turbidly to the Seine or to fever-haunted ditches. To walk across was impossible for any one careful of dress and clean linen ; but the nimble Savoyards (who, like worms, came out after rain) made a livelihood by laying down their portable bridges, for the use of which they thrust forth their hands for a liard as toll ; while others carried on their back ladies and gentlemen dressed in the height of fashion, covered with mud and perplexity. It was still worse as night set in, when chairs and chariots bore their hooped and powdered burdens to the ball, with head-dresses so high that the owners required to lean their heads out of the windows, or to rest in that otherwise unaccustomed attitude — on their knees — through the perilous streets. Overhead, clattering in the breeze, and swinging from ropes stretched across the street, were the *réverbères* — lamps, 25 feet high, with oil which had recently taken the place of tallow candles, and these usually went out about nine o'clock from lack of oil, or were blown out by excess of wind. Lighted only on nights when there was no moon, and leaving the city in pitch darkness till the moon had risen and when it had disappeared, the gloom of midnight rendered Paris a prey to robbers. These supports for the *réverbères* were to bear hideous burdens in a year or two during the Revolution, when the rabble hung up on them Berthier and Foulon ; and, long after, the mob would sing their horrible refrain—*Ça ira, ça ira les aristocrates à la lanterne.*

Yet amidst these mediæval discomforts the city was increasing and spreading; new streets were being built; mansions of splendour were rising along the Champs Elysées, in which financiers, bankers, and farmers-general were vying with the *noblesse* in elegance, and surpassing them in wealth. All these changes made the contrasts the more glaring in that city—the extremes of wealth and destitution, magnificence and squalor.

"He who has not lived before 1789," said Talleyrand, "does not know the charm of living"; and the greatest charm was in the drawing-rooms of Paris; for life, it was thought, was only worth living in society, the art of which was cultivated to perfection. There was no rest, no pause in the whirl of existence; no quiet home life where the gentler graces could shine and domestic virtues grow up. Day begins late with these creatures of fashion; they rise at noon, have at their toilets those friends and *boudoir abbés* who give them piquant scandal, milliners and lace-sellers who display their wares. They dine at three o'clock; entertain, visit, go to the theatre, sup at nine, with some thirty guests; then play faro or hazard, have music with guitar or harp or harpsichord, in those splendid frescoed and gilt rooms; act comedies in which words and sentiments are expressed at which a Whitechapel audience would hiss; indulge in romps, fit for a nursery, in which porcelain jars are smashed amidst shrill laughter, and then they retire to bed about two or three in the morning. Sometimes half their days are spent over their toilet, and the other half in showing it off; for it is the work of hours to have erected those pyramidal *coiffures* 3 or 4 feet high, composed of hair and feathers and lace and bone, necessitating doors to be raised for the entrance of their wearers. There are new modes called *à la candeur, à la frivolité, à l'inoculation,* now representing a meadow with sheep, a ship in a storm, an English garden; or, like the Duchesse de Chartres' *puff au sentiment* (for she is smitten with Rousseauism), with a touching design of her son in the arms of his nurse. No wonder the victim of fashion was under the hands of the designer the night before a fête, and remained indoors sometimes all the next day, to preserve intact this monstrous work of art and folly.

Never are they so frivolous as when they pretend to be serious. See these gay companies in dresses of surpassing beauty and costliness engaged in the frugal pursuit of unravelling. Their hands are busy in a chattering circle taking the lace or gold and silver threads from old dresses, uniforms, epaulettes, at which for hours they are engaged. Proud to make 100 louis in a year, they will sacrifice in a costume twenty times what they gain by unravelling; and gentlemen are forced to surrender their embroidered waistcoats to satisfy the resistless female rapacity. In the operation tongues are as nimble as fingers, scandal is raised to a fine art, and they strip a dozen absent friends of their characters before they have undone a costume of its lace.

This artificiality of society is not to be wondered at. These people have been born in it, bred in it, trained to it from childhood. As infants sent to a country peasant's wife to be nursed, their mothers being too gay for maternal duties, they are brought back to be flattered and lied to by maids and lackeys, rarely seen by their parents (which was no great loss). Girls, at six years old, they are bound in whalebone, hooped petticoats, their hair in puffs, surmounted by plumes, so that their face seems half way to their feet; boys they are curled and powdered *petits maîtres* in their satin coats with gilt lace, their swords by their sides and hats under their arms—young persons of fashion whom the dancing master has taught how to flutter a fan and how to present it, how to dance a minuet with exquisite grace, how to turn a compliment and to lie with a charming air of sincerity. These creatures never had known the freshness and simplicity of youth. The girl is next sent to a convent for education, and is brought out when she is marriageable—unless she is ugly; for she is generously dedicated to God and the cloister if she bears the marks of piety, or of small-pox. The marriage is arranged by parents with a young man of whom she knows nothing, and of whom she will soon know too much. The alliance begins with indifference, may pass to aversion, and return to indifference again. They have their separate suites of rooms, their different retinues of attendants. They are studiously polite, and call each other "Monsieur" and "Madame," and if one has temper the other is sure to have courtesy; so that when Comte de Montlosier has a quarto flung at his head by his impulsive wife, who for once forgets her manners, he merely politely suggests that next time she should content herself with an octavo. The husband is the last to take offence at any freedom, for he is the first to give it, and they are therefore perfectly tolerant. One such moral spouse comes home and finds his wife walking sentimentally with her lover. Does he fling him out of the window or spit him with his sword? No: he merely remarks quietly to his wife, "My dear Madame, how very imprudent, suppose it had been any one but me who had seen you!" Very naturally husbands were called "social umbrellas," under whose convenient protection wives could gamble and flirt shielded from all scandal. Very seldom were any conscience-stricken, even after staking all their jewels and their characters at a faro table; but if they were, they could easily console themselves with the comfort that one lady gave to another who was plunged in tears and debts: "Never mind, my dear: with great people like us reputation grows again, just like our hair." Madame du Deffand used to say that when she entered society only three court ladies lived respectably with their lords; and *she* was not one of the three. Yet we must not forget that there were many fine exceptions—homes which kept aloof from fashionable services, with domestic quietude, pure wholesome family life in which the highest types of French society were to be found.

Amidst this superficial, artificial existence, society must have ever new forms of pleasure—some fresh excitement to fill up the time from toilet to toilet—else it would die of *ennui.* Heartless, glittering it was; but suddenly we find it assume a love of sentiment. It makes a fashion of sensibility, of giving way to emotion. It was in 1762 that the *Nouvelle Héloïse* of Jean Jacques Rousseau appeared. It took the world by storm; everybody wept over the lives of St. Preux and Julie; ladies of fashion read with glistening eyes and choking throat those rapturous letters of the too fond lovers, over which we yawn to-day. They would keep their coaches at the door, while dressed for the ball, too absorbed in the new Héloïse to remember that their horses were aching and their coachmen dozing in the streets for hours. A new era of sensibility had begun, and when the novels of the little printer of Salisbury Court, London, were translated, anew they sobbed over their rouged and powdered cheeks as they gloated over the sorrows of Clarissa Harlowe, and were even interested, these great dames, in the trials of Pamela, that most virtuously prudent of domestic servants. Now they plumed themselves on having "feeling hearts," praised each other as "expansive souls," and in their gardens erected altars to "Friendship." Any play with a touch of pathos was witnessed with symptoms of intense feeling, and they burst into exorbitant tears when, during Diderot's *Père de Famille*, a babe in swaddling clothes was brought upon the stage. Greuze's pictures in the Exhibition, "Filial Piety" and "A Paternal Benediction," which depicted incidents of domestic distress or a scene of rural life, attracted huge weepful crowds of fashion, and sentiment was "all the rage." It is not strange to find at any period of French history this characteristic exaltation of sentiment which caused Goethe to term the French "the women of Europe"; but it is certainly curious to find it simulated by that most heartless, artificial class. We find it genuine in a Madame Roland, and even a Robespierre, who from devotion to humanitarian maxims forgot their humanity. We find it in David, painter and ruthless revolutionist, who rejoiced to see the heads of aristocrats fall on the guillotine, and left in his desk, at his death, plans for schools for children and asylums for the aged. The pitiless Jacobin who heard unmoved the piteous appeal of a woman for her husband's life exclaimed, as she trod by mistake on the tail of his cur, "Good heavens, madame, have you no humanity!" This sensibility is found in the wild *tricoteuses* who yell for the head of the poor queen in the National Assembly, and on coming out give their earnings in charity, and kiss a sobbing child belated in the streets. But in that fashionable world the emotion was not in the heart—it was a vogue of the day.

Yet another phase or mode comes over society. Rousseau, Richardson, Diderot, and others had inspired sensibility in artificial circles. Rousseau further initiated a tendency towards simplicity of manners, a sympathy more or less sincere for the poor, a taste for domestic duty. In *Émile*, the writer who had sent his own children as soon as they were born to a Foundling Hospital, and was heedless of their fate, railed at those mothers who neglected their offspring and sent them to be nursed by peasant women in the country; and he who lived with an ex female scullion at an inn, painted beautifully the charms and virtues of domestic life which he never knew. Thereupon a fashion set for great ladies to condescend to maternal duties, to look after their children. They remove puffs from their daughters' heads, abandon silks and brocades, wear muslin and linen dresses, called *à la Jean Jacques*, make their sons don the same thin dress in all seasons to harden them, though in consequence mothers may get consumption, and children starve with cold. Some even begin to look after the poor on their estates, and talk of Spartan simplicity over their suppers, which are not Spartan fare. We see the queen and her companions at Petit Trianon, in the intervals of wild romps in the avenues and faro at nights, engaged in mock rural pursuits. There is the miniature hamlet inhabited by twelve model and pampered poor families, in thatched cottages, with honeysuckles in the porch and roses peeping in at the windows, and the queen, lovely in gauze fichu and dainty straw hat, milking her white cows into porcelain jars. This was not the real squalid village of the country—of that she knew nothing—with its starving people; it was the village of an *opera-bouffe.* All this was merely playing at simplicity, and as unlike nature as Watteau's dainty, short-skirted shepherdesses with beribboned curls were unlike the draggle-tailed leaders of emaciated flocks in Picardy. There was, after all, no conversion of society. Amidst the amusements of Paris they soon forgot the peasantry left starving and oppressed by the exactions and burdens they laid upon them.

It was rather more serious for them, and with them, when they fell to reading, applauding, and repeating the democratic and republican doctrines of political teachers like Rousseau and the encyclopædists. For years had been spoken and written bold words against social inequality, insistence on the "rights of man," and denunciations of their wrongs; dogmas spoken, asserting the sovereignty of the people, and regarding the king as their servant, not their master. These were bold sentiments, which could only be covertly hinted in the *Dictionnaire Encyclopédie* by D'Alembert, Turgot, and Diderot; but they were spoken out by Rousseau in his *Discourses on Inequality* and his *Social Contract.* These very dogmas now were repeated by the great in their circles; lords and ladies began to talk finely about "liberty," "equality," and the "majesty of the people," to inveigh against tyranny of kings. Never did they realise for a moment that they were treating as intellectual playthings what were to be bomb-shells of destructive force in the hands of the masses. These were only fine sounding theories with them, which they never dreamt would be carried into deadly action. Ladies also lightly adopted this democratic affectation, and spoke gracefully and confidently their political heresies. When Beaumarchais' forbidden *Barber of Seville* was played before the queen at Versailles, and his *Mariage de Figaro* in Paris in 1774, aristocratic audiences applauded sentiments that denounced, and epigrams that mocked, their own order, making light of kings and nobles. Yet they were as little shocked by the freedom of the political tone as they were at the grossness of the morals in these plays, as first presented, which forced ladies of character to conceal themselves in secret boxes or to wear masks to prevent it being noticed that they were not blushing. "The old *régime*," says St. Beuve, "would not have deserved to perish if it had not assisted that evening and 400 times afterwards with tranquillity at the most indelicate and insolent mockery of itself, if it had not taken so significant a part in its own destruction—kings, nobles, princes, laws, and government were all insulted." Yet, after all, this vogue given so lightly to democratic opinions, destined to be dangerous to their order, was proof rather of their levity than of their gravity. When the crisis did come, only fifty "philosophical" nobles laid down their titles without a grudge; others were glad to fly before the storm to calmer shores. In the obscurity of dingy London streets the *émigré* marquis in threadbare coat would descend from his meagre lodgings to earn a poor subsistence by giving lessons in French, which he spoke so perfectly, in deportment, which he possessed so finely, on the fiddle, which he played so badly. Often would he talk sadly with some brother or sister exile over departed days. "I am a believer in the old *régime*, without its abuses," says one old *émigré* to another. "Without its abuses!" exclaims the other, a countess who had seen brighter days and nights; "why, the abuses were the cream of it!"

There spoke the real nature of the old nobility who talked of the rights of the people and left them on their estates to starve; they untaxed on every luxury, their people taxed for every necessity of life.

As might be expected in such a society, which boasted of its enlightenment and its freedom from vulgar superstitions, religion was not the most striking characteristic. By the influence of writers like Voltaire and Diderot, of philosophers like D'Alembert and La Mettrie, of free-thinking abbés like Morellet and Maury, of wits like St. Lambert, the faith of the highest orders was loosened year by year. Opinions once vented only in literary coteries were uttered in drawing-rooms and boudoirs, where church and creed, priests and miracles, sacraments and divinity, were subjects of brilliant raillery. Rousseau had moved many to sentimental deism, alike opposed to the cynical theism of Voltaire and the crude atheism of D'Holbach; but it was cold scepticism which most fascinated that glittering society, alike the old nobility and the nobles of yesterday at whom the heirs of a title three centuries old looked with ineffable contempt, and the unranked financiers and people of fashion who copied the ways of that lofty class, whose charmed circle they could not enter. They found encouragement for their free-thinking in courtly abbés who prided themselves on their superiority to "prejudices," who loved the boudoirs of ladies more than the services of the Church, and believed in the delightsome communion of sinners infinitely more than the serious "communion of saints." Yet these brilliant people, however they might flout at the creed, did not altogether ignore the Church; they could not abandon baptism or marriage, or even confession before it; they even enjoyed those elegant services where the tactful clergy had tunes like sarabands and gavottes to please their ears, and elevated the host to a minuet air.

They would go also to worship when great orators, whose political views were as loose as their creed, like Abbé Maury, preached of Him whom he obliquely styled "the legislator of Christians," and their applause would break forth at the end of some fine period, although the Swiss before the sermon began had knocked his halbert on the floor, announcing, "The king forbids applause." Nor when they came to die did they care to be interred in unconsecrated ground and without the rites of decent burial; and it was this fear which made Voltaire profess to the Curé of St. Sulpice his faith in dogmas at which all the while he was sniggering. If small-pox broke out in the next street, ladies might go for a fortnight to mass. But usually the piety of these people was like the banshee of an Irish family—it only made its appearance when there was a death in the household.

The spirit of scepticism, or of open denial, spread rapidly through all ranks and classes. We can trace its growth in spite of—or rather, let us say, in consequence of—ecclesiastical intolerance, onwards from writers like Bayle and Montesquieu, to Voltaire (who imported his free-thinking, like his science, from England), Diderot, La Mettrie, Helvetius, D'Holbach. Incredulity passed from the writings of men of letters to the conversation of people of fashion down to lackeys who aped their masters' airs, copied their masters' morals, adopted their masters' opinions, and stole their masters' watches. It was the loosening of the restraints of a hell over that class that raised Voltaire's alarm. One day as he angrily heard the existence of a God discussed and ridiculed at a table where servants waited and eagerly listened to the talk, he rose and locked the door. "Gentlemen," he said, "I don't wish my valet to cut my throat to-morrow morning."

These views filtered down from mansions to cafés and taverns, were discussed by weavers over their tapestry, and cobblers over their lasts. "I am only a poor scrub"; said a barber proudly as he powdered his customer's wig one day; "I am only a poor scrub, but I would have you know, sir, that I have quite as little faith as my betters."

The clergy had become in later days far more tolerant than of old. In the days of Louis XV. they had tried to support faith by laying an embargo on free opinions, by seeing that no books should be published save "under privilege of the king," which meant the Church. A book, however dangerous to morals, might be published in France without censure; but if it was free in politics or religion, it could only be printed in Holland and smuggled—in carts of grain and bags of provisions, labelled as black or white peas—across the frontier. The Sorbonne was long all-powerful, all-intolerant, and it is significant that many of the "philosophers" had been trained under Jesuits, from whose thraldom they broke loose. Voltaire had startled the world by his denunciations of the persecution of Calas, Servan, and Barré, and, stirred to unwonted rage, had cried out his terrible refrain against the Church and superstition—*écrasez l'infâme;* while, to the horror of the Catholic Church, which held that beyond its pale there was no salvation, he opened the kingdom of heaven to all unbelievers. With brilliant invective Rousseau had denounced those who denounced the benevolent deism of his Savoyard vicar in *Émile*, and soon voice was given to the animosity of intellectual circles against clergy who had acted as if that old Gothic version of the Gospels was correct which said, that "the Spirit descended in the form of a hawk." Now, the higher clergy encouraged by their easy laxity that scorn of the Church which had been incited by their bigotry. There were courtly abbés, princely bishops, who now treated creeds as lightly as morals; men promoted not because of faith and good works, but from right of birth or favour of court; men who smiled at doctrines they did not even pretend in society to believe. In years bygone a Cardinal de Bernis, an Abbé Terray, had made ecclesiastical office and officials a scandal to religion, and now an Archbishop Lomenie Brienne, a Cardinal de Rohan, an Abbé de Perigord (Talleyrand), with vast revenues from a church whose dogmas and sacraments they mocked, were undermining faith in the country. A contrast, these noble dignitaries, to the host of worthy priests who, with kindly hearts beating beneath their shabby cassocks, did their work in all honesty. The plain priest, says Mercier, had faith; but "a grand vicar may smile at expressions against religion, a bishop may laugh outright, and a cardinal may add something of his own." Unfortunately, a witty flippant dignitary could do more to destroy religion than a regiment of obscure priests could do to build it up.

In this volatile society, ever looking for a fresh excitement, so full of scepticism, so contemptuous of superstition, we find the most marvellous credulity. Duc de Chartres, at whose court it was agreed that it was impossible to believe in a God, was thoroughly convinced of the magical powers of Josepho Balsamo, Count Cagliostro, who came from Italy, with his angelic companion, professing to work miracles by ancient Egyptian lore, and by his clairvoyant, looking in a glass ball after a convulsive fit, could discover events past, future, and absent, revealing secrets, telling fortunes, working marvels. The wittiest, most intelligent, most incredulous towards creeds, would flock in credulous crowds to the *séances* of this audacious impostor, who spoke nonsense in polyglot jargon, was clad like a merry-andrew, and presented to his devotees his olive complexion, big eyes, flat face, turned-up nose, and smirk—that self-betraying countenance which was the only thing truthful about him.

Under the old *régime* there was nothing more delightful than the intellectual company to be met with, for these people affected science and literature with rare enthusiasm. The ladies are the most brilliant of all, for, as Marivaux said, *Ce ne sont plus des raisonneurs mais raisonneuses.*

We see them listening in the Academy with rapture as Abbé Delille and Florian recite mellifluously their insipid verses, flocking to lectures on chemistry from the lucid lips of Abbé Nollet and of Fonicroy, who though he has enlarged his theatre twice is obliged to accommodate his fair audience on the bases of the windows. They are taught zoology by Buffon, and learn mathematics from D'Alembert. Admirably they can talk, and, strange to say, admirably they can listen. Dearly they loved to have in their salons men renowned for learning, science and art, and letters. They forgave David Hume his fat, dull face, his atrocious French, for the sake of his philosophical fame, and did not mind his boisterous voice and uncouth manners. But these grandees never forgot that their distinguished guests were of a lower breed than themselves. Madame de Tencin liked to have at her table men whose names were on everybody's lips, while she spoke of her literary salon as her "menagerie," and with high-bred insolence referred to her guests as her "beasts." These "chartered libertines" of philosophy might say what they pleased; but if they assumed airs of equality, the noble, who had fine democratic maxims on his lips, made his friends somehow feel that it was one thing to speak of liberty and another thing to take a liberty. On these terms Rousseau and Beaumarchais, the sons of watchmakers, Diderot, the son of a cutler, Marmontel, whose father had been a village tailor, were received. One day Rivarol, the wittiest son ever born to an inn-keeper, forgetting that his position in society was held on the precarious tenure of amusing it, was expressing alarm at the spread of radical opinions to a conservative noble. "Our rights are menaced, our privileges are in danger," he said. "*Our* privileges?" repeated inquiringly a duke with eyebrows raised in surprise. "Yes: is there anything singular in that?" "Oh," said his grace gently, "it was your plural that I thought singular." With great delight David Hume found himself the idol of Paris society, and he contrasted the cold indifference of English aristocracy towards men of letters with the hearty enthusiasm and friendship with which French nobles welcomed and honoured them. All that is true; and we may read Boswell's *Life of Johnson* and hardly meet one philosopher or literary genius in high company. We read Horace Walpole's words to his friend Madame du Deffand. Insufferable superciliousness it sounds from the master of Strawberry Hill. "You know, in England we read their works, but seldom or never take notice of authors. We think them sufficiently paid if their books sell, and, of course, leave them in their colleges and obscurity, by which means we are not troubled with their vanity and impatience." In France we find such men everywhere in distinguished circles. But Hume was vastly mistaken in thinking that even there they were received on equal terms. The most liberal of rank might espouse their opinions: they would never espouse their daughters. They came as amusers, not as friends. Paganini, that inspired fiddler, was one day asked by the Duke of York to supper. He accepted; but the duke added, "and bring your violin with you." "Please, your Highness," he replied with dignity, "my violin does not sup." With these men they supped; but to the supper they were expected to bring their wit, their philosophy, their brilliant talk, and their celebrity.

These days were indeed bright and pleasant and fascinating. But if we wish to find the wit and brilliancy in perfection we must see it in literary salons—of Madame du Deffand, Madame Helvetius, or Madame Geoffrin—or at the dinners of Baron d'Holbach. Madame du Deffand lived in Rue St. Dominique, as witty and spiteful a dame as ever sparkled in the glittering age. This Voltaire in petticoats was blind. She did not know day from night: so she went to bed about four in the morning and rose at five in the afternoon, in time for her guests at six. Round that chair, where the clever old woman sat, assembled dukes, ambassadors, statesmen, illustrious foreigners, men of letters and of wit, each stranger having to undergo the ordeal of having his face felt all over by the skinny fingers to spell out the features. All loved her witty tales of old days, which she prefaced with the words, "When I was a woman"; and all fled from her when, aged seventy-six, she offered to sing those songs which she had composed when she had a voice.

On the whole, men of letters and art were more at home at the dinners and suppers twice a week at Madame Geoffrin's, in the Rue St. Honoré. None had more tact, none knew better how to manage her gesticulating, high-keyed guests, whom in hot debate she soothed to calm by her words, "Let us all be agreeable." There, as at D'Holbach's table, were to be heard the wildest utterances on philosophy and religion, and the most delicate criticisms of art and taste. Diderot was there with shabby coat, torn ruffles, loud voice, and excited manner, always too enthusiastic; for, as Voltaire said, "Diderot is too hot an oven: everything baked in it gets burned." There, too, was Condorcet, philosophical Revolutionist to be, with face so serene that even when indignation moves him he can only be likened to a "sheep in a rage." There is D'Alembert, the first of mathematicians, with smile so sweet and yet face so ugly, that when admirers of his genius called him "divine," he said in disclaimer: "If I were a God, the first thing I should do would be to make myself more like a man." Baron d'Holbach, the naturalised German, is there, generous, rich, the author of the pseudonymous *System of Nature*—the "Gospel of Atheism"—which he had not courage enough to own, and (some said) he had not brains enough to write. Helvetius is present, whose *Sur l'Esprit* reduced all motives to selfishness, and yet was most unselfish of men, who advocated the rights of the people, and as farmer-general won his wealth out of their wrongs. Abbé Raynal, whose *History of the West Indies*, in which he denounced slavery as violation of equality, had made him famous, sat there, tiresome, prosy, and telling every story twice; and we almost hear the tapping of his nails on the table as he remarks before repeating it, "I am afraid you did not see the point." This was a gentleman who came to a friend's house with his wardrobe in a handkerchief to spend a night, and placidly remained for years. We find there Abbé Morellet, with his sour face and his uncompromising sentiments, and his nephew Marmontel, who, after a supper of spinach, fowl, and an omelette, reads his *Moral Tales* to a company which he leaves dim with tears. Buffon would often come, heavy in talk, as he sat in his laced coat with the air of a noble as splendid as the diction of his works, and occasionally his uncouth son, whom friends alleged to be the worst chapter of his *Natural History* he had composed. Rousseau, after 1761, rarely appeared in society, and when in Paris lived in his garret copying music for a few sous a day, while his sordid companion, Thérèse de Vasseur, acted as cook and wife. He was to be found in the dusk of the evenings walking solitary in his Armenian dress, or skulking along side streets by day, half mad with delusions that the world was in dire conspiracy against him. We miss Voltaire in these brilliant gatherings. That great genius was banished from Paris by Louis XV., and lived near Geneva in wrath, working at his papers, entertaining friends, composing and acting plays at his little theatre, and receiving admiring pilgrims, who listened to the epigrams from the puckered lips of the wizened old face; only in 1778 coming back as an old man to die, after being rapturously welcomed with honour, delighting every one with a sight of the shrivelled countenance, enclosed in huge peruke *à la Louis Quatorze,* from which gleamed forth two eyes glittering like carbuncles. Most of that distinguished company of wit and wisdom were dead, when the Revolution, which they had done so much to hasten, came.

As we look back on the brilliant society before '89, we see a picture splendid in its colour, its costume, its wit, and its airs, and exquisite refinement, the like of which the world will never see again. The life is as cold and glittering as ice. These women have an ineffable elegance in all they do, an exquisite brightness in all they say. Nothing can exceed the perfect courtesy with which they can crush a rival, except the delightful insolence of refinement with which they can injure an inferior. They reserve for perfect friends, who are present, that air of interest and sympathy which is not the less charming because no one believes in it, and though all know that the moment they leave the room they will be subjected to cutting epigrams in their absence. These people resemble the surgeon who not only attended his dearest friend assiduously during his life, but also dissected him carefully after his death. The aim is ever to say "good things," very rarely to do them. All that exquisite charm is passed away; it is an extinct art, like that of the varnish of the Cremona violins, which disappeared about 1760. What that was none can tell, whether a gum, an oil, a chemical distillation; but we see in the fine old cases those hues of orange or yellow, so rich, so mellow, and so soft, that none can reproduce. Like that dead art is the fine polish of French society of those bright days, the source of which is a secret that died with them.

That race of *noblesse* was truly bright and picturesque. Where were there ever seen such fine breeding, such elegance in manner and mode? Yet it was wondrously selfish, heartless, and frivolous—utterly artificial! But, after all, none knew better than they that *noblesse oblige*—dignity was the badge of all their order, courage was the duty of all their class. In the wild scenes of the Reign of Terror, amidst the insults of an infuriated rabble, they bore themselves with as much grace as in a ballroom through the mazes of a minuet. One reads of them confined in the Conciergerie, gathered as sheep for the slaughter, possessed of calm self-restraint and faultless courtesy. There is the Duchesse de Grammont forced to sleep on the same straw pallet with a female pickpocket, for misfortune made them acquainted with strange bed-fellows. There are ladies with jail-birds and harlots as their companions, yet dressed as carefully in the three toilets of society, washing their clothes to make them fit for wear. "I am certain," Count Burgnet, a prisoner also, has said, "at that time no promenade in Paris could produce an assemblage of women so elegantly appointed as in the yard of the Conciergerie at noon." At the iron grating young lords, captives like themselves, would talk through the bars, chatting merrily with their sisters in misery as they ate their coarse bread at breakfast, lively epigrams on their lips and death-warrants in their pockets. They pay polite visits to each other's cells as they await the guillotine's leisure, and the doors are opened now for them, not by obsequious lackeys, but by villainous shock-headed jailors with jangling keys. They have a playful jest for the executioner, who is forced into sulky respect for victims so gracious and so graceful. It is striking to observe how all the fine and noble qualities of this aristocracy up to Marie Antoinette, who then proves herself "every inch a queen," leap forth to light in the supreme hour of agony; they behave with such dignity, they act so bravely, they die so nobly. Only one woman of the group did not pass to death with credit and with perfect self-respect; that was poor Comtesse du Barry—low-born, low-bred, raised from a gutter to a palace by Louis XV.—whose shrieks rose weirdly in the streets as she was borne along in the tumbril to the scaffold in the grey morning light.

One looks back with regret on the society of the old *régime*, not because of its worth, but because of its beauty, its picturesqueness, its brilliant talk and wit and fashion, its brightness now cast into darkness, its revels hushed in silence, its high-bred personages with courtly manners and velvet voices levelled on the scaffold, where mingled the blue blood of the aristocrat with the red blood of the plebeian. Long years had passed since Louis XV. had uttered his famous words, "After me the deluge!" and now at last the deluge came, and the Revolution submerged king, nobility, government, laws, institutions of men; and, as in the days of Noah, these people, all unconscious of the future, ate and they drank, they married and they gave in marriage, until the flood came and swept them all away.

SOCIETY IN FRANCE BEFORE THE REVOLUTION

II

One of the most startling features of Paris during the Revolution—even amid the wildest months of the Reign of Terror—is the grotesque and incongruous blending of frivolity and ferocity. As we read of the ruthless deeds which make the heart sick, we naturally believe that in the city of anarchy there was nothing felt, nothing thought of but the terrible scenes from day to day. But we are mistaken. All that time shops were full of costumes of the newest fashions, some playfully styled *à la guillotine;* the Champs Elysées were thronged with promenaders laughing over the last jest of Camille Desmoulins; the exhibition of pictures was filled with visitors, and there were on its walls 3000 pictures where two or three years ago there were not 400; theatres were crowded with spectators, laughing at a comedy, or weeping over a tragedy of Corneille, forgetting that they themselves were actors in a tragedy greater still, on which after-ages should sit as critics, with scenes too terrible for tears, performed with a perfection and reality of acting too shameful for applause. In the journals of the day it is striking to read on one page advertisements of open-air concerts in the Luxembourg Gardens, and of performances of dancing dogs just arrived in town, and then to turn to another page, there to find the gutter eloquence of some wild demagogue such as Marat, advocating death in the name of Liberty; the fresh arrests that morning carried to the ever-emptying, ever-filling prisons; accounts of the last batch of victims for the guillotine.

Similar contrasts meet us through the whole of society in France of that period. I have spoken of the brightness, vivacity, and luxury of the higher ranks; let us now look at the more sombre aspects of the country — the oppression, the misery, the poverty of the people. We should, however, make a great mistake if we supposed that the condition of matters now to be described was new—it was indeed centuries old — or that the revolutionary spirit was of recent origin—its roots lie deep in the middle ages. It was only the outburst of feelings long pent up; the utterance of passions long inarticulate; the final resolve, with clenched teeth, to avenge the wrongs of generations. That the people did not rise much earlier in general revolt is partly due to the dulling influence of time and custom, which habituated them to oppression as their oxen to the yoke. In the previous century they were often roused, and did, in the provinces, rise in fierce insurrection when some fresh imposts were laid on them and more taxes drawn from them, upon which Cardinal Mazarin would laugh and say: "I like to hear the hens cackle; it shows they have laid more eggs." They had, however, no unity of leadership and no community of interest—their rulers were too strong, their position was too isolated, and there were lacking many influences which, we shall see, were now tending and helping towards the one great outbreak against the king, the clergy, and the nobles, against institutions which had lasted for centuries, and inequalities which at last had become more than even they could endure.

When we leave Paris for the country we might expect, as we quit the atmosphere of powder, puff, and polish, to enter a fresh, happy country-life beneath a sunny sky, with fertile fields, rich woodlands, charming vineyards, and lovely landscape inhabited by a bright and happy people. Such, at any rate, would be the English traveller's impression, if he judged by idyllic pictures of rural life and domestic felicity in the Exhibition at Paris—pretty scenes from Watteau's and Greuze's pencils of rustic simplicity, where well-clad peasantry with mirthful faces danced at village fêtes to the inspiriting sounds of flageolet and tabor. Let us turn from art to nature, from ideal pictures to stern and very squalid reality.

The traveller in his *calèche* is driven along the roads, and the farther he leaves the city behind him the deeper becomes the mire, the more execrable the route. There is not a fellow-traveller to be met, not a chaise, hardly a cart for fifty miles at a stretch. There meet him dull, ragged peasants bending under their heavy burdens, and the country in many quarters is covered with gorse and marsh and heather, where plentiful crops might freely grow. Thus the truth dawns on him. These, then, are the peasantry—people in rags, covered with dirt, haggard, worn in feature, with no colour, no freshness, no youth. They look old men and women, before they have ceased to be young in years. Some wear their stockingless feet in sabots stuffed with straw; but most of them have no shoes to wear. The huts are in many districts broken-down, filthy hovels; instead of glass they have wisps of straw stuffed into the holes that serve as windows to keep out the blast, or pieces of paper to let in the light. The thatch is torn and battered by the wind and the snow-storms which drift through the doors, kept ajar to let out the smoke. Beans, hard pulse, or buckwheat, washed down with water poured on the husks, is their main subsistence. The land, under their wretched modes of cultivation, is poor, and it is pathetic to watch the efforts of the needy people to extract as much as they can from their soil—not an inch wasted, not a crevice in the rocks which they do not utilise to grow a few meagre vegetables for their starving families. These peasantry, to the extent of many millions, are owners of their little crofts of land; they have been inherited from their fathers, or bought by their savings in the eager land-hunger peculiar to their character, and of late years peasant proprietors had greatly increased, because the reckless extravagance and luxury of the court *noblesse* had forced them to part with their ancestral land, field by field. The hereditary properties owned by the people had been divided and subdivided in successive generations, till a parcel of ground was so small that a man with a family managed to live—or rather not to die—on 10 roods of ground and a solitary fruit-tree.

Yet these poor possessions were burdened, and their lives were impoverished by exactions and dues which they were bound to pay to the seigneur, the original lord of the soil. Watch the peasant at work. When he sows his seed he has the mortification of seeing swarms of pigeons from the seigneurial dovecots settle on his fields, and he dare not chase those greedy crowds from his acres, although he may have to sow his hemp, peas, and beans thrice over. Nor dared he put the ground in grass, for that deprived the seigneur's pigeons of their food, and the curé of his tithe. Should the district be a "captainry," where the right to game was vested in certain favoured persons, edicts forbade the peasant farmer to weed or hoe his ground lest the partridges should be disturbed, and he dared not steep his seed lest he spoil their dainty digestions. He must not mow his hay till St. John's Day, in case the birds may be unsettled, although his crop might be utterly ruined before it was gathered in. Without complaint he must see the droves of wild boar and deer—unconfined by fence or wall—feeding upon and rushing through his choicest grain, while after them, helter-skelter, came dogs and beaters and sportsmen on horseback, trampling down the fruit of a whole year's labour. No wonder, when the people saw a herd of deer, they would bitterly exclaim, "There go the nobility!" Not a gun may the farmer bear to frighten off the wolves prowling round his sheepfolds, lest he use it against the game, and if he be found with one in his possession he runs the certainty of being beaten by the gamekeepers, and the risk of being sent to jail; consequently he or his sons would sit up all night for six months to watch their fields and herds. Did the rabbits invest the land, and in a single parish devastate 7000 acres—the food of 800 families, he dared utter no protest. Why, in many cases it would have been better to let the land lie barren, to let fields fall back to waste, to let the huts crumble to ruins, were it not for that inveterate love of property in land peculiar to the French peasantry, causing them to cling to the soil in spite of all the cruel exactions of the feudal lord and all the hardships of their lot. The man might be preparing to reap his harvest when there came commands, ordering that he and his men and oxen should prepare the roads, or convey stones to build the granary of the lord of the chateau. Everything thereupon must be abandoned to rain and vermin, while he is engaged for days in seigneurial *corvées* to smooth the avenue for the coach of my lord the marquis. At last the crops are cut, and the grain is ready for the mill. But the poor man is not allowed to grind one bushel of it at home, he must take it all to the mill of the chateau, or the abbey, to which his land once belonged, and he pays a sixteenth for the luxury of waiting till his turn comes to be served, although the grain be half-eaten by rats before his turn is due. Next when he requires it baked, his wife cannot venture to make a loaf in her oven, for that would deprive the seigneur of his dues; it must be sent to the bakehouse of his grace the duke or my lord the bishop, where he is mulcted of a further sixteenth of its value for having the privilege of not being permitted to prepare his own bread. He is taxed for everything he sells, on all the wood he cuts, and he must pay tribute of eggs, fowls, pigs to the seigneur. When madame the marquise is delicate, having given birth to a new tyrant of the soil, the peasants must stay up all night beating the ponds to prevent the croaking of the frogs disturbing her repose. What does it concern her that poor men are doubled with rheumatism all their days in consequence?

Such are some of the burdens borne by the poor peasantry—alike the *métayer* who pays the landlord half the gross proceeds in return for seed-corn, cattle, and implements (which the notary wrings out of him by merciless severity), and the peasant who had owned the land for generations, and yet never could get clear of these burdens that embittered and impoverished him. These exactions were relics of feudal days, when the lord owned his vassals. But in the middle ages they were fair dues to exact from vassals, in return for services rendered to them by their chief. He defended them from the enemy, he protected their lands and their lives, he gave them free soil and cattle; but *now* the feudal privileges of the lord were retained, although the people — no longer vassals — received no service from him; he had abandoned his duties but retained his dues. A seigneur might even sell every inch of his domain, and yet reserve the power of exacting those feudal claims on a thousand peasants' lands.

But the poor farmer has still further duties, services, and taxes to pay, still heavier burdens to the State to bear. There are so many days' labour on the public roads, which he himself rarely uses; these are the *corvées royales.* There is a poll-tax of from 6 to 10 francs for every person belonging to him, a twentieth (the *vingtième*) to pay as tax on the produce of his land or labour. There is the heavy impost on his income called the *taille,* which capriciously varies year by year. In fact, he pays to the State more than two-thirds of his earnings; sometimes out of 100 francs he has to part with 80 in taxes. It is not surprising, then, that often when the flour is finished, he is forced to cut his grain, when unripe, for food, or in despair to attack and plunder the monastery granary; for he thinks it is better to run the risk of being shot by muskets than to incur the certainty of being killed by hunger.

There is something instructive in watching the modes in which these iniquitous taxes are gathered by the 40,000 customs officers that swarmed throughout the provinces, whose pay absorbed a vast proportion of the money they levied. How are the authorities to know what sum poor Jacques made last year, on which to rate the *taille*? How much has he got? How much has he hidden? The exciseman—or "cellar rat" as he was called—might look into the house and the barn in vain, although he might have his shrewd suspicions that the man was well off, for the feathers of a goose or other fowl had been noticed outside his door last week, showing he could fare well. The farmer was, however, an adept in cunning. He would dress himself in tatters, he would let his premises go to ruins, to give an appearance of abject poverty, in order to deceive the officers. Any one of these 40,000 tax-gatherers would be out of his wits before he got to the end of the village with such nimble evaders of excise. The Government at last becomes wily too. It says now: "Let us secure peace and justice. Every year let the parishioners choose certain of their own number to assess the people and collect the taxes." What seems more fair and popular? Strange to say, the people are not grateful. This clever plan of erecting a committee of sheep to engage in sheep-shearing is not appreciated. Each villager knows that one year it may come to his turn to act as spy on his neighbours, with the inevitable result that he will become odious to his friends if he is strict, and be imprisoned by the Intendant if he is lax; while his business goes to ruin in his absence. In vain he may try to avoid the invidious post by running away, for his wife is then put in his place, and she proves more knowing, more inquisitive, and more severe than he himself would have been on Christophe the farmer, with whom he got drunk two nights a week at the "Three Pigeons," or on Father Gerard the cobbler, to whom he owes a bill of five livres for sabots for Sunday wear, which he cannot pay. The wretched collector finds it hateful work, from his dread of offending a patron or of losing a customer; while, in danger of assault from those whose cupboards and beds he searches, he goes forth attended by constables. Sometimes it would happen that the new assessor was beginning his duty on one side of the street while the exhausted assessor of last year was still trying on the other to extract the yet unpaid taxes, seizing pots and pans from defaulters, who follow his retreating footsteps with imprecations. The amateur collector might set forth the friend of every parishioner, and return home with the whole neighbourhood his enemies for a lifetime.

There is painful reading in these annals of the poor of France under the old *régime*, especially in years of dearth, and those were frequent, year after year, when a blight, seasons too wet or too dry, autumn hailstorms, came and destroyed grain and vineyards, and the people were in utter destitution. In some provinces we read of children dying in hundreds from starvation, men and women digging up roots, eating grass, or soaked bran. We read how in hard winters poor widows burned their bedsteads, and men used their loved fruit-trees for fuel; how multitudes rushed into towns to escape the hated burdens and tried to live on charity, only to find that artisans in thousands are reduced to the same dire extremity. Meanwhile we see collectors of taxes going from house to house with blacksmiths to break open doors and carry off the meagre furniture to sell at a quarter its value. In winter time it was not unusual for three-quarters of the villagers to set forth to beg throughout the countryside, whereupon the Cordelier friars cried out bitterly that their sacred calling of begging was being so shamefully encroached upon that they would be forced to leave the country. When Arthur Young, the distinguished traveller, passed through wide districts abandoned to waste and morass in 1788, and saw the people starving while the nobility lived in untaxed splendour at Versailles on the earnings of the poor, he said bitterly: "If I were a legislator in France for one day, how I would make these great lords skip!"

Even when times were quiet and harvests fair, everything they saw, ate, and drank was associated with some wrong done to their class. The very salt they took brought memories of oppression. For each person over seven years of age seven pounds of salt must be bought, though ten times dearer than now, and this represented in a large family the wages of nineteen days. This quantity must be consumed in the pot alone; it must not be used to pickle a herring or a pig; for that purpose salt must be specially bought, and the exciseman would quickly detect whether the peasant defrauded the king by using brine of the sea. For evading the revenue the penalty was most severe—300 francs for the first offence, the galleys for the second, and death for the third—under the *gabelle*, that loathed salt-tax—a tax which (the minister Calonne declared) produced every year about 4000 sentences of imprisonment, flogging, exile, and the galleys. Not more ominous to the throne of Scotland and the crown of Macbeth was each ingredient cast by the legendary witches into the cauldron—"eye of newt, and adder's fork," than to the State of France and the House of Bourbon was each handful of bad barley and grain of cursed salt which were each day cast by peasants into their pots. Everything reminded them of some feudal right or people's wrong for which they would be avenged against the government, the *noblesse*, or the clergy.

Yet one more cause for disloyalty to the ruling powers we must not forget. Besides the regular army, of which I shall speak afterwards, there was the militia, not like that easy auxiliary force of our own country, which appears for a few weeks' drill and then disappears into space, but an arduous service which lasted for years. The soldiers were drawn from the peasantry by conscription; any year a man ran the chance of being forced from his home and his fields. Yearly there was the ballot, and no one knew but that for six years he might be pressed into a service he hated—ill-treated, ill-paid, ill-clad, half-starved. See that crowd of anxious people all clustering round the town hall before the *prévôt*, mothers trembling lest their sons, girls lest their lovers might draw the unlucky ticket. He who drew the white ticket gave a sigh of relief, he who drew the black gave a curse of anger, for Pierre was to be married next week, and all was ready for the wedding. This suspense might last for years, for any man from sixteen to forty years old might be taken. When he returned, demoralised and penniless, after his time was over, he would find his occupation gone, his fields passed to other hands. If he deserted, he knew he would be shot, and was driven in despair to fall into the blackguard class. To escape such a fate many fled to the woods, or joined the bands of smugglers that swarmed everywhere; some disabled themselves for soldiering by cutting off their thumbs; others fled to towns where they were lost among the crowds of poor and wastrels of society. Yet from the conscription all the nobles, all the rich, of course, were exempt; even well-to-do farmers were let off—

to "encourage agriculture," said the considerate State; and all the lackeys, grooms, and gamekeepers of the chateau. This was one more of those iniquitous inequalities that stirred the people's hearts with rage.

Yet let us not suppose that all was misery, or that all were poverty-stricken in the provinces. In good years they felt themselves even comfortable in their hard lot; they were not ambitious, and there were farmers who were even prosperous in spite of all. There was a wonderful lightness of heart that nothing could suppress amongst these French peasants. At the fêtes, at their fairs, at the vintage, at a wedding on Sunday afternoon, to hear them sing, to see them dance, one might fancy no trouble had come nigh them. They can play and be merry at any time. More slow and serious in the north, they are full of life and spirits in the south and east, with their brighter sun and their warmer blood. Grotesque they look in their merriment, these men in their uncouth costume, wide breeches, round hats, big leggings, and immense sabots, *vis-á-vis* with nimble girls, with their fists supported on their sides, all dancing in perfect cadence; the peasants vaulting with shrill cries in the air, and their sabots descending in one simultaneous, thunderous crash on the ground, all to the accompaniment of fife and drum, or the monotonous droning of an old villager's hurdy-gurdy. One can understand how Oliver Goldsmith, on his vagabond journey by the Loire, got lads and girls so joyously to dance to his flute, for the grape-gatherers are a merry race; they sing as they pluck the grapes, they sing as they prune the vines. They have their fête-days, especially of the patron saint of the village or the trade. So vine-dressers have St. Vincent, to whom they give a bill-hook as emblem; shepherds at Christmas at midnight mass carry under their cloak the last-born sheep to be blessed upon the altar; and they look forward to the recurring festivals and pilgrimages, scenes of mirth, of feuds and drinking and love-making. Curiously enough, it is not the well-to-do people who break forth into gaiety—the poorer they are, the merrier they can be, and mirth and relaxation are to them the greater relief.

Yet, after all, they never forgot their burdens. They would discuss their complaints. Their eyes would flash as they heard of districts that in their despair broke into insurrection and attacked a monastery or set fire to a chateau, or as they read inflammatory pamphlets that retailed the extravagance of a spendthrift count who wasted in folly the money wrung from them. Great folk were far away in the glare and babble of Paris life, and cared nothing whence their incomes came that they spent so freely. Necker cared. When a lady asked that minister for a little pension of 1000 crowns, she thought him extremely disagreeable when he replied: "Madame, do you know what these 1000 crowns mean? They mean the taxes of a whole village of poor people."

Turn now to the nobility, to the seigneurs who, when present, form the main figures in rural society. There are two classes, the "court *noblesse*," who live in the sunshine of the court, have mansions in Versailles and Paris, and the "provincial *noblesse*." The latter are sometimes quiet stay-at-home lords, who live with their people, like the seigneurs of La Vendée and Brittany, in old chateaux, where they maintain their ancient dignity and kindly ways; but the majority are poor, living in corners of their broken-down weather-cocked mansions, the weeds growing in the now silent courtyards, the stones crumbling in the time-worn battlements, old shabby furniture and torn tapestry decking dingily the once crowded hall, where a little fire is now making the huge room feel still more damp and chilly; in the gardens the venerable alleys of yew and holly, along which once gay-decked lords and ladies had passed, are all tangled wastes of weeds and briars. The owners are meanly clad, often no better than the peasants, living on incomes of £25 or £50 a year. Of ancient lineage, they have sold acre by acre, their forests are wasted, their property little more than a family-tree. Yet they have retained their feudal rights over the old soil, and they live on the dues still paid them for use of mill and oven, on the pigeons that feed upon the fields, on the proportion of hens and eggs and wine which is still their tribute. Reduced gentlemen, they are to be seen riding on their meagre Rosinantes, with bodies as starved as their own, or setting forth in hobnailed shoes, or even sabots, with their rusty guns, to shoot rabbits and game on the people's land for a dinner, while their frugal ladies cover butter-pots with the parchment title-deeds. They are useless "squireens," with no duties to fulfil and no office to hold. None were so grasping, so harsh, therefore none so hated as those needy seigneurs, who are nicknamed *hobereau* gentlemen, equivalent to our Squire Kite; for a *hobereau* was the little bird of prey that pursued birds a little smaller and more helpless than itself.

Such are the types of the poor gentlemen of whom there were thousands. The rich lord is far away in the brilliant world of fashion, with his splendid mansions and equipages, his troops of servants, luxuries, and debts. Such men loathed the country, its life, its people, its dulness. The worst punishment a sovereign could inflict on a courtier in disgrace was to banish him to his estates—that was his Siberia. Existence in the country was desolation; life in Paris was paradise. Certainly the journey had no fascination. Through vile roads, over which for days coaches with six or eight horses rumbled and tumbled, ever and again brought to a standstill, when in some rut the axle-trees are broken, while peasants with curses and sticks try to extricate the noble and his attendants, who at night must put up at a wretched wayside inn. When the cavalcade reached the distant chateau, the noble got a reception which required a sense of humour to enjoy. The peasants, under order, fire a feeble salute of flint-guns; that is a small display of fireworks which the bailiff had provided, and is supposed to express the grateful parochial emotions; the curé took out an address which he has carefully written, but which in his agitation he cannot read; and the noble, with gracious words, goes into his badly-aired chateau, which has been deserted for years. With his friends, he hunts and shoots for a few months, and then, with cracks of the whip, the holloaing of postilions, the splashing of mire, the coaches dash along that his lordship may once more bask in the sunshine of royalty, leaving the peasantry to look woebegone on their ruined crops. "Sire," said M. de Vardés to the king, "away from your majesty one is not only unfortunate: he is ridiculous." The highest noble was only happy when enjoying the amusements and scandal of a court, or performing its distinguished ceremonial offices. He preferred the honour of holding the candlestick to light his majesty to bed, or of holding the left arm of the royal coat, while a prince of the blood held the right, and became the recipient of lavish pensions for those feats.

In courtly circles they forgot the duties of their property; the more they spend in society the more their steward must extract from the people. A marquis in his mansion in Paris entertained largely in his rooms the leaders of democratic doctrines, and professed to entertain in his heart the doctrines too; and the phrases, "rights of humanity," "liberty of thought," "equality of men," lost all their air of rancour on his high-bred lips. But, after all, they were to him mere words, uttered to show an intellectual emancipation from prejudice. The cries of rural misery did not reach his ears; a rural revolt of a famished people afforded only subject for a jest. In 1774, when there was such destitution that the people round Paris rose in insurrection, attacking stores to get food, when many were shot by the soldiers, and others were hanged on gibbets 45 feet high, the only impression made by the incident was that a new hat was named after it, and the *chapeau à la revolte* was the smartest thing of the season. As for the really liberal nobles, when taunted during the wild outbursts of popular fury with the fine consequences of their theories, they answered: "Oh, these are merely the ill-humours of the body coming out; these are merely the pustules of liberty."

When we contrast the conduct of the French *noblesse* with that of the English aristocracy—their neglect of every public duty, their indifference to any function other than a court ceremonial, compared with the active part taken by the nobility in this country as statesmen, as politicians, as magistrates, as patrons, as landlords—it is necessary to remember they were debarred from all such offices. There was no parliament in which they could speak, no legislation on which they were consulted, they could sit on no court as rural justice. The government ruled the State and made its laws, with Parlement that registered them; the charge of provincial affairs was in the hands of thirty-two Intendants—omnipotent officials who required also to be omniscient.

They regulated taxes, administered police, judged civil cases, built hospitals, managed local charities, looked after roads and rogues. "Our government, since Richelieu, is under thirty tyrants," said the ruled. Without their sanction nothing could be done, and without their notice nothing occurred. Had a salute been fired on a certain occasion? Had parishioners left the church when the *Te Deum* was being sung? The sub-delegates at once inquired and reported. Not a shelter for the poor, nor a church steeple in an obscure village, could be put right till the Intendant reported to the Controller-General, and that great, bewildered, overworked official might give his decision in a year or two, sanctioning charity works for a starving people when the famine had disappeared, and the people as well; or the repair of a church when the walls, tired of waiting, had tumbled to ruins.

Nominally there were still local *parlements*, as in olden days; but, except in Brittany, Languedoc, and a few other districts, they were mere shadows. The peasantry were still summoned to the church porch, by village bell, to elect parish officials, and some seigneurs claimed the right of jurisdiction; but it was a mere farce. All power was in the hands of these Intendants, who might exercise their authority sometimes as beneficently as Turgot had done in Limousin, or hatefully as Foulon, who was swung up on the lamp-post in Paris by the mob. These men were not of the nobility, were not of their society; but the highest would sometimes grovel before them, addressing them as "monseigneur," "your greatness," when he had a favour to ask. That they should tax him as heavily as a peasant was disgraceful. "Your feeling heart," writes a seigneur, "will never allow a father of my condition to pay the *vingtième* rigidly like a father of low birth." Some Intendants evidently had sufficiently "feeling hearts," for the Duc d'Orleans, the richest man in all France, boasted: "I settle matters with the Intendants, and I pay what I please." Thus it happened that, exempted from heavy taxes and debarred from the lightest public function, they left their duties to the Government, and the people to themselves. Splendid exceptions there were of great landowners, kindly, intimate with their people, remitting their taxes, expending money on their poor. But these seldom belonged to the absentee class, who lived heedless of what took place in their far-away estates, with peasants as passive as sheep accustomed to be shorn. "The earth is the landlord's, and the fulness thereof," they might boast in superb contempt of those tillers of the soil, who formed twenty-one out of the twenty-six millions of the whole population. Soon their eyes will be opened—and the awakening will be rude—to find that their vassals have become their masters.

In rural districts one of the most important social elements was the clergy. The country priests were men mostly sprung from the people, amongst whom they lived, worked, and died. Many of them were dull, ignorant, and superstitious; they often drank too much, and they all gossiped too much; but as a class they were honest, faithful men. "I question," says De Tocqueville, "if there ever existed a clergy more remarkable, more enlightened, more rational, less circumscribed within the bounds of personal duty, and more alive to public obligation, and at the same time of more zealous faith. Persecution proved it. I entered on the study of these forgotten institutions full of prejudice against the clergy of France; I conclude the study full of respect for them." The village curé entered into the people's social life, their most solemn and their most merry moods, with his joyous old peasant soul. He encouraged the sports of the young, and joined at the cabaret in the pipe and the wine gossip at night. He was poor, like his flock; his home a meagre cottage, his stipend a miserable pittance, and even that mulcted by dues to the bishops and taxes to the State, from which the bishops were free. The priests had grievances of their own, while they sympathised in the grievances of the people. They bore no love for the dignitaries who treated them with the utmost contempt. When the bishop's coach spluttered past as he was walking on the highway, he would jump to the roadside to make room for the superb gilt carriage, while he took off his old shovel hat, and, pressing it against his chest, would bow his ill-shaven face in profound obeisance, without a nod vouchsafed by his lordship, but many a grin bestowed by the lackeys. We know how popularly esteemed the clergy were by the fact that when the States-General was convoked in 1789 the people sent as their representatives, not dignitaries from canon to bishop, but their humble friends, so that of the clerical deputies out of 300 there were 208 simple, honest parish priests. Yet so loyal were they to their private convictions that when the Constituent Assembly imposed upon the clergy the civil oath owning alone the headship of the State, 50,000 priests gave up their livings and their homes rather than renounce their faith. There were men who, in spite of risk of prison and of death, ministered the sacraments to their flocks in lonely places while their people knelt in the snow, and the musket-balls of their pursuers might pierce the hands held up in benediction.

It was not such men that incited the wrath of the people against the Church. It was the bishops and priors, abounding in wealth, who claimed the feudal rights as lords over the Church lands, making the peasants give their work, their time, to their service, exposing their fields to destruction from pigeons, and deer, and game, exacting dues at mill and oven. Their eyes would glare when men from the monastery came and cast their fork into every eleventh sheaf of their corn, selecting the choicest for their tithe before their eyes. They hated those gangs of brawny, dirty Capuchins or Cordelier friars, their beads clattering from the girdle of their greasy brown gowns, with their tinkling bell, their alternately wheedling or bullying manner, their dirty palms outstretched for liards from the peasant's wife, who had hardly anything for her own family, yet dared not refuse these saintly beggars. They hated those great abbots, priors, and prelates, all noble in rank, who lived on their hundreds of thousands livres, for which they did no work; bishops who lived in palaces, rolled in wealth wrung from the people, and only visited their diocese when they came driving in their coaches along its roads, or hunted the stags in their demesnes. They hated those prince-bishops with their great state, and splendid rank, and millions of livres, who yet died bankrupt in exchequer and in morals—lords who fancied that their consecration as priests would save them in spite of their vices as nobles. But as the German peasant said to a prince-bishop in the middle ages, when he pleaded something like this: "Your highness, what will become of the bishop when the devil comes and takes the prince?" The answer is not recorded.

In the village inn they would assemble at nights, drinking their white wine, smoking their smuggled tobacco; the notary in his black coat and red waistcoat; the chirurgeon, who acts as barber, bloodletter, physician, and druggist in that little shop with the sign of a basin dangling outside; the blacksmith, and the threadbare schoolmaster, to whom farmers listen with deference. "Why," they would ask, "is our Archbishop of Cambrai seigneur of 75,000 people, as over-lord of Cambrai? He is a duke and a count by rank as well, he has millions for his income, he is patron of abbeys, livings, we cannot count how many. What has he done to deserve this?" "There is Loménie Brienne, Archbishop of Toulouse, with an income of £54,000, besides his revenue as prelate, an owner of abbeys worth £20,000 a year; we know too well what he is, though none knows what he believes. There, again, is the Bishop of Troyes, who receives penitents in confessionals lined with white satin—think of that!" "Ay," would add the notary, as he snuffed his rapee and sniffed with rage, "and Cardinal de Rohan, whose life is a scandal, and worships God in an alb of point lace worth 100,000 livres, who keeps great court in his palace in Saverne, where he can accommodate 700 guests, and has his food cooked in silver saucepans! That was a fine story about the diamond necklace!" It was thus they gossiped, many a lie mingling with many truths like these; and when the Revolution broke out, and all restraints of law and order were loosened, their grumbles turned to rage, their rage to violence, sacking monasteries, rabbling priests, burning palaces, and cheveying bishops and abbots like vermin from the land.

Yet the peasantry were devout and full of reverence for the Catholic religion. They attended the sacraments and services of the Church in crowds; doubtless their piety was stimulated by the fact that absence three times in succession involved excommunication. They have their dull brains stuffed with superstition. One sees them with naked feet walking in procession to secure protection from harm for their cattle, or visiting the saint's shrine in another village to ask for rain, or interceding to patron saints who have control of different diseases. Devoutly they believe that holy water from a vase of special shape has peculiar efficacy; that eggs laid on Good Friday can extinguish fires; that abstaining from food on Easter Day will preserve them from fever; and they would get priests to heat the keys of the church, which they name the keys of St. Peter, and mark with them dogs, cattle, and children, to protect them from madness. All these superstitions, as well as reverence for a faith and worship hallowed by memories of age, kept them true in the main to their creed and Church, in spite of the rampant spirit so revolutionary towards creeds and institutions and monarchies.

Meanwhile, for ten years before the Revolution burst forth, there were indications of constant disquiet and unrest amongst the people, although hope of remedy and redress there was none. They heard occasionally of what was done at Paris and Versailles—the vast expense in fêtes, in fireworks, in pensions, while the national deficit increased year by year. The pedlar would come round with his wicker basket on his back. There were articles for the good wife—needles, linen-thread; there were knives to tempt the boys, and steel necklaces to charm the girls; a few holy books which he sold to the pious or the priests, breviaries, hymns to the Virgin, the life of some saint; and then, with a nod and a wink, he signed to villagers whom he could trust, that he had something to their taste—writings by Rousseau, or Maury, or Diderot, some pamphlets with red-hot democratic dogmas, and these would be eagerly and furtively bought. The chirurgeon, with his iron spectacles on nose, would read them aloud to a group in the cabaret on Sunday, and his audience would interpolate his reading with blows on the table that made the tin tankards rattle, exclaiming, "*à bas la noblesse!*" When M. Necker's report on national finances appeared in 1781, and that *Compte Rendu*, in which for the first time was published the income from the nation and the expenditure of the Government—600,000 million livres received, which cannot pay the pensions, the debts of the court—their eyes were opened. "There is where our money goes!" they exclaimed. "To the king and queen's household so many millions; to the Comtes de Provence's and d'Artois' households so many millions; pension-list so many more; expenses for banquets, Swiss Guards, buildings, attendants—uncountable and unaccountable—receivers of taxes, who are also spenders thereof, so that half never reaches the Treasury." It was for this they were burdened by those who ground their lives as well as their meal.

In 1788 there came the great drought of summer, when crops were dried up, and potatoes failed, and vines were ruined, and famine was before their eyes. Then came winter — such a winter! none could remember one so dreadful — when brandy froze in the cellars, and they were in misery in town and country. The people are starving, children are dying, the desperate plunder for bread, while the vast thousands grope for food in dunghills, or boil stinging nettles, or go forth hopelessly begging from an equally hungry populace; and the Cordelier friars dare no longer compete with them in mendicancy—they would have been torn to pieces.

It was then that there came great news: that the king in despair had resolved to summon the States-General, to put the nation to rights; and that the country might send deputies from the three estates —*noblesse,* clergy, and people. The excitement was intense, when edicts were posted up on church doors, and were read by the curé after sermon on Sunday. Now at last they were to be allowed to utter their complaints, to make their demands. Now Master Pierre, the surgeon-barber, Jacques, the farmer, and Maître Martin, the notary, who speaks so well, will speak for them before king, noble, and prelate at Versailles. They hoped now for a good time to come, little recking of the Reign of Terror that was to take the place of the reign of Louis. But nothing can be done till Paris speaks, and that will be soon. Travellers in the provinces of France, even in the year before the Revolution, could see few traces of a revolutionary spirit, little that foreboded a vast insurrection, only discontent, only surly hate of the great. These dull peasant folk knew little of what was happening twenty miles away ; they never heard of far-off Paris except from pedlars. So they meanwhile went on their lumbering, stolid way, sowing and reaping, paying their tolls, their tithes, their taxes, as their fathers had done for centuries. Some clear-sighted men saw that things must come to a crisis ; but casual observers saw nothing on the surface foreboding a struggle at hand. It was the "torrent's smoothness ere it dash below." We know those sultry summer afternoons, when all is strangely still, when the air is heavy laden, when cattle lie on the grass too lazy to flick the flies away, when in the trees not a leaf is stirring, on the boughs not a bird is singing—till all at once the lightning flashes, the thunder peals, the rain pours in torrents, and the storm breaks forth in fury. So was it in the dull, oppressive life of rural France, when the tempest of revolution arose. It is the gift of few to discern the signs of a time ; who can, undeceived by appearance, in an ominous stillness foresee the coming crash of elements. When a dim-sighted officer, in a sullen, discontented district of India, said with bland satisfaction to Sir John Malcolm, the governor, "Everything is perfectly quiet." "Yes," that shrewder man answered ; "quiet as gunpowder."

SOCIETY IN FRANCE BEFORE THE REVOLUTION

III

THERE was a curious variety of types of society in France, strange differences in modes of thought and life in various districts. Each province had its own peculiar characteristics, due to difference of race, habits, traditions, and surroundings. Nothing could be more distinct than the manners and ways of the people who lived in Paris, in rural quarters, and in provincial towns.

Far remote from the world of fashion lay the towns of the provinces; they had little communication with the great capital, the intercourse was rare, the roads thither were vile, and the travellers were few. When travelling through France in 1788, that most shrewd, observant of English travellers, Arthur Young (to whom we owe such a valuable picture of the condition of the people), relates how for days he would travel and hardly meet a carriage on the way; how he traversed some hundred and fifty miles, and only passed two coaches and a horseman on the road. It is true that the royal roads were admirable in some quarters; some were even 60 feet wide to gratify the royal vanity, and these were made by peasantry driven in gangs from their homes for the *corvées royales,* to make highways for the court and the great, while the paths that led to their own farms and used to convey their little merchandise were almost impassable ruts. Yet throughout France until 1776 there were only two public coaches running. One can, therefore, understand how utterly provincial the provincial towns were; how isolated from the big world, with its huge tide of interests, pleasures, and fashions; how stagnant was their intellectual existence; how dormant was their enterprise, being ignorant of what industrial centres were doing and saying; how stereotyped became the municipal and social idiosyncrasies by immemorial traditions and usage. They knew little of what went on beyond their own neighbourhood, lived absorbed in their local affairs, privileges, jealousies, and gossip. For them in their fine self-importance "there was no world without Verona's walls." Only a few towns—a very few—could boast of the luxury of a newspaper, and weeks would often pass by before the good citizens at Dijon would hear of a crisis in Paris. The traveller who arrived at Strasburg or Besançon might ask in vain to see a gazette to beguile the time, as he lingered through the long wet day or the long dull night at his shabby inn, unless by rare good luck one could be discovered which a visitor had left behind him a month before.

In such a town, enclosed within its crumbling walls, there were as many distinct classes and rancorous jealousies as in Paris itself, or even in the court of Versailles; each with a fine-flavoured animosity of its own, and possessed of the perennial vigour which a Corsican vendetta could not surpass. Nothing was more distasteful to a noble than to be condemned to live in such a place. Madame de Brionne, when ordered to live in the provinces by the king, protested, with a shudder of her elegant nerves: "Oh, I can live with peasantry, but with the *bourgeoisie*—never!" Yet many like her were obliged by circumstances—poverty being the most common circumstance—to reside in so contaminating and vulgar associations. They had been compelled by extravagance to sell their ancestral lands, though they retained, by the privilege of their rank, exemption from taxes, and, by their rights as seigneurs of the soil, claims on their old lands and peasantry which brought them supplies of rabbits, and pigeons, and game, and dues from the people. Of their rank and their lineage they were abundantly proud, and a narrow income and long pedigree, kept them apart in a forlorn stateliness. One cannot refrain from pity for the lot of those highly-born, impecunious gentlefolk, for they were burdened by titles, which were borne by all their sons, and their sons' sons, thereby keeping them as a caste apart from the world. An English nobleman fortunately transmits his title and rank to only one son, while the rest are commoners, who may enter into business, may marry whom they please, and in a generation or so the patrician fades away into the plebeian. With the French aristocracy, on the other hand, possessed with an indelible title on all their members, it was an unutterable disgrace for one to besmirch his order by contact with a middle-class profession, or to mingle his noble blood with that of a bourgeois family. There was nothing left for him but to seek a post about court, a benefice in the Church, or a commission in the army, or to live in weariness, laziness, and impecuniosity at home. It was a highly-bred, plain-faring set who went to each other's houses of an evening, dressed in their gayest; the entertainment might be frugal, but their conversation was sure to treat of the best society, descanting on the latest news from court, which had come by a belated letter, for which the thrifty recipient counted out, with a shiver, twenty sous to the postman. All their manners, their tone, their dress, were strained to copy the *noblesse* style, as Tony Lumpkin's friend made his bear to dance only to the genteelest of tunes. Next to them in rank and importance were the placemen—men who had bought posts under government—law officers, tax officers, customs officers, superintendents, magistrates, who had the rank of gentlemen, and the coveted privileges which exempted them from plebeian taxes. What swarms there were of these gentlemen—all engaged in watching other people work! all absorbing pay, and doing little else as State functionaries! One little country town might have no less than 250 of them, civil and military, employed in needless offices. To gain such a place it was only necessary to be able to lose, give, or borrow money. Places were eagerly purchased by ambitious candidates, and they were gladly sold by an embarrassed government willing in its straits to sell anything. It was all done with fascinating frankness; a post of finance was sold as openly as a pound of figs by a grocer. The person in search of such an appointment might advertise in a local paper, if there should be such a social luxury; and one that did appear may be quoted as a specimen:—"A person desires to buy a charge of magistracy or finance; he will deposit 25,000 to 60,000 livres or more. He will pay ready money if necessary." Should he not have sufficient money for the transaction, he will borrow it, and pay it back out of his salary, or out of his mysterious perquisites. It was the same at court—places about the palace, about the royal household, as cloak-bearers, as pages, as custodiers of certain dishes for the royal table, employment about the hounds, or the horses, or the dessert, or the doors; well worth giving 50,000 or 100,000 francs for a place in the *maison de bouche*, or "household of the king's mouth." Did it not insure a salary, a pension, even a berth which can descend to posterity, or be transferred for coin, giving the prestige of a "gentleman" to the owner? "I am a gentleman," said Beaumarchais, when the honour of that brilliant ex-watchmaker, who had bought a post, was impeached by an insolent sprig of nobility; "I am a gentleman, and have got the receipt for it in my desk."

What subtle, microscopic distinctions exist under the old *régime*, yet all of momentous importance to the bourgeois mind, which is deplorably devoid of a sense of humour! In one little town can be counted no fewer than twenty-six distinct orders of notables, each possessed of its peculiar privileges, and forming a separate caste; for these people are as tenacious of their rights as their betters. Any infringement of its dignity stirs the burghal soul to its depths. The King in Council is called upon to decide at a terrible juncture a crisis which has arisen in a petty city, because the magistrates have been offered holy water before the trade corporation; while in another the periwig-makers, who are in sulks which they mistake for dignity, resolve to abandon henceforward all share in municipal affairs, "because," as they touchingly urge, "of the well-founded grief occasioned by the precedency given to the bakers." Anything of this sort aroused immense agitation, for caste must be kept pure. The tailors are only allowed to have one curl to their wigs; what, then, would happen if they were to dare to copy the apothecary, authorised to concoct drugs and bleed patients, with no less than three curls? The same kind of jealousy was severing all classes at that time—degrees of notables, of placemen, of merchants, of tradesmen, down to the hawkers and the rat-catchers. From all this we can pretty well understand what occurred when, in times of dearth, the hungry mobs plunder a baker's shop; other tradesmen—butchers, tailors, wig-makers, saddlers—"do not see their way to interfere." One section of the community will not help the other—it is no affair of theirs. In the highest ranks the same jealous spirit was rampant. The noble of centuries had a profound contempt for the mushroom noble of yesterday, who had bought his title for money down; and the hunger for title, with all its pleasant privileges, its rank, its decorations, had a perennial charm for the middle class. As Louis XV. used to say: "When there is a place to be sold, providence always provides a fool to buy it." But the new noble, with his lady, found, to his chagrin, he had paid dear to enter a society that refused still to receive him, and his spleen and rancour were virulent. Jealousy only exists in a class towards that immediately above it; the banker is not jealous of a duke, but the man who has bought a country property is jealous of the squire whose old estate adjoins his own, who has neglected to visit him, and whose wife asks his wife to a Primrose meeting and forgets to invite her to tea. It is such social injuries that rankle most in those human hearts which are not touched with fine philosophy. It is, however, as well before indulging in them to be quite sure that the victims are not able to avenge them. One day a noble impertinently held out his watch for the brilliant author of *Figaro* to examine—he who, once a watchmaker's apprentice, was now by rank and purchase Baron de Beaumarchais, gentleman. "You understand watchmaking?" "I had better not take it in my hands," said Beaumarchais, with mock gentleness: "I am very clumsy." "Oh! please do me the favour," the noble insisted. He took the watch, pretended to examine it, then let it fall and smash on the floor, and with a profound bow remarked: "You see, monsieur, I told you I was very awkward."

Dissension is everywhere, but chief of all in provincial towns, with their narrow interests—old noble to new noble, new noble to financier, financier to advocate, and so on, and so down the social scale by fine gradations. This spirit of rival sections resembles the bitterness felt in former days by the ancient and decayed, and therefore proud, part of the city of Bâle to the new and prosperous quarters, whose spleen was ingeniously displayed by the mechanism of the town clock, which on striking the hour thrusts forth a tongue from its face, as if in contempt and defiance of the lower town which it haughtily overlooks.

Yet more causes there are which fatally impair all chance of co-operation, common interest, and social amenity. The members of every trade were incorporated into guilds by inflexible regulations;

the number of apprentices, the reception of journeymen, were all fixed in the peculiar interest of the Union, arranged effectively to keep down the number of workmen, to increase the wages, to discourage all improvements and changes which might interfere with their own old industry. All this, of course, was hurtful to the interests of the people and disastrous to the progress of manufactures. They kept their craft a monopoly for their sons, and formed it into a caste. The masterpiece which the candidate to be master in his business presents to be considered is solemnly judged by the magistrates of the town, who gravely meet in the town hall, there to examine a plaster which an embryo apothecary displays as a specimen of his skill, or to partake of a cake which an aspiring pastry-cook gives as a taste of his quality. The utmost rivalry exists between trade and trade, as between class and class, each keenly alive to its own imperative interests and dead against any encroachment on its rights. The locksmiths are at war with the makers of edge-tools, because they make keys, and against the saddlers for making bits; the pastry-cooks are at feud with the tavern-keepers for making pies; the masons sue slaters for encroaching on their work; the tailors attack the journeymen who job by the day. There is not a calling, however humble, in which the members of the guild do not seek to extinguish all who dare pursue any part of their calling if they be not members of the fraternity, down to the flower-girls and hawkers of old hats in Paris. Each corporation has its special chiefs, official banners, patron saints, and fête days. So advocates look to good St. Yves for protection and favour, goldsmiths to St. Eloi, shoemakers to St. Crispin, and apothecaries to St. Damien, whose help they implore, as they attend worship reverently in the chapel, and in respect for whose abstemious saintship they may get festively drunk thereafter in the tavern.

Let us watch what is the social result of all these divisions. There are thousands of young men who are ready to work, who seek power of working, and yet are excluded by those tyrannous guilds ; and often they meet in riotous assemblies, and menace those overbearing corporations, who shut the door on all outside their body, and oppose every change and improvement in industry as opposed to their vested interests. In from the country districts people flock — driven by their poverty, their hunger, their oppressive lot—seeking employment, and as there is no trade open to them they must starve. When work is hard to get and food is scarce great numbers are reduced to beggary. Rouen alone before the Revolution was swarming with 30,000 beggars. In 1767 no less than 50,000 were arrested and thrown into jail, and in 1777 it was reckoned that there were a million and a quarter prowling mischievously over the country. All these become hostile elements among the populace of cities ; they are so many recruits to the criminal classes—rascals who are ready to join in any insurrection, unscrupulous emissaries to carry out the most violent behests of the Jacobin clubs in that period, when Samuel Johnson's definition of patriotism as "the last resort of a scoundrel" seemed only too exact.

The isolation of ranks, the keen antagonism of classes, and the aloofness of citizens from even municipal government—which had fallen into the hands of paid government officials—had fatal consequences to the country; with nobles caring only for the order of their rank, not for order in the land; citizens caring only for their local and personal interests; notables and artisans alike jealous only for their own crafts, not for the welfare of the community. It is said by Taine—and he gives good evidence for the statement—that there were only 300,000 Jacobins out of a population of 26,000,000, by whom the savage work was done in the Reign of Terror. Yet so organised in their affiliated societies, so irresponsible to any law or order, led by their congenial leaders, they were able to dominate over a whole nation and terrorise a vast people. If mutual suspicion or indifference had not kept class apart from class, a united body of 100,000 respectable men of the people would have stemmed the tide of anarchy. A united *bourgeoisie*, a patriotic aristocracy, a combination of steady artisans could easily have withstood the outbreak of violence, and have brought the Revolution to calmer, beneficent issues. But private interests separated those whom public spirit — then non-existent — would have combined. Where does one first look for protection in civil strife and discipline amidst general disorder but to the army? But there were many sufficient reasons why in an emergency that was the body of men most to be feared, least to be trusted. A standing army of 160,000 men existed; but the character of its rank and file made them dangerous to rely upon for help in time of need. They were mostly drawn from the very scum of the people, the offscourings of society, jail-birds, and those who were good for nothing and fit for anything—fellows who were without a character, a sou, or a garment, who sold themselves for a drink to the service, and there escaped arrest for a crime by the disguise of a uniform. The dull-witted, the hungry, the forlorn were easily cajoled by a wily agent, allowed so much for each recruit, whom he wheedled into a tavern and whetted their appetite by his enticing address: "Come, lads, soup, fish, meat, salad, is what you get in the regiment—that's all. I won't deceive you—pie and Arbois wine are extras." So after a carouse they found themselves enlisted in a regiment where their treatment soon awakened their rage—that was indeed the only *esprit de corps* of the army. See them strolling along the streets, or hovering hungrily and thirstily round the cabaret, without a sou to spend, clad in their huge cocked hats, their patched and ragged white coats hanging down to their stockingless legs, shabby, dirty, woebegone defenders of their country, lashed into drill. They are fed on food which a tramp would scorn to touch—often on bread so loathsome to the taste as to deprive ordinary mortals of digestion and appetite, faring worse than the worst criminal in the prisons. Often kind souls and sympathetic inn-keepers would go from house to house collecting scraps of broken victuals for the poor wretches billeted in the town. Their pay is but six sous a day—how could a man live decently on that?—when besides his tainted bread, he has to pay for his drink, his washing, and his candles. There are still to be read the accounts of the expenses of these men. Here is the case of fifteen soldiers who live in one room. They have to pay for everything from food to lights. When these are paid for, there remain over but a poor four sous to the whole fifteen men at the close of the day; but their washing, their shaving, absorbs that miserable remainder, and there is nothing left at all, though they are expected to supply pots and bowls for their mess, and replace them when they are broken or lost. The soldier has been away from his home for years, and at last a letter in a well-known hand is brought to him; wistfully he gazes at it, but he cannot break the seal to learn the news of his family he has so long wearied to get, for it will cost him twenty sous for postage, and an extra sou for the regimental postman, and he hands it back with a sigh. Meanwhile his uniform, which is expected to last for years, is in rags, his legs are without stockings, his shoes without soles, unable to protect him from the bitter cold of winter, or his feet from the hard stony roads in the long march. He must be meek when subjected to harshness, even brutality, submitting like a dog when he is flogged with the flat of the sword, or kicked in the shins by sergeants and officers. He had been gulled, bribed, swindled into entering the service in which the oily-tongued recruiting agent had promised him the life of a prince, and he finds, when it is too late to retreat, the fare of a beggar, the pay of a child, the clothing of a vagabond, and the treatment of a rogue.

The officers of the army, by a late edict of Louis XVI., all required to belong to the rank of nobility, although in the days of Louis XV. it was possible for the son even of an artisan to get a commission and rise high in rank, and many a "soldier of fortune"—which means a soldier without a fortune—distinguished himself in the late wars. At this period, indeed, it could not yet be said, according to Napoleon's proud boast, that every private carried in his knapsack a marshal's baton, for the only baton with which he could make acquaintance was that which was applied ignominously to his back with blows not glorious. It was only in the revolutionary army, when the barriers of aristrocratic rank were broken down, that a man gained self-respect by the consciousness that even he might one day lead the regiment he now humbly followed, and might even carry an army on to victory, as did General Hoche, the old sergeant, and General Augerau, the quondam fencing-master. The army having been made a preserve for needy sons of *noblesse*, the officers came with the pride of their birth, the hauteur of their class, and treated their men too often as their fathers treated their peasantry, as slaves or beasts of burden. It is true there were fine exceptions, noble officers with the rare characteristics of true gentlemen, who treated their men as comrades, or, moved by the liberal sentiments of the day, almost as equals, and reaped their reward in the times of trial, when their men proved loyal to them and their colours, while others rose in revolt against their arrogant superiors. Unfortunately, the aloofness and want of sympathy between private and officer was increasing as the Revolution drew near. Louis XVI. had a genius only for blundering; one day favouring the people, next day favouring the great; one week conferring benefits on the peasantry, another week increasing the preposterous privileges of the *noblesse*. At the very period when society was speaking largely for democracy, he made officers only of aristocrats; at the very time when the country was crying against favours and sinecures, he allows great numbers to obtain commissions and pay, though there are no appointments to get, till there were three times more colonels than regiments, ten times more captains than companies, and no less than 13,000 gentlemen earning comfortable pay without an hour of service to render. While the soldiers are in tatters and hungry, out of the 90 million livres assigned to the army of 160,000, half went to the officers alone.

What need for wonder that men deserted in shoals from a profession so repulsive? Voltaire need not have expressed the least surprise that in eight years there were 60,000 men who had fled from the service. What became of them? They knew full well that if they were caught they would be shot: they escaped that fate, some by joining the bands of smugglers who, during ruinous imposts on tobacco, wine, salt, were driving a rich though perilous trade; others became desperadoes of any kind, however daring, and joined the dangerous classes in towns; many, attracted to Paris, hid themselves in the slums frequented by beggars, waifs, thieves, ne'er-do-wells of the lowest type, and added to the fatal army of malcontents and plunderers of society. When a soldier had served his time or was discharged as incapable of work, he left without a sou in his pocket to buy bread, without a garment for his back except his battered uniform, with a character as dilapidated as his raiment, unfitted for any business, ignorant of every craft, and subsiding from destitution to crime or the workhouse; his heart inflamed by wrongs and privations, smarting with memories of floggings, and insults, and bad usage from tyrannical sergeants and contemptuous officers. When the Revolution began there were 16,000 of these soldiers, partly discharged, partly superannuated, and all discontented, in Paris, worth little before they entered the army, worth still less when they quitted it, eager to lead revolts instead of suppressing them. When the great outbreak took place whole regiments turned against their commanders, fraternised with the mob, became the most resolute enemies of the monarchy and the most effective agents in the republican forces.

Every inflammatory speech and pamphlet found a ready welcome from such men; it was they who gave the loudest echo to every democratic sentiment; and the doctrines of "the rights of men," and of equality, were hailed as their gospel. At their canteen, or over a glass of white wine which some sympathising citizen would give them outside the cabaret, they would discuss and argue, speak wildly and loudly, except when the clank of a sword forewarned them that an officer was passing, when they sank into a whisper or sulky silence. They declaimed against their wrongs and their treatment with every artisan out of work and loafer out at elbows who shared their common grievances and denounced their common enemies.

It is striking to watch how the maxims of quiet men of letters gradually become dangerous political weapons in the hands of the masses. Long had wise-hearted, wise-minded men felt how iniquitous were those unequal laws and inequitable taxes which ground the poor and let the rich go free, those institutions which crushed industry and hampered trade throughout the whole country. Theories they set forth, plans they drew up, prepared to remedy all this. There had been De Quesnai, physician to the court under Louis XV., Turgot, the Intendant of Limousin, and others of like honourable stamp, who made schemes to reduce debt, to free trade and agriculture from evil prohibitions, and at their discussions in the entresol, charming Madame de Pompadour, herself cause of so many of the burdens they deplored, would come and sit and listen to these ardent reformers, with a smile at their mild enthusiasm and a yawn over their dry statistics as they discussed everlastingly of *net produit.* But no wild revolutionists were these worthy economists. Their ideal was a "patriot king," the father of his people, who should make the laws for the benefit of his multitudinous children, who need never be consulted. They never dreamt of a time when (the monarch a prisoner in his people's hands) it could be said that instead of one king and 26 million subjects, there were 26 million kings and one subject. It was not such reformers who could change the world, although their schemes and political economy, getting shape and power under the hands of Adam Smith in his *Wealth of Nations,* were afterwards to influence the trade of the world. The men who could touch the popular heart were beings of a very different mettle—men who laid down formulas which, if logically carried out, would overturn every institution in the land and every dynasty on the face of the earth. We find the feelings against hard laws set forth by literary men in the famous *Dictionnaire Encyclopédie*, begun in 1751, where under the harmless titles of "Toleration" and "Taxation," were found expressed hostility to every hated privilege, but most of all in Rousseau's fiery discourse on "Inequality," which appeared in 1750, the work of an unknown man; and in 1762, in the *Contrat Social*, the spirit of revolt stirs from the first sentence, "Man was born free, and is everywhere in chains," to the very last word. In this book was propounded the social axioms that the people were plundered of their rights, their power, their property; that it was they who should rule, that all should be equal, that all should be free, that it was the divine right, not of kings, but of the people, to govern. The hard reasoning of the philosopher, based on mythical history of the past, was to afford subjects for the impassioned declamations of the rabid fanatic of the streets. To-day one may wonder that the *Contrat Social* should ever have been so influential in affecting the people. It is dry, it is cold; it is a series of articles of an impossible political creed, based on a fictitious origin of society. Now we are painfully aware that a creed is not a document which stirs the emotions by its eloquence of diction, by its glow of passion; a collection of dogmas in a confession of faith is not exciting reading. Yet it is by such articles, when enforced by bold preachers, men will live, and for them some will even dare to die. They can in Church and State make martyrs, can kindle fanaticism, all the more relentless because of its deadly sincerity; for fanaticism is a conscience in an acute state of inflammation. Beaumarchais, in his *Mariage de Figaro*, says, with a sneer, that "it is only small minds that are afraid of small writings." In making which remark he makes a great mistake. Why, it is "small writings" which large minds have most reason to honour or to dread, for it is they which can change an era, which big books, unread, can never do. A gospel is a small book, and it has transformed humanity; famous creeds are small writings, and they influence the faith of millions for ages; pamphlets that stir a generation; political songs, like a Marseillaise hymn, which move a people to frenzy; the articles of the Encyclopædists, by D'Alembert, Turgot, Diderot,—all these are small writings; the *Contrat Social* itself is but a small book, and it was a powerful factor in the great Revolution when its unhappy author was silent in his grave.

Who were these literary men who took up the cause which became the cause of the republic, and worked for the people against *noblesse* and crown? They were men for the most part who had sprung from the people themselves, who, without birth and bred in poverty, knew the trials and oppression of their brother poor; men who, even when favoured by the great as they became famous, winced under that insufferable though flattering patronage; felt it difficult to bandy compliments in epigrams with those gracious but courtly hosts and hostesses; fresh from the café, difficult to assume the superb manners of the drawing-room; harder still to buy lace rufflles when they had hardly a shirt to pin them to, or to hire embroidered, gold-laced coat and waistcoat, to fit themselves to appear in the salons. They never were unconscious of their inferiority. D'Alembert, full of renown, is present at Madame du Deffand's salon. Enter M. Fournier, a physician. "Madame," he addresses his hostess, "I have the honour of presenting to you my very humble respects." Turning to President Herault, "I have the honour to be your obedient servant." Bowing to M. Pont de Veyle, he says, "Sir, your most obedient;" and with a nod to the great *savant*, he curtly says, "Good-day, sir." Such slights they felt, these intellectual lapdogs of society, often very badly combed; and against the rich, the great—pompous financier, farmer-general, and noble alike—behind their backs in private, and in their books in public, they vented their spleen in cutting words. Of course it was very ungrateful of these *protégés*—what could you expect? When a minister of state was one day talking in a supercilious tone of "men who wrote for money," Rousseau looked up and asked: "Pray, your excellency, and for what do you write (*chiffre*)?" It is easy to understand these writings and their sentiments when we get to know the writers and their circumstances.

In Voltaire, however, these men had not an ally in their potent assaults on established laws and order. It might be all very well for Rousseau, girding at the favours he received, though he complained if he did not get them, earning £60 a year by copying music, to show his independence; it was all very natural for Diderot, living in a garret, so to write and to rail; but not for the Seigneur of Ferney, with an income of £2000 or £3000 a year, with thousands who feared him and thousands who flattered him. He loved intellectual freedom; he was bitter against ignorance, dulness, bigotry, and superstition; with prodigality of genius, wit, irony, research, philosophic acumen. He had written a hundred volumes of poetry, satire, history, science, art, all to win emancipation for the mind; but as for the oppressors of the people, as for sympathy for the people's hard condition, as for equality for the ranks, he looked on all this with serene indifference, or even contempt. He hated a Jesuit; he courted a courtier; he cared more for the freedom of the press than for the freedom of the people. In his fascinatingly cynical way he said, "I think I would rather be led by a lion of good family than by 2000 rats of my own condition." How often did he utter his crackling laugh at the clean cut-and-dry systems of enthusiastic and self-confident philosophers to reform mankind, allowing of no compromise and no delay, foreseeing no social obstacles to the fine consummation, and fancying they could rub out the institutions of ages as easily as a school-boy rubs out a row of figures on his slate to begin a new sum. All these to him were programmes absurd to frame and disastrous to practise. As Frederick the Great astutely said, after reading D'Holbach's *System of Nature*: "If I had a province to punish, I should give it to philosophers to govern." Yet those were the principles—that all men are equal, all people must rule—on which they sought to rebuild society. When the States-General met, those dogmas impregnated the deputies of the people—lawyers, farmers, tradesmen, physicians, who assembled to remodel society from top to bottom. There were briefless advocates, never before entrusted with a cause beyond a case of trespass or of battery, who were ready to take briefs for a whole country, and talk so copiously, so glibly; notaries without a soul above parchment, who were prepared to write laws for humanity; apothecaries who had been used, according to their calling, to "put drugs of which they knew little into bodies of which they knew less," who were willing to doctor the State, which great ministers had bled nigh to death. No wonder they blundered furiously and fatally and garrulously.

Meanwhile the dogmas of Rousseau and his comrades in the propaganda were passing from mouth to mouth, from class to class. They were echoed by aristocrats who followed the intellectual fashion at their supper tables, as if they really believed them—though how would they feel when they were carried into practice? One remembers how even Mirabeau, returning from the National Assembly on the day on which all titles of nobility were abolished, caught his servant by the ear and cried : "Remember, fellow, that at least to you I shall always be *Monsieur le Comte!*" With more sincerity were they discussed and upheld by ragged soldiers in their barracks, artisans at their clubs, ragamuffins in the streets, and peasants in their fields, also by lawyers who loved a clean systematic scheme to argue out, by the citizens who dearly believed in a fine phrase, and by members of the middle class, who had left their plebeian class, and with all their wealth and airs of fashion knocked at the door of society in vain. These dogmas were turned into invectives by demagogues like Marat, who put the calm paragraphs of Rousseau into the wild passion of the gutter, as he addressed crowds under the chestnuts of the Palais Royal, and by Camille Desmoulins as he uttered in the Luxembourg Gardens his stirring periods and his stinging epigrams that clung to the memory. Now they were becoming catchwords for the rabble, with whom it was a fine consoling conviction that all were equal—the scoundrel and the saint, the imbecile and the genius, the pickpocket and the priest, the beggar and the noble, the ragpicker and the king. As time went on how tired the world got of these everlasting phrases of republicanism and citizenship as they fell from the lips of Jacobins red with the blood of their brothers of humanity : "equality, liberty, fraternity," "rights of men," "sovereignty of the people"! It is not surprising that Count Metternich, weary of these political parrot cries about "brotherhood of man," should protest: "If I had a brother, I should insist on calling him 'cousin.'"

To return to the state of the country before the Revolution, where these doctrines (which proved innocuous in our country) were proving perilous amid material so inflammable, and events were quickly developing. Discontent was spreading fast and wide. Trade had increased, new industries were springing up, demand for labour was brisk. So far good; but as people got more employment they became more independent, more alive to their own interests, more conscious of their power. The higher *bourgeoisie* were becoming wealthier, more ambitious in their tastes, more fashionable in their modes of living, and therefore more sensitive to the inferiority of their social position beside the great, who ignored them. This was the great reason which turned Madame Roland ardently against a class which looked down on her and her people. She never forgot that she and her mother, invited to a chateau, were sent to dine in the servants' hall.

Meanwhile poor, bewildered Louis, who was in chronic despair in his incessant and hopeless efforts to please at once both *noblesse* and people, always of two minds (if we may speak of two minds in the case of a man who had hardly one), tries in vain to make social and fiscal burdens lighter, establishes provincial assemblies, at which aristocrats in many provinces show armed opposition against government authority—a fine example of insubordination to law which the populace will soon follow. He relieves some taxes, adjusts some imposts, abolishes *corvées*, all which would have been helpful if his new zeal for industry, his better clothing of soldiers, his building ships and lightening burdens, had not absorbed more money and diminished already the sinking revenue. De Tocqueville has powerfully shown how those tardy and despairing attempts of the king, the efforts made by Intendants to find out the grievances of the people, and the invitations for the people to state their wrongs at provincial assemblies, were most effective incitements to revolt. They raised the popular hopes only to disappoint them. The few abuses which were remedied only opened their dull eyes to a clearer sense of the wrongs they had borne so long. Why, it was like opening the windows of a house in which there were smouldering ashes, only to let the wind fan them into flames. There was Louis with one hand putting power in the people's clutches, and with the other giving fresh privileges to the great; one day relaxing taxes which diminished the national income, and next day still bestowing favours, dowries, estates, and pensions to court favourites, their sons and their daughters, who plundered the exchequer. Infirm of purpose, with no grasp of a situation, it was as impossible for him to adhere for ten minutes to any decision (according to Monsieur, afterwards Louis XVIII.) as it is to hold together billiard balls which have been dipped in oil.

Everything is preparing for a crisis—*what* it will be no one can conjecture. It seems ready to break forth in 1788 and the winter of 1789—that period when the corn was parched up in summer, when a terrible hailstorm ruined the harvest and vineyards in autumn, when an unheard-of frost, lasting for seventy-six days, brought misery, starvation, and death in winter. The king spent enormous sums in feeding the destitute populace in Paris. The loaves of black bread, doled out at the wicket to hungry crowds, were snatched from the grasp of the weak by the brutality of stalwart rascals. In the country, at chateaux and monasteries, nobles and priors, awakening to duty or to sense of fear, distribute money and food to the famishing peasantry. But it is too late, for believing the worst of their sudden patrons, in many quarters they attack the mansions, destroy the registers of debts kept against them in the chateaux, and set fire to house and forest. These, however, are but isolated insurrections, manifestations of local feeling; the Revolution is not yet. It is not in the provinces that any great organised movement could begin; it must begin in the capital. "What will be the effect of all this here?" asked the English traveller, Young, in the town of Nancy. "Oh, we are a provincial town; we must wait to see what is done in Paris," was the reply.

Let us therefore turn back to Paris. It has a population of about 600,000, a size which in these days filled timid observers with trepidation and wonder as to how it was possible to control, to provision so vast a multitude. Edict after edict had been issued by successive monarchs forbidding any building beyond certain barriers, which though invariably disobeyed yet had the effect of making the streets narrower, the houses loftier, the slums denser, filled with a population dangerous from its poverty, its idleness, its diseases, its squalor. The floating population had doubled in fifty years; and year by year, whenever there was a dearth in the country, in swept huge droves of beggars, waifs, unemployed, starving people, deserters from the army, convicts released from prisons and the galleys, until there were about 200,000 inhabitants in that city without any regular means of subsistence. The crowds prowled about the lanes, haunted the quays, begged menacingly in the suburbs, joined any riot, or onslaught, or plunder. Paris, in fact, had become the common sewer of blackguardism, a hotbed of disaffection, the receptacle for people idle, starving, vengeful, with nothing to lose; and when men have nothing they can do anything. This town was in charge of a small, useless, ill-paid patrol of police—a guard *pour rire*.

Besides these elements of disorder we must remember the thousands of artisans whose occupation consisted in making articles of luxury for the rich—tailors, jewellers, lace-makers, coach-builders, wig-makers, carvers, pastry-cooks, and a hundred other trades which formed the chief industries of the capital; at which hosts of men and women were engaged all their lives in ministering at low wages to the pomp, parade, pleasures, and splendour of those who toiled not neither did they spin, and yet truly Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these. It was in the manufacture of articles of refinement that the country was mainly busy. Characteristically there are 20 millions of taxes got from lace, but only 18 millions from making soap, which speaks much for the elegance, little for the cleanliness, of society. But these workmen are not grateful to their customers. Every morning as they wrought at their crafts—gilding, weaving, toy-making, ivory-carving—they knew that here was more waste, more luxury for great folk who got their incomes at the expense of the poor. Passion does not calculate, and the certainty that the ruin of their patrons would be the ruin of themselves did not have a feather's-weight with them. The day came, and came soon, when, to escape the horrors of the Revolution, all the great, and rich, and noble left the city and the country, and these artisans were left destitute, to be fed on charity.

The winter of 1788-9 was indeed a memorable, a fateful time. People were without work, starving of cold and hunger. Bread was doled out to the crowds; and black, earthy bread it was, ill of smell, producing inflammation of stomach and throat.

The workman at daybreak would take his stand and wait in the interminable *queue* till his turn came in the afternoon for his loaf of fetid bread, for which he pays four sous, and wastes a whole day's work and wages. It might, no doubt, be an excellent amusement for powdered dandies to chuck out bread into the black mire of the streets and watch with screams of merriment gaunt men, haggard women, and emaciated children scrambling like beasts in the gutter for the dirty morsel, and then, when some lucky wretch has captured it, to see the wild faces glaring hungrily, fiercely, for more. But this may prove a dangerous pastime; wild beasts will rend when they do not get enough to eat. With angry eyes the poor watched every mark of luxury and display which seemed to insult their misery—gilt coaches, prancing horses, pampered lackeys, gay bedizened dames and lords, while they themselves stood squeezed against the walls to let proud equipages pass. They grudged the flour which whitened the heads of nobles, advocates, and servants, and felt that the flour which powdered the empty heads of 200,000 idle people should be in the empty stomachs of 200,000 starving folk. Their eyes gleamed when democrats at the cafés vulgarised Rousseau, and told them they were fools to endure such want when the rich had plenty and the court was squandering. In their discontent, every vile rumour, every malicious lie, was credited against those in high places; every false charge in lampoon and ribald song, made falser as it passed from lip to lip, against the queen, at whose door every fault and extravagance was laid. Her imprudences were transfigured into vices, her friendships into intrigues, her lightness of heart to heartless levity. They did not know or did not believe that she had become a faithful mother, full of duty, as she had always been a faithful wife, full of honour. But in this world one is punished more for indiscretions than for sins. When the mob went on to Versailles to demand food at the palace, they have kindly words for "Fat Papa Veto," as they irreverently call the king; but only hatred for "Madame Deficit," as they nickname significantly his consort. The women are, of course, the most virulent of the rabble against an offender of their own sex. "She has danced for her own pleasure, she shall dance to our tune now!" shrill harridans shriek, as they trudge along that drenching day; and as the draggle-tailed concourse march on, soaked with rain and covered with mud, the women cry out: "See what we are like! Antoinette shall pay for this!" As she saw the songs and lampoons which were thrust before her eyes, as she heard the voices of malicious scandal, did the queen remember the words of Basile in the *Barber of Seville*,[1] which she wilfully would have played before her years ago at her theatre—that famous description of calumny, which first steals subtly along *pianissimo,* then more active, more audible *piano,* till it is voiced from loud *crescendo* into a universal *chorus* of hate. *Que diable y resisterait?*

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[1] D'abord un bruit léger rasant le sol comme hirondelle avant l'orage *pianissimo* murmure, et file, et sême en courant le trait empoisonné. Il de bouche en bouche le récueille et *piano, piano* vois le glisser en l'oreille adroitement. Le mal est fait; il germe, il rampe, il chemine et *rinforzando* de bouche en bouche, il va le diable;

It was in May 1789 the States-General assembled. These humble peasants and narrow provincial deputies arrive full of stories of the great, suspicions of the court, wild schemes to make the people rule, and redress all royal crimes. For the first time they see far-famed Versailles, of whose splendour they had heard so much, for which they had paid so dear. Many peasant and homely representatives of the people appear in these courtly precincts in their hobnailed shoes that clatter on the polished floors, where hitherto only noble footsteps have noiselessly moved. It was the beginning of the end of the old *régime.* Keen observers had noted for some years that a curious, an ominous, change had come over the lower classes; the men when casually spoken to had assumed a surly air, a defiant gait, and would give a churlish answer. A traveller who returned to Paris after an absence of ten years was asked if he perceived many changes around him. "No," he replied, "none, except that what used

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puis tout-à-coup, je ne sais comment, vous voyez la calomnie se dresser, siffler, s'enfler, grandir à vue d'œil. Elle s'élance, entend le vol, tourbillonne, enveloppe, arrache, entraine l'étude et tonne, et devient grâce au coup un général *crescendo* public en chorus universal de haine et de prescription. Que diable y resisterait?—*Barbier de Seville.*

to be said in the drawing-rooms is now repeated in the streets." There was somehow a half-expressed "notice to quit" to those who had ruled society. Significantly was it said that there was everywhere the sound of buckled shoes retreating and of wooden shoes advancing.

What was the real cause of the breaking-out of the Revolution is a question which may be asked in vain; there were so many open and subtle agencies alike working to the inevitable crisis. Was it the doctrine of socialism and republicanism preached by men like Rousseau, Mably, and Morellet, proclaiming the real sovereignty of the people? Was it the national debts entailing popular burdens, and leading the country to bankruptcy? Was it the royal remedies, tardy and futile, which acted as irritants instead of sedatives, and caused general unrest? Was it the tyranny and neglect of the nobles, combined with the waste and burdens by the State? The answer may safely be, "All together," and many more. Great effects are the resultants of many complex forces working to one end, and it is therefore never wise to dogmatise in favour of only one. We remember how Sancho Panza's uncles sat in judgment on a cask of wine. One said it had a decided smack of leather; the other said it tasted villainously of iron. Bystanders laughed consumedly at these worthy wiseacres who contradicted each other so flatly; but when the cask was drunk empty there was discovered at the bottom an iron key with a leathern thong. Both were right, and bystanders laughed no more. Now, as to the cause of the Revolution, no one answer is sufficient; but there is little doubt that the dear bread was the immediate cause of the outburst in Paris; it gave the people a present sense of their needs.

The States-General has met to consult on remedies for national troubles, and the town and country sanguinely look to them to save them from starving, and fondly expect a millennium will dawn in a morning. But the States dispute one order with the other, they argue, they talk, they quarrel, till the hungry people can wait no longer, and take the matter into their own hands. On July 14 we see them assailing the Bastille, that symbol to them of despotism and tyranny, only to find that after all in that dreaded prison are only seven prisoners—one an imbecile, three coiners—and lead them off in triumph, not without an irreverent touch of the ridiculous. But it was the first blow of the new movement. When Louis heard of it he remarked in surprise: "Why, this is a revolt!" "No, sire," said the Duc de Liancourt: "it is a revolution." The duke was right indeed.

Nothing now can avert the doom—the beast of insurrection has "tasted blood." The king may now give up his charity to the voracious mob in his effort to silence them; abbés, bishops, and nobles need try no more to stay the course of insurrection by distributions of food to the people they have so long allowed to hunger; in vain kind-hearted actresses discard powder from their hair, and starch-makers use barley instead of wheat in their merchandise. Long had the people waited for this; the time of retribution had come at last, and, as Cardinal de Retz said generations ago: "Vengeance is a dish that one can eat cold." As we read of the atrocities of that time, when human hearts, rent with passion, lost sight of humanity—for nothing is more pitiless than a principle in action, nothing so remorseless as fanaticism in religion or in politics—where can we apportion the blame? To the peasantry and the poor, dulled and brutalised by centuries of ignorance and suffering, or to those whose neglect, and oppression, and selfishness had made them what they were? Was it the fault solely of the people who spoiled and plundered and slew, or of a system of government which fostered in them passions so dangerous and so deadly? It is said that history is the world's judgment day. We know on whom that reckoning fell.

In closing these lectures we leave the king in face of a gigantic crisis, and an emergency which would tax greater brains than his poor, kindly, muddle head contained. A hostile nation, a starving populace, a discontented army, a bankrupt exchequer, a selfish *noblesse*, a powerless *bourgeoisie*, a burdened peasantry, a paralysed government, an omnipotent mob, an assembly of representatives of the people who have suffered for centuries, and are resolved to suffer no more.

GLASGOW UNIVERSITY LIFE IN OLDEN TIMES

It was in a time of trouble and poverty, of wild feuds and wars and assassinations, that in 1450 the Pope issued a bull for the erection of a *studium generale*, or University, in Glasgow—fifty years after the first University in Scotland was founded in St. Andrews. The little town—consisting of churchmen clustered near the cathedral, and fishermen and small burghers in thatched houses and clay hovels—was deemed most fit for such a seminary "by reason of the healthiness of its climate, the plenty of victuals, and of everything needful for the use of men." It was endowed with all the privileges as it was formed on the model of the great University of Bologna—only it was endowed with nothing else, for "it came into the world as naked as any individual," a College historian declares. At first we find it installed in an old building in the Rotten Row; its ruins, known as the "auld pedagogy," were to be seen in the eighteenth century. Nine years afterwards Lord Hamilton bequeathed to it four acres of land in Dovehill and a tenement in the street leading down from the cathedral to the market cross, near the place of the Dominican friars. There, on what became the High Street, where a new College was to be built, the masters and students took up their quarters. In recompense for this pious gift the donor required that twice a day, after meals, the masters and students should rise and pray for his soul, and for that of his spouse, Euphemia; for in those days pious founders who lent to the Lord exacted very high interest. The College held its convocation in the cathedral; had annual meetings of the students in the dark crypt at the altar of St. Nicholas, where they chose a rector by a majority of "nations"; for as the great European universities divided students into "nations," since scholars came from many countries to study, so did this poor pedagogium, though the "nations" were only students from different districts of Scotland. They had their cheerful festivals, as on the feast of St. Crispin, when the procession with flowers and branches passed to the Cross and back again in great rejoicing, and feasted in the Common Hall with frugal festivity, spending the rest of the day in plays and interludes, in which the masters acted. With all this they were desperately poor, their buildings were going to ruin, and as they had no money to repair them, in a few years their thatched roofs became decayed, "the plain stanes on the riggin" were broken down, and the Faculty were at the end of their wits and of their funds to keep up the poor fabric. A hundred years after we find only part of the school and chambers is "biggit"; the students, preparing for monks' rules or priests' orders, are woefully few, and the building is in total dilapidation.

Then came the Reformation, away fled Popish churchmen, students, and masters, and when we see the august University once more all that is left of it consists of twelve individuals: a principal, three regents, four poor students, the principal's servant, an œconomus, a cook, and a janitor. To such a miserable remnant are the functions and privileges left, with a meagre revenue of £25 yearly. No more solemn convocations, no joyous processions, no post-prandial prayers for the pious donor and his wife, whose souls, we may trust, no longer need their aves. From St. Andrews, in 1574, came that stalwart reformer and universal scholar, Andrew Melville, who had lectured at Paris, Poictiers, and Geneva, and he constituted the whole teaching staff in himself, lecturing on Greek (when very few Protestant clergy in Scotland could read the New Testament in the original), on Hebrew, Chaldee, Syriac, prelecting on scholastic philosophy, on physics, on logic, rhetoric, chirology—in a course which lasted for six years. With such success did this omniscient regent teach, that the rooms were soon crowded with students from all quarters, many of whom in time became regents; and his admiring nephew, James, exuberantly records: "There was no place in Europe comparable to

Glasgow for guid letters during these years, and for guid, plentiful, and cheap mercat of all kinds of languages, artes, and sciences."

It was in 1631 that the College in the High Street began to be reared on the site of the ruined buildings, and for years there was the noise of masons and of wrights; the anxious pondering of the Faculty over wages to the workmen at 6d. a day, and the quantities of "drink-money"; there were visits to the banks of the Clyde, when the Broomielaw was only a river-side covered with broom, to watch the boats or "cobbles" come in laden with Norway deals, for they could get no wood at home; or to the Cross to see the sledges come laden with Swedish iron, for no iron could be got in Scotland. These articles were obtained from ships that had been unloaded at Irvine or Dumbarton, as the Clyde was too shallow for them to reach the town.

The College life went on the same throughout the seventeenth century, whether presbytery or prelacy had the upper hand. Accommodation was hard to get in the little town, and the University was anxious to keep a close superintendence over the youths lest any moral evil befall them. It was, therefore, in chambers within the College that they sought to lodge as many as possible. When the scholar arrived there was given to him the key of his chamber, the accommodation of which was small, and its furnishings severely scanty. In a room where four lads were to lodge there would be two standing beds, a table, four desks or "studies," with shelves for their books and hard forms for their persons—for all which there was charged for the session from eight shillings to half-a-crown, according to situation on the turnpike stairs. The Faculty being intensely nervous about the safety of the garnishing they gave, a careful inventory was written, and solemn compact made with the occupants to keep their valuable fabric and goods without detriment. Here is a specimen of these curious documents:—"We under-subscryvours, having received the key of chamber 5, plenished with thrie standing beds, thrie studies—the one in the east corner with shelfs, a tabel and a furme, another at the back window with a tabel and fixed furme and a shelfs, and the thyrd at the fire with a table, a furme, and shelfs, a broken lock and key on the first study, with sufficient lockes and kies to the other tuo, a coll house with a broken door, a chimney with whole windows, and ane sufficient lock upon the same chamber door: Doe obledge ourselves to keep the chamber in good care as at this tyme." (Here follow the numbers of the five under-subscribers.) Should any wilful damage be done, the person "delated and found guiltie of breaking the glass windows or other detriment" was publicly and ignominiously whipped and extruded from the College. Such was the law since 1667.

Keys these scholars had, but no privacy, for the most vigilant watch was kept over all their words and doings, not merely by the censor appointed out of their number, who might, or might not, inform the authorities, but by the regent whose charge it was for the week to visit the apartments. At nine o'clock his cautious footsteps were heard creaking up the turnpike stair; he turned the key to discover if all are behaving themselves seemly—no cards, no dice, no play-books; he inquired if they have been careful in secret prayer, for by regulation "he is to discover what conscience each makes of secret devotions morning and evening." Thereafter, blowing out the tallow candles, he took his departure. At five o'clock next morning the steps of the Hebdomadar, as he is called, again mounted the stairs, to waken the lads and see that all were soberly behaving, and at six o'clock they were summoned by the College bell, which was "ting-ed" or "pulsit"—signal for all to meet in the Common Hall for prayers, and praise, and reading of Scripture, by the glimmering of candles in the cold, dark winter dawn. With empty stomachs the lads went to the classes, listened to the prelections, always in Latin, in which the regent lectured on Greek, or physics, or philosophy, till nine o'clock, when again the bell was "ting-ed" or "pulsit," and they flocked into the Hall for breakfast. At the upper table sat principal and regents in their gowns, at other tables were the divinity students or "theologues," and the arts students, vaguely called "philosophers." At the chief board there was set down a "sup," or soup, of fine wheat bread, and also dry bread and ale, or, on three days of the week, "fresh caller eggs" and fresh butter. Meanwhile the boarders partook of a soup of oat loaf, "good and sufficient," of one pound weight, to be divided amongst three, with bread and drink; on other three days they had one egg each. Truly it was a rigid and frigid fare which Mr. James Stirling, the furnisher, had provided for youthful appetites. After this not too substantial repast, preluded with a long grace and concluded with a grateful blessing, the classes met again. At twelve o'clock the bell sounded for dinner, and hungrily they sat down once more. If it be on "flesh days," Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, and Thursday, the masters have their broth, or skink—a succulent soup made of cow's hams—sodden beef, roast mutton, with wheat bread and "good stale ale"; which is varied on "fish days" by kail, a herring, two courses of fish, and a roast of flesh. The boarders in their turn dined, on "flesh days," on an oat loaf divided into two, a "taylie," or lump of beef, "sufficient for four," which all shared from the same wooden platter and cut up with their own clasp-knives; but on "fish days" they luxuriated exceedingly on two eggs and a herring. It is evident that their stomachs were not gorged, neither were their palates pampered.

When classes ended at five o'clock they might go where they pleased; but out of the College they must not pass bearing sword or dagger, for there had been quarrels and assaults, and even murder, which brought grief and scandal on the College. Not a word but Latin must be spoken within College precincts, not even in play, and to secure obedience to this rule, as well as to that against profane oaths, "clandestine captors," or censors, were chosen out of the "poorest students," as most likely to have least dignity or scruples in spying on their comrades; and on the report that any had spoken Scots the offender was to be mulcted of 6d. Scots for every transgression.

At length supper hour arrived, and once more there was the scramble of scarlet gowns into the hall. The masters were regaled with broth, or skink, roast mutton, and a hen; or, on a "fish day," they had "stamped kail," eggs, some roast flesh, and stewed plumdamas—that is, damascene plums or damsons,—at all which the bursars must have looked with envy as they took their humble fare of "soppes," and bread and milk, or a dish of fish "enough for four," eaten from one platter, and with the fingers, as no forks were used. Such was the fare, dismally monotonous, far from sumptuous, which was laid in the College Hall. It may be presumed that it was at the upper table, with its richer provender, that the boarders of high quality sat — such as my Lord Lorne, who lodged in chambers with his pedagogue and two pages, and Lord Torphichen's son, who had a pedagogue and one page.

In time this plan of common table was found irksome; the principal and professors preferred to have their meals in the bosom of their families, and a regent in turns would take his post at the head of the table, though he often did not turn up. Students by favour often got their food in their rooms, and the custom gradually died out in the next century, when living in College became less and less frequent.

Let us enter the class-rooms. They were small, and very dark in the dreary winter mornings, with the light of guttering tallow candles. The class was opened with prayer, not by the regent, but by students, who on successive mornings took their turns. When a youth began to flounder agonisedly in precatory Latin, there was delight unbounded amongst his classmates, and there was pleasing emotion when it fell to the lot of some scapegrace whose varied accomplishments did not include "wrestling" in prayer. In the beginning of the next century the scandal was felt too much, and only sober-minded students were called upon. The regent took his pupils right through the whole curriculum, from the bajan class on to the final or magistrand class, prelecting through three or four years on Greek and mathematics (when there was no special professor for these subjects), on logic, moral philosophy, pneumatics (which included the nature of spirits, angels, and deity), and natural philosophy—aided by very poor apparatus, of which the University was very proud, rejoicing in a double-barrel pump and a telescope in the highest state of inefficiency. The class-room rang monotonously with the names of Aristotle and Porphyry, of Burgerdicius and Ramus, of Vossius and Puffendorf. This multifarious course took a great deal out of the professor, but put extremely little into the students, and it was a boon both to teacher and scholar when this preposterous system was abolished in 1726, and a special professor was assigned to each branch.

After the labours of the week Sabbath came, but brought no relaxation. At seven o'clock the morning bell sounded, and all met in the hall for worship, and after their meagre breakfast they were marshalled to church as the College Kirk bell rang at ten o'clock, taking their station in the loft, where they were under the vigilant inspection of their regent, except when profound interest in the preacher riveted his eyes or profound slumber riveted his eyelids. At twelve o'clock they were back at the quadrangle and at dinner, and again at church from two till four. But there came no rest. They must appear before their several regents to be questioned on Ursin's Catechism and prescribed parts of Scripture, to be examined on the texts and contexts of two sermons and a lecture which they had heard that day, and then to retire sedately to their chambers. There they must improve the hours and themselves by pious reading of godly works, such as Rutherford's *Letters*, Sibbes' *Bruised Reed* or the *Balm of Gilead*, which proved no balm to them. The regent would come in to see if they were properly engaged, and not gazing idly from the window, to see that each had his Bible and "made conscience of seeking God chiefly in secret prayer"—though how he did this without watching them at their genuflections it is difficult to understand. It was altogether a most serious day, not merely in the silent, solemn College, but in the town. An English student, Mr. Josiah Chorley, at classes about 1670, has recorded his pious delight with the still solemnity of Glasgow city, its deserted streets, the sounds of psalm-singing that came from the weavers' open doors, and from behind the merchants' windows, whose blinds were funereally drawn to prevent the sight of this world interrupting their view of the next.

Nor was this depressing austerity due merely to gloomy presbyterianism: it was the same whether presbytery or episcopacy ruled. The same inquisitorial regulations come from episcopal days in 1664, as in covenanting times of 1646.

It was a curious, nondescript body of youths which filled the College in these bygone times—youths from the Hebrides and the westland counties; from England, whence came sons of dissenters to get that education Oxford and Cambridge refused them; from Ulster, whence lads came to be trained as schoolmasters or ministers. There was a strange babel of voices and accents—Gaelic, Scots, English, and Irish brogue; and a strange mixture also of classes, from hut and manse and mansion; my Lord Lorne and crofters' sons from Argyllshire; my Lord Cathcart and weavers' boys from Paisley.

Many of these were wretchedly poor. If they did not live in College, they lodged in garrets and hovels in the Drygate—their food made from the supply of oatmeal which their fathers sent from home, with a herring, which was cheap. Thus frugally fed, they were frugally educated, for their College expenses were four dollars to the one regent they attended. The records of the University give glimpses of the poverty of many of its sons in the items of its expenditure; such as, "By charity for severall poor students in theology and philosophy, £124 (Scots)"; "To 45 poor students, theologues and philosophers, who were in great distress this year of dearth, £300 (Scots)"—this in 1696, which was one of the seven "hungry years" of dearth and almost starvation, which lasted till 1701 in Scotland.

In truth the University itself was in an abject state of impecuniosity. They had enough endowments wherewith to live but not wherewith to flourish. Here was a College so miserably poor that it could not afford a professor of Humanity. Yet students were expected to speak, to pray, to dispute, in Latin, to follow the lectures, which, till 1729, were always spoken in that dead language. Whatever knowledge of it the lads had was gained at home or at parish schools—taught by men who had only £5 a year as salary. In 1686 a luckless regent of Humanity retires in despair, for his salary of only £20 is five years in arrears, and the Faculty is obliged to announce that they must have no more Latin taught, "as the entire College revenue is super-expendit." They promise, however, to pay the poor man his arrears out of some expected "grassums of Munckland," the "grassums" being the sum of money paid by tenants on entering on a new lease. High hopes filled their academic breast in a few years (1690), because, after the rabbling of the curates and the establishment of presbytery, so many parishes were vacant from lack of ministers to fill them that the University as heritors had some stipends unclaimed in their pockets. But the plan failed, even though they purposed making the regent of Latin teach also civil history for £30 sterling—as a "pleasing and taking maner of inculcating principles of vertue." At last, in 1705, they boldly appointed a student, Mr. Andrew Ross, to the post, his income to be paid out of some "grassums"; and, without public disputation, he was only required to give "tryall of his skill" in producing within three days an English version of Tiberius's letter to the Senate, from Tacitus, and a Latin version of Lord Loudon's speech to the King. Even this test of learned profundity exceeded what was exacted from the professor of Greek the year before, which consisted of an analysis of ten prescribed lines from the *Iliad*.

Poor as the regencies were—only worth £40 in salary—there was no lack of candidates. The selection was made after public disputation on some Latin thesis in the Hall, before the Faculty, when they spoke, declaimed, disputed, for days. On one occasion fifteen appeared, and declaimed so "excellently well" that the Faculty were obliged apostolically to draw lots to decide on a professor —each disappointed candidate going off with a consolatory £5 in his pocket.

The session concluded in April with the great ceremonial of Laureation. Painful preparations had been made by each regent of philosophy to qualify as many as possible in his magistrand class for this degree, for he knew that every scholar capped would produce a fee of a guinea to replenish his empty purse. The regent wrote the thesis, and the candidates had publicly to dispute or defend it. This thesis having been printed at their own charges, one copy on white satin, with a pair of fringed gloves, was presented by a respectful deputation to the patron of the year. They met in the Tron Kirk, for the concourse of ministers, gentry, and merchants, with their families, was too huge to find room in the Common Hall. The regent mounted the pulpit, began with a Latin prayer, and the prayer was listened to with respect and decorum—because in those days the students were able to understand it. Each in turn declaimed in Latin, denying or defending the proposition. The dispute ended, the candidates withdrew to the kirkyard, and anxiously waited among the tombstones till each was called in in order of merit. The session now closed for the year. The empty quadrangles were only enlivened with flitting forms of regents and their children, the chambers were deserted, the class-rooms left to dust and dirty silence; for the scholars had departed—the rich riding with their tutors to their mansions, the poor trudging on foot to their distant homes.

In the old University books one finds curious glimpses of the quaint frugal life, records of the sums spent on the entertaining of the Secretary of State "with wine and sweet-meats"; on a few pounds of seed—ranunculus, anemones, and tulips—for the pleasant gardens behind the College; on butter and herring, as fee or present to their Edinburgh lawyer. The hospitality might be sincere, but it was not lavish. In 1690 they had an "extraordinarie dinner," for magistrates and the friends of the University, "at the opening of the College table," and this banquet cost them £34 Scots, or about £3 sterling, which was the expenditure of about one shilling a head for wine and victuals. The Lords of Visitation came, and they must needs be feasted, for they are august functionaries; but the feast cost only twenty shillings. Yet the Faculty felt they had need of economy as the seventeenth century drew to its close, for there was "bad money" coming into their hands from "grassums," from rents and fees of students, and this money being depreciated or "cried down" was a serious matter. There is a minuted lamentation at the "crying down" of "milled crowns and half-crowns," by which £60 Scots is lost; they dispose of "cried down" coins to the amount of 827 merks of French pieces, three pounds of "babies"—this, it is necessary to say, means only bawbees—"72 lbs. of Irish babbies, and French doggfeet," which entail the loss of £4 sterling. However, the University remained solvent in spite of these disasters, over which they uttered their academic wails. Though poor, they were proud; they tenaciously maintained their right to independent jurisdiction over their students as conferred by charter; they sat in judgment on their own scholars, and dared any magistrate to imprison one of their number; and in 1710 we find the rector demanding that fines imposed on three outrageous students by officious bailies shall at once be restored. The sword of the provost was sheathed in presence of the mace of the principal. When a murder was committed by one of the students, in a lordly way they claimed their right to try the culprit; but prudently they formed a jury of fifteen honest men, who, not sure of their position or legal right to hang, as prudently gave sentence of "not guilty."

By the beginning of the eighteenth century the scholars had increased to 400, an unprecedented number, which was not exceeded for sixty years. Amongst them were seventy divinity students, and the classes were specially large, because after the re-establishment of presbytery in 1689 there was a rush of pious lads from farm and loom, having a "call" to the ministry and an eye to vacant livings.

It was a pleasant social life spent by the professors in the shady, sombre College yards, with their kindly intimacies among the homes in the quadrangles; their intercourse with merchants in the houses, surrounded with fragrant orchards and gardens, situated where St. Enoch Square and Argyle Street now stand; their walks on the Green and banks of the Clyde, where the air was sweet and trees were fresh, and the water was pure and clear in the river. Diverging from the Cross were four streets, with quaint wooden fronts and Flemish architecture, forming a pretty, quiet, cleanly town of 12,000 folk, who made a fair business by flax and weaving, and herring and salmon curing. There was a pleasant amenity to the grim College in the spacious gardens, which sloped towards the Molendinar Burn, completely enclosed, and so private that only students of noble quality had admission. They strolled in these seven acres of grass, with gravel walks and flower borders and fine shady trees; while by a bridge they could pass over the Molendinar to the opposite bank, steep and finely wooded. Now, alas! all this is a mass of streets, warehouses, and sordid wynds, with a multitudinous population of squalid and pale-faced, more or less laborious, humanity. When they came to die these old professors were buried in the kirkyard, within the College precincts, in a parcel of ground set aside for defunct principals and professors. On that spot one summer evening, in 1706, good old Professor Wodrow walked out with Mrs. Stirling, the principal's wife, and lying down on the grass, "stretched himself cheerfully on the place, and said with great composure, 'Oh, how satisfying would it be to lay down this carcass of mine in this place and be delivered from this prison.'"

With the eighteenth century many changes came, old fashions gradually passed away, the austere moral and religious atmosphere became more genial and human, old crabbed philosophies vanished, and medieval systems died out. New men with new manners came to these little dingy class-rooms, which they lightened with new science and philosophy—Simson, Hutcheson, Smith, Reid, Cullen, Black, who were to win fame for the old University.

OLD BURGHAL LIFE IN SCOTLAND[1]

In the address which you have been good enough to ask me to give, I purpose to present to you some characteristics of old burghal life in Scotland, and I have chosen the seventeenth century as being a period in which the ancient features and fashions were still in full vigour, before the trend of social progress began to obliterate time-worn customs which were long peculiar to our national life. About 1650 the population of Scotland must have only numbered about 900,000, which increased in 1700 to a million. The towns were small—the inhabitants of Paisley and St. Andrews being about 1500; Stirling and Dundee, 3000; Perth, 5000; Aberdeen, 6000; and Glasgow only 10,000—with minute trade, humble industries, and frugal fortunes. We gain vivid glimpses of their condition from old burgh records, with their quaint entries, their curious laws and rules, and even their account-books, giving the sums they expended, tell us much, for nothing is omitted. As in humble households, there is nothing entered vaguely as "sundries," so in each impecunious municipality every item is conscientiously entered by the treasurer down to "an unce of threed," "a pen knife to cut off Jean Watson's lug," "ane faddom tow for the town knok." In the burghs the houses were thacked with heather and straw. The larger houses of two storeys were faced with wood, which had the fatal result that when a fire broke out a whole row was reduced to ruins. There were fore-stairs or hanging stairs leading to the upper storey, projecting into the street, and being unprotected by rails, the accidents from falling headlong were many, and such a record as this was not unusual: "William Watson, chirurgeon (being drunk), fell over the hung stair, and being speechless and senseless, immediately depairted this life." On the causeway, broken and full of mire and ruts, stood the middens, full of all household abominations, offal of animals and fish-guts—for where else could they be put unless in the backyard?—and amongst them the swine grunted and fed, sometimes causing "great scaith" to the inhabitants. There the fetid heaps lay, in spite of fulminations of town councils, till some fierce order came that all must be "removit" within forty-eight hours under penalty of fine or the prison. To add to the amenity of the streets, fleshers, till strenuously stopped, killed their sheep and oxen on the causeway. To clean the city Glasgow had only two cleansers, and Ayr had appointed one man with a "strong and substantious wheelbarrow."

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[1] An address delivered to the subscribers of Stirling's and Glasgow Public Library, April 1902.

Town life begins at four o'clock in the morning, for work resumes early in those days. As the town "knok" strikes the town minstrel sets forth through the silent streets, and with his "swysche" or drum he beats a clattering tune, but "if it be wet and the swysche will not gang" he takes his pipes; and in Aberdeen, early in the century, he is accompanied by a man with a tambourine, "that every person may be excitat and warnit for their labours in due tyme." By five o'clock the town-herd has gathered the cows of the burgesses, which have spent the night in byres in the backyards, or with the fowls "but and ben" in the houses, and he has taken them off to the common, where he wards them till night, lest they trespass on the unenclosed fields. By five o'clock every one is up, and breakfasting on their sowans and milk; at six o'clock every one is at work, and scholars are at their places in school, to continue at lessons, with interval for play and meals, till six o'clock at night—the schoolmaster of the burgh school being remunerated for his toil with £5 or £10 per annum, and 6d. as fee per quarter from each pupil, and 9s. a year as chamber rent, as he is not assigned a house. Now the people are at their work—cordiners, shankmakers, baxters, brewsters, litsters, and the many wabsters whose looms are clattering from morning till night. When night comes, as the town "knok" strikes eight, the town minstrel with pipe or drum again sets forth, this being a survival of the old curfew, and still called "coverfevre." At the "chap of nine" the town is to be patrolled, a bailie or "quarter master" taking charge of his special district, with four or eight honest men, whose turn it is to keep guard and to watch the ports; and twenty-four "honest men" are enough even in troublous times to protect the city of Glasgow at night from intruders and brawlers, and for the "stainching of night walkers." Each man is equipped with matchlock, bandolier, and a steel cap, and one carries a lantern or bowat to light them in the dark hours. Thus they wearily tramp till dawn appears. No man summoned dare disobey the "caw" when the clock struck nine, under a fine of 40s. Scots. The burgh is carefully safeguarded, its gates or ports are locked if it is walled, its entries by side wynds are watched, and if any man leap over the wall, or from a house built upon it, he does so under penalty of his "body being warded in irons" for twenty-four hours for the first fault, while for the third offence he is to be "hangit" (Peebles). No stranger is allowed to stay all night unless his presence and character have been certified to the provost. The town watch sees that every change-house is closed at ten o'clock, and if any "night walkers" are met with they are forthwith lodged in the Tolbooth. In this way was secured peace within the walls and safety from assault without.

All rights and privileges were the monopoly of the burghers or freemen; none but they dare make or sell in the town or ply a trade therein, and all others were somewhat superciliously regarded. In the Stirling burgh records they are spoken of as the "omnigadrum," and the "omne gatherum" of poorer classes had no say in any burghal affairs. On applying for a ticket of freemanship each person paid his fee, which varied during the century from £2 to £20 Scots, and he laid down a pike. Whereupon he was presented with a matchlock and bandolier to defend the town, and was entertained with spyce and wine by the Town Council. Should he, however, ever prove himself unworthy his ticket was "riven at the Cross." In those times of war and strife he required to be equipped with a steel cap, a musket, pike, or sword. At tuck of drum every one must be in "full readiness" to attend the muster under fine of 20s., each furnished "with two pund of powther, two pund of leid, and five faddoms of match for the matchlock." Yearly took place the wappinshaw (the show of weapons), when all "fencible men," with their steel bonnets, jacks, hagbuts, pike or whinger, must appear on burgh moor or common for drill, for they must be prepared for the king's service. It is easy to see how when war arose or rebellion broke out there was a force of men fit to fight, and how burghal whigs in the Covenanting times were ready with arms to hold out against the king.

These freemen had right of pasture on the common land, and to "cast" peats on the burgh moor; they had their chance of their "deal" or portion of rigs on the town field—a right which they forfeited for the year if, on a certain day at tuck of drum, they were not present to claim it. Each craft, too, with its deacon, had its special rights — the wabsters, wrights, baxters, tailors, under old "seal of Calsay," forming each a close guild, having exclusive right to ply their trade in the town; with right to charge every unfreeman or stranger the "box penny," of 4d. or 8d. Scots, for selling goods on the mercat day at the Cross. It was usually on Saturday or Monday the markets were held, and nothing could be sold in the town till it had been exposed there. (One sees how little butcher meat was used when burgh laws enjoined that none is to be sold unless it be produced in the weekly mercat.) The most heinous offence was that of "regrating" or "forestalling" the market, and this was done by those who bought up grain, meal, butter, skins, on their way on horseback from the country to the town. Owing to forestallers it was often complained that there was a dearth in the burgh, and the people had not even meal to live on for the week. For such men, regarded as traitors, no punishment was considered too hard—fine, prison, banishment furth the town. When the clock of the Tolbooth steeple struck ten the mercat was open, and spread on the causeway lay the wares of tradesmen and farmers. From early morning the paths of mire and boulders, which were called "roads," had been crowded with people bearing packs, and horses laden with goods from villages and towns. The bailies were busy inspecting the firlots and leaden weights to see if they were true and duly branded with the town mark, and they were searching also if there was air-"blawn" or "broddit" flesh exposed. At the Cross stood an iron reel, to be the standard for all reels used that day by the yarn sellers. The deacons of the several crafts were eagerly examining the packs and goods of the traders from outside to see if they were "sufficient," for if not they have the right to confiscate them for the good of the town. The burgher tailors might take any clothing which village tailors had brought to sell if, in their eyes, it was not properly made, and after cutting the articles up for different uses, such as coats into breeches, must dispose of them for the behoof of their craft. We may well believe that they were much more critical of the articles made by their rivals from outside than they were of garments of their own composition. There, too, passed the deacons of the several crafts, exacting the Calsay money or box-penny from those who were not freemen who sold goods at the Cross.

Once a year the freemen were summoned by tuck of drum to elect the magistrates—an important function, for a Town Council was then a body of unlimited power, though of limited intelligence. A bailie, not to speak of a provost, was a being to be held sacred; to dispute his authority, to speak "injuriously" of him, was a high crime, and deserving of condign punishment. We read of persons so abandoned as to be guilty of "distressful speaking," and of "blaspheming" a bailie, and of not unbonneting before the outraged official—a crime in that presence, though any man might keep on his bonnet in the kirk. Such an offender may perhaps be forgiven on asking pardon on his bended knees. A provost of Stirling having told a supplicant to go to the devil, the man, with audacious politeness, retorted in so many words that he would not presume to go there before his worship; for this atrocious offence he expiates his insolence in the prison. Rioters in Ayr, who are punished by being led barefooted by the hangman to the pillory each with a cord round his neck, have the awe-inspiring inscription on their foreheads: "Beware! tak example. Fear God and obey your lawful magistrats." Yet in spite of the divinity that hedged a councillor in those turbulent days, when men, on slight provocation, drew a whinger or hurled oaths and insults which town clerks trembled to record, the bailies had much to endure, for they made many foes by exercising their laborious and thankless functions, and the charges of slandering and assaulting bailies are painfully copious in the old records. Every Monday at ten o'clock the council met, all its deliberations being private, for councillors took an oath to reveal none of its secrets, which, of course, they always broke. One ordination a burgh (Peebles) made which it would be hard to insist upon nowadays, viz.: "That nane speak in council till they be first requiret and demandit of the provost, under pain of 12d. Scots." Now 12d. Scots—equal to a 1d. of our money—was then a large sum not lightly to be forfeited for the luxury of delivering a speech, when there was no newspaper to report it. These were simple, unpretentious days; only slowly those burghal fathers began to think that their dignified office needed any signs of outward pomp; but we find them coming at last to the resolution that for the sake of the honour of their position each councillor should wear a hat in the chamber and at kirk. Lanark magistrates did not till 1717 awaken to full self-respect and discard the worsted bonnets they wore in their shops for beavers to adorn them as bailies. Then they ordained that, "considering how decent and becoming it would be at their convocation that each councillor wear a hat," they should do so henceforth "for the credit of the burgh." These indeed were impecunious days—days when absence from a town council meeting was thought heavily fined by 2s. Scots, or 2d. English. Not till the next century was the provost of Glasgow allowed the handsome sum of £20 sterling, in order that he might in a seemly fashion maintain his office, entertain strangers, and feast honorary burgesses on comfits, almonds, spyce, candy wine, and claret. The provost of Ayr was content with an allowance of £20 Scots, or about £2 sterling; and when he set forth to the

Commission at Edinburgh he was supplied with a footmantle as he rode on horseback, and granted for his upkeep and expenses 3s. 6d. a day. Even the purchase of a footmantle savoured to the Stirling council of "wastrie," and they frugally resolve to ask the Countess of Mar that her ladyship would lend hers to the provost.

The fact is that poverty was great in those days. On reading the records of Lanark burgh, I found that in 1711 the council bought some house property from Mr. James Laurie, minister of Kirkmichael, for 600 merks and a guinea (about £40 sterling), and, the council not having funds sufficient to pay, they try to find some one in the burgh able to be security for the money. I was interested in this minute, for that minister whose property a venerable burgh bought and could not pay for was a far-off great-grandfather of my own.

The town council was an omnipotent oligarchy. It interfered with the minutest affairs of the minute burghs with solemn and often fatuous energy. It regulated the whole conduct of the people—what they should buy, what they should pay for ale, shortbread, and shoes, what they should drink, what wages they should have, what they should wear, when they should go to bed, who should cut their hair, and how often they should go to church. It concerns itself, *e.g.*, with the settling in the town (Ayr) of the barber, who, as usual, combined in himself the versatile functions of blood-letter and chirurgeon, who shortened burghal hair with his shears, and shortened burghal lives with his drugs, concocted of the juice of slaters, earthworms, pigeons' dung, and goose lard. All save Mr. James Sharp are forbade to shear or poll any person within the burgh, the said Mr. James "beand reasonable, gude, and cheip for his panis"; and, meanwhile, in his capacity, or rather incapacity, as chirurgeon, the Kirk Session ordains "a seat in the kirk wherein he shall sit on Sabbath and other days convenient, that he may be found easier when any has adoe with him, without trouble to the minister or hearers of the Word." Probably in our days it is not to a church that an anxious household would instinctively rush with expectation of finding their family physician.

They are careful men, these bailies, of town interests; and, therefore, "considering the damage done thro' kocks and hens upon thack houses, and destroying the thack with their beaks and feet, the haill inhabitants [of Ayr] are discharged from keeping kocks and hens, except in cavies or in their own houses, and after eight o'clock all dogs found in the street are to be 'hangit.'" Their measures are admirably thorough, and on a fear of "wud" (mad) dogs arising the order is issued (in Aberdeen) that "everie dog, meikle or litle, in the town is to be felled, within fortie-aucht hours; and the scourgers are to be perambulate the street and fell" every luckless animal they meet. They are much exercised about the civic morals, these good men; therefore, to check wanton behaviour, they order that no plaids be worn by women over the heads; they forbid single women to wear any kind of busk or attire upon their heads, but only kerchiefs with "hingand lappits, so that they may be discoverit for unmarrit women, under pain of eight days warding in the Tolbooth"; and enjoin girls to attend the sang school, where with children they may learn to sing kirk tunes, writing and reading, for it is declared "not seemlye that lassies should work together with the lads" at the grammar school. In those days the magistrates and Kirk Session worked with a painful unanimity —a harmony which is not a distinct feature in our day. Town councils required their own members to attend kirk at the two services on Sabbath, and also at the week-day sermon—absence therefrom incurring a fine of 6d. Scots, or one halfpenny sterling; and they impartially ordained every other inhabitant to do likewise, as well as the children, who were marshalled by their schoolmaster and examined thereafter on the sermons and lectures. But while the bailies had their own "desk" or seat, the others — the "omnigadrum" — either brought their own stools or stood during the prolonged services, and jostled and often came to blows in struggles for a creepie to sit upon, while from the loft wanton persons playfully threw divots or other missiles on the bonneted worshippers below. While the minister preached— utterly disregarding the half-hour sand-glass, for he considered it sinful that the "Lord's mind should be limited"—"hearers" in the loft slept, in spite of the pins with which their neighbours "broddit" them, and the long red pole which was wielded by the watchful elder. No one dare escape from kirk till the service was done, on any pretext whatever. One, being caught leaving, as he alleged, "because he had the colic," was obliged to compear before the session, where he was severely "admonished to carry himself better in tyme to come." Sabbath was a day of dead silence and deadly dulness. Not only were certain elders and the kirk treasurer prowling the streets during sermon to look into windows and wynds, to discover loiterers, or "vaguers,"—happy themselves at escaping on that day from kirk—but the bailies' man was also on the outlook for walkers by night to hale them on the Lord's day to the Tolbooth. It was an age of fierce acting and fierce speaking, of copious drinking and flyting. Profane swearing, in spite of law and kirk, seems to have been rampant. Along the streets, in the throng of the market, "where coal, flesh, malt, and meal merchants consort," passed the burgh's "captor," to listen if he could hear any oaths or blaspheming, and to delate the offender to the council, who exacted fines of 6d. Scots for every curse, reaping thereby a useful and continuous revenue. A delightful simplicity and touching trustfulness is displayed by the Aberdeen magistrates in 1642, when they enjoin all masters and mistresses to have fixed up a box in the house, into which a bodle or plack is to be put whenever any oath is used by themselves or the servants; and every month the "town captor" visited their houses to open the box and take out coins dropped in by conscientious blasphemers, who were less afraid of the Lord than of the provost. As for the vagabonds or the beggars, three hours in the jougs expiated an oath.

The conscience and fear of councillors and elders and ministers alike revolted at all dealings with Satan, and witches and "charmers" were so common in Lanarkshire about 1650 that every prison was full, and the presbytery was in despair where to keep them, and how to "entertain" them. Suspicion of diabolic arts was easily raised against any haggard, withered, toothless, lonely woman, whose face got weazened and brown and weird from the smoke of peat in her hovel. An uncanny look was proof enough of guilt, and the burgh of Peebles pays 4s. Scots to the man who carted off "a woman with a berd." The best of bailies were but men at the best, and they shared these superstitious fears with the rest of the community, and punished their victims with as little remorse as evidence. The old records contain details of their expenditure, which are gruesomely vivid, as they state the moneys paid "for making the gibbit for the witches"; "for 5 laids of peats with one quart of ale to the peatmen, to coft to burn the witches"; "for 3 laids of coal, for 2 laids of heather"; "for 3 faddoms rope to bind the witches' hands"; "for 4 faddoms grit tows to kitt them up with"; "for

3 tar barrels"; "to the hangman for his waiges"; "to his son for being dampster"; "for John Frank for furnishing the hangman."

In those unruly times passions were strong, manners were rude, and crimes were many. Attacks on the person abounded, and the short whingers or daggers were used equally by their wearers to cut their food at table and their neighbours in the street. At the same time penalties were merciless, and the hangman or "lockman" (so called from his right to a lock or handful of grain from each sack that came to the mercat) had plenty of work; for it was his part to scourge, to brand, to nail, as well as to hang. There was the flogging through the streets of the harlots, stripped to their waists; there was the nailing of thieves by their ear to the pillar; there was the cutting off "the lug" with the penknife; there were the banishments of vagabonds and sorners, whom bailies conveniently turned out of the burgh to become pests to the country; there was the branding of those guilty of "spuilzie," "hamesucken," and "stouthrief" with a hot iron on the "cheek nearest to the nose." The local prison usually was a frail, insecure tenement, in charge of a jailor, who spent most of his time in the change-house, leaving his prisoners with a candle and secured by a wooden lock. It was often left to the prisoners' word that they would remain in ward, being fined for departing without leave. Often we find them complaining boldly that if they did not get more food "they would be necessitat to leave," and time after time when the warder looked in the gaol-birds had flown. In those days it could be truly said—

> Stone walls do not a prison make,
> Nor iron bars a cage.

Town councils took things, and especially themselves, very seriously, and if these old records display any humour, it is of the unconscious sort, as when a Dundee debtor "maist contemptuously did break the side wall of the Tolbooth, and pass forth of the ward by the hole he had made"; on seizing him, the magistrates ordain that he shall pass back, not by the door, but by the hole he had made, as well as pay for the reparation of the wall, and make repentance in the kirk. The age, as we know, was not given to sanitation in street or house or person, though, as the towns were small, and fresh air abounded, the mortality of persons inured to dirt, which has been defined as "useful matter in the wrong place," was not excessive. The state of Edinburgh in 1619, with its 30,000 inhabitants, however, stirred the Privy Council to protest that "the city is now become so filthy, the streets, wynds, and closes so overlaid with middings and with the filth of man and of beast, that His Majesty's Councillors in the burgh cannot have a clean passage to their lodgings," and cannot "abide the sight of loathsome uncleanness that pollutes the air and brings sickness." It is not surprising that pestilence recurred time after time, and played sad havoc in such towns. In 1606—when it lingered for two years—in 1626 and in 1646 the pest was rife, and in 1665, when the plague broke out in London, there was a panic at every seaport in Scotland. When rumours arose precautions were taken to ward off the plague; middens were removed and flung into river and sea. The harbours were watched lest any one landed from a vessel. The ports of the burghs were guarded day and night, and all strangers and packmen debarred. Some councils, in their terror, even ordained that any who came to the ports of the town suspected of being infected "shall be hangit." When, in spite of all precautions, it broke out, "cleansers" were hired from other towns, houses were entered, and their dark rooms inspected with a candle, and the infected were isolated in booths on the burgh moor or common, where there were kilns burning and cauldrons boiling for washing foul or tainted gear. Meanwhile, the kirks held days of humiliation to remove the "rod of the Lord." In Ayr, conscience-stricken trades' guilds severally met to lament their besetting sins. The coopers, with remorse, own that they have broken all the commandments, "especially the fourth"; the tailors acknowledge, with deep contrition, that they "have stepped carelessly on the Sabbath, and have slept during preaching." With engaging frankness the merchants state that "they have no conscience in buying and selling";

and sailors confess that "they have sometimes made godless gain in carrying children to the Indies, that they have witnessed idolatrous worship, but the first thing that did cause them quiet was swearing the Covenant." All these heart-searchings so pleased the Synod that they record them "in perpetual memory" in their Minutes, and express themselves "much refreshed." The outbreak of the plague swallowed up the poor revenue of the burghs, leaving them for years heavily in debt for supplying food and help to the sick and dying, while mercats were closed and trade was at a standstill.

In that old burghal age its poverty, its austerity, its tyranny, were relieved by the pastimes: by football, the minstrels, the horse-racing, for which the council give a silver bell; the archery, for which they give a silver arrow; the merriment on the day that the wappinshaw took place; the excitement of "riding the marches" of the burgh lands, when the bailies in their hats set forth on horseback, the minstrel played, the crowd followed, while a band of old men and young men touched the march stones in moor and burn, which kept in jealous memory the extent of their domains. These were simple, cheap, and dirty days—no police rates to pay, for "honest burghers" did the warding; no poor rates, for the Kirk Session funds provided for the infirm and needy; no school rates, for the schoolmaster of the grammar school had but £5 or £10 yearly; no cleansing department, for each dweller was responsible for the filth which a scavenger "with a substantious barrow" left; and few taxes to bear besides the small stent levied for the king. For revenue, the town looked to the multures from the town mills, in which all grain must be ground, the rents from the town rigs, causeway mail, mercat and fair dues, small customs, and the use of shambles.

So passed these frugal days, with many ancient customs which in the next century were abolished and forgotten—for the fashion of that quaint world passed away; much that was obnoxious became obsolete, and much that was picturesque vanished even from memory.

LIFE IN A COUNTRY MANSE ABOUT 1720[1]

In a pocket-book of homely and home-made appearance, clad in a cover made, doubtless, from the skin of one of his own flock—ovine, not human—Mr. James Laurie, the minister of Kirkmichael, has noted down from the years 1711 to 1732 memoranda of his income and expenses, his bonds, his bills, drugs he used, wages he paid, crops he reaped, books he bought, bargains he made. For twenty frugal years this venerable little note-book served him, and after the lapse of one hundred and eighty years it may also serve us; for it affords glimpses of the quaint, quiet rural life of Scotland in the early part of the eighteenth century.

Mr. James Laurie, who had laureated in Glasgow, and was in 1711 ordained minister of Kirkmichael in Ayrshire, was son of Mr. John Laurie, who, after prudently evading the "Killing Times" in Scotland by serving a Presbyterian congregation in Ireland, became after the Revolution successively minister of Penpont and Auchinleck.

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[1] *The Scottish Historical Review*, January 1904.

Kirkmichael, with a population of 700 souls, in those days was a remote parish through which ran tracks over the moors to Maybole and Ayr. There was no village then, but only little clachans. There were stretches of heather and bog, in which forty years before Covenanters had sought shelter from the Malignant pursuers; there were pastures and lands reclaimed from the marshes, on which were grown poor grey oats and bere or barley, struggling for existence with thistles and wild mustard; there were the heather-covered hovels, in which the crofters lived in peat-reeked rooms or "spences," hardly divided from the "ben" in which the cows and the poultry had a malodorous sleeping place. Here and there were the mansions of lairds which were sheltered by clumps of trees, which alone relieved the bare woodless landscape. These dwellings were mostly homely and unpretentious. Though there were one or two of more importance, such as Kirkmichael House, near to the manse, which an old writer describes "as desirable a dwelling in all the country having good gardens and orchards, the first in Carrick planted with peaches and apricocks." The manse, like most of the ministers' dwellings of those days, would be thatched, with a kailyard in front, the narrow little windows half glazed, giving dim light through walls three feet thick to the low chambers and four rooms which were divided by wooden partitions. Here resided a family consisting of the minister and his wife (Mistress Ann Orr "that was"), sister Betty, and four boys and three girls. Three women-servants, a serving-man, who slept over the byre, and a herd lassie completed the household.

A stipend of £80 was not wealth beyond the dreams of avarice for the most frugal establishment. But even this income was hard to get. Some lairds are hard up, and they pay with difficulty the teinds of "white" or silver money, or "victual," in oatmeal and bere; and sometimes three years pass by before the minister is fully paid up his due of meal or money. He takes horse to Dinduff, and there he gets counted out "three golden guineas and a banknote," but for the rest he is obliged to accept a bill and some "precepts." From prosperous Sir John Ferguson of Kilkerran he gets in 1721 "nine pounds and 3 and 20 pence and four and a plack," which is supplemented by a bill. Impecuniosity being the badge of all their tribe, some of the heritor lairds adopt the plan of giving the minister their "precepts," or orders on their tenants, who were to pay out of their rents the proportion of stipend allocated to their farms, and these men in turn put him off sometimes with a bill. To the farmers therefore the poor minister had to apply yearly for their shares of teinds, a few bolls meal from one, some pecks from another, and there were usually some firlots wanting when brought by grudging tenants to the door. The victual stipend arrived in sacks or creels on horseback — 2 bolls forming the "load" of a horse — and was deposited in the girnal at the back of the manse, with divisions to contain malt, meal, grey oats, white oats, bere, and horse corn, which might get musty or eaten by rats before it was used, so that it was better to bargain for "white seed corn instead of meal."

Nor were the heritors more willing to keep the manse in repair than they are to keep its owner in money. The session or the minister must look after it when it goes into decay, though the window panes are broken and the casements are rotten. To this the pocket-book gives testimony, when it notes in March 1730—"Payd William Simson 4 shillings and sixpence for the window in my room, 12 foot of glass, and mending ane old window. Gave John Goudie half a crown for the casement, item 4 shillings to John Goudie for a casement and boards to ye south window in my room and in the low chamber, item to George Montgomery four and forty pence for glass to one of the side of ye windows in the low room, and glass to the clock and setting other glass in ye rest of the windows." All which shows there was discomfort at the manse. It is true the cost of living was not great, for the times were simple and the wants were few. Wool or grey plaiding woven by the weaver made the clothes for the minister and his boys, though he had a coat of blue broad cloth for solemn occasions; a gown of "Musselburgh stuff" for ordinary wear for the mistress of the house was made by the tailor[1] from a neighbouring clachan, and woollen petticoats and other under garments were made at home. Judging from the memoranda, shoes seem to have been a constant requirement, and from their cheapness it is not surprising they needed often to be renewed. Shoes for the minister or his wife cost £1 : 4s. Scots or 2s. sterling, while those for the youngsters cost only one shilling, and they are "soaled" for 4d. per pair. For £4 : 4s. Scots five pairs are made for the "bairns"—Molly, Annie, James, John, and Nelly. It was, however, far more economical to get the shoemaker and his man to come to the manse and work for some days, the wages being about 4d. a day each and their meat. These were great occasions when the cobbler or tailor was expected at the manse, bringing news and gossip for the servants from Maybole. In preparation for their coming the minister set in for their use a quantity of bend leather, a pound of hemp and rosin, and there were tanned skins of his herd to use. It is noted that in August 1716, "James Niven and his servant wrought nine days, for which I gave him 6 and 4 pence (6¼d. sterling) per day and seven pence for timber heels. They made 2 pair shoes for me, 2 for my wife, 2 to my sister Betty, 2 to Molly, one pair to Annie, 2 pair to Alexander Kennedy [the serving-man], one pair to Margaret Smith, one pair to Katrin Maclennan, one pair to Margaret Brewster the herd lassie." Here are thirteen pairs of single soled shoes in nine days for the small sum of 4s. 9d.

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[1] That there were tailors as well as weavers in some little clachans is shown by the Session books: "Sept. 2, 1693. The Session appoints John Forgan to employ a Straiton tailor to make a coul or covering of sackcloth for the said Janet Kennedy, like unto that which they have in Straiton, there having been no such thing here for these many years it's thought none of the tailors of the parish can make it."

Under August 1722 we find a similar entry characteristic of bygone days: "David Gibson and his man came on Tuesday morning and wrought till Tuesday 12 o'clock, and made a pair of slippers for myself, 2 pair cloath slippers for my wife, 2 pair shoes for Betty, a pair to Molly, Annie, and Johnnie; 2 pair to Charles [serving-man], so he has got all the shoes I owe him when Martinmas is come. A pair to Janet Macgowan which is all she wants till Martinmas is come; a pair to Sarah and a pair of shoes is owing her against Martinmas, 2 pair to Margaret Macnicol which pays all her shoes, and a pair to Janet Morton." The wages of each man being only one groat and victual a day, fifteen pairs of slippers and shoes are wondrously cheap at the money.

In the house are living and feeding three women-servants as active in the byre and the field as in the kitchen, and a man who has to look after the garden and the glebe, to plough, to reap, to thresh corn, and fodder the cattle.

The women's wages were from £5 or £6 Scots (between 8s. and 10s.) the half year, and a pair of shoes or an apron, while the man has £7 Scots, a pair of shoes and a sark, and each gets 6d. as "arles." These "shoon," however, were not in constant use; barefooted the women would go about the house, barefooted they would walk to kirk or market, till they came in sight of the kirkyard or town, when they would put on the ill-fitting shoes, which were slung round their necks, and hobble into company. In winter time, when the snow lay over the fields and moors, and the rude rugged roads were impassable by coach or horse, and there was a cessation of outdoor work for maid and man, the manse household was busy indoors. The serving-man, after foddering the sheep and cattle at night, would be mending his shoes or double-soleing his brogues. The women, with Mrs. Laurie and Mistress Betty, were engaged in making yarn and thread on the "big wheel" and the "little wheel," and the spinning wheel whirred all day long, distracting the minister engaged on his sermons or Poole's *Synopsis* in his book-room, with constant clatter of tongues and treadles that sounded through the wooden partitions. Every now and again the pedlar would come with his tempting pack, and the weaver seeking "customers' work," and would buy some of the yarn or thread made in the manse; while from the weaver are bought "13 ells of Kilmarnocks 2d. happen the ell, 36 ells linen, and 27 ells bairns sarks," or "broad cloath 14 ells at 3 happens the yard." It was not then beneath the dignity of ladies to sell their home-made wares, and to the laird's wife at Kilikie are sold "36 dozen ells of yarn," and it is noted that "my wife received from Lady Killhenzie 14 shilling for her cloath napery." The servants are furnished with an apron or petticoat to be "deduced" from their wages. There is also the linen to be bleached by David Mitchell, "the bleetching of 21 coarse linnen, 8 pennies per ell being £1 : 10s. Scots," and cloth to be dressed. The stuff for this home industry was easily got; for the minister has a flock to supply wool for the yarn, he has flax growing on the glebe to provide lint for the spindle.

One of the labours for the serving-man was that of carting peats from the moor; but there were also coals to fetch from Keirhill heugh, which in those days, when carts were unknown and unusable on the ruts and tracks of stones and mire and ditch that served as roads, were conveyed in creels on horses' backs. The meagre, ill-thriven animals could only bear meagre burdens, and a "load" was only 3 cwt., which was all they could carry. It was therefore a tedious operation to get a supply of fuel. We find in the MS. book such entries as these in the years 1722 and 1724: "Payd John Brackenrig eleven pounds twelve pence happeny for 98 load of coals," "to 56 loads £5 : 18s.," "44 loads £4 : 16s.," and we have in mind a vision of the long weary succession of horses crawling backwards and forwards with their creels of coals, each of which is only worth 11d., and for fetching each 2 loads John or Jamie Gilbert is paid a groat.

Money was always scarce in Scotland in those days; gold was rarely seen, silver was grudgingly used, and in transactions with tradesmen as much as possible was paid in kind. The weaver was often paid by the minister partly in grain, some firlots of meal, and a sheep or calf skin. From the shoemaker's account is "deduced" the sum he owes Mr. Laurie for a stirk skin, 2 cowskins, and a cuddock skin valued at from 10d. to a shilling. David M'Rotchart, the smith, has taken off his account —"for a veal [a calf] £3, making a wheel-barrow 12s., a saith, a sned and a stroake 8s.,"—a charge for 10 pecks of meal and skins of stirks or stotts.

From the humble entries of purchases made we can construct a picture of the old Kirkmichael home life, where living was not costly and ways were simple. When the minister goes to Maybole his expenses are only 6d. Four hens are bought for 16s. Scots (1s. 4d. stg.), a dozen eggs for 2½d., a hen 2½d., a stone of cheese 3s. 4d. The purchases are on a microscopic scale, which translated from the Scots money to English represent "for raisins 1d., for sugar ½d., 2 libs. of sugar 1s., for spinning yarn ½d., to stearch and ane ounce of sugar 2½d., for tobacco 3 farthings"; "for ¼ lib. soape and eggs, 5½d.; for coals, 4s. 8d." "To tobacco to coals 2d., thread 1d., to gunpowder ½d., giving my sister for eggs 3d., for egs' 1d." When the minister sets off for Ayr he is laden with orders, and comes back with his wallet and saddle-bags laden with purchases. He has spent for plaiding £1 : 4s. Scots. The same sum to his wigmaker to mend his wig, and "£1 : 1s. for making my coat," and there is 1s. 8d. sterling miscellaneously spent, "for tobacco, horse, soape, sugar-candie." The frequent mention of 2d. for ale, 4d. for ale, represent the sums for "drink money" given to each workman, to those who called with a message, or to those who called with a bill. There is also one article which is often bought, though in minute quantities—sugar-candy, which is put in curious conjunction, such as "for egs and sugar-candie 1s. 6d." (or 1½d.). This article was used not only for cooking, but for the making of drugs and electuaries, doubtless to relieve their loathsome tastes, and hide their more objectionable ingredients. Sugar was not needed for tea-drinking, for that custom was long of springing up; but in 1724 we find the new fashion penetrating the manses of Ayrshire, though a lb. of Bohea cost 24 shillings, and, Mrs Laurie and her family having resolved to become *à la mode*, the minister has invested in a whole set of tea-table equipage. He notes down "the price of ye lime"—"lime" meaning loam or earthenware.

4 large dishes for milk . . .	£1	14	0
Milk pot	0	4	0
Tea pot	0	6	0
Dozen cups and saucers or plates, 2d. happeny p. piece . . .	1	10	0

At the same time he buys "a decanter 9s., 5 parringers at 2½d. a piece, 2 hand basons 12s., a lap bason 3s., and 10 plates at 2d. pr. piece," and the cupboard is thus anew set up. It is in Edinburgh when attending the General Assembly that he finds an opportunity of buying such additions to the household garnishing, which are sent by the carrier in his creels, with "a letter 8d.," "my saddle from Edinburgh 6s. Scots."

It is March, and there are vegetables to be put in the yard at home, and from the seeds he buys we know the contents of the manse garden: "ane ounce spinage 3s., 1 ounce beet shard 3s., ½ ounce parsley 1s., 2 drms. colliflower 8d., 2 drs. lettuce 1s., ane ounce carrots 3d., ane ounce parsnips 3d., ½ ounce cresses 1s., ½ ounce of salary 3d., 2 ounce early turnips, half ane ounce yellow turnips, 1 pound turkey beans, 1 lib. peas 6d." Potatoes were not yet grown in the garden, and were but an expensive luxury which is noted only in one entry—"£6 for cheese and potatoes." In front of the manse, which was bare as the treeless country, lay the kailyard, its culinary contents relieved by some flowers, and when the minister is in Edinburgh he gets seed to replenish his borders—"Africa marigold, amaranthus, sunflower, stock jelly flower, coxcomb, luppyns bleu and yellow, double holly oaks, bella donna." With these and many other articles, Mr. James Laurie, dressed in long blue coat with ample skirts, jack-boots on legs, many-curled wig and three-cornered hat on head, would leave the Grassmarket hostelry, where there was less entertainment for man than for beast, and amble homewards to Ayrshire.

These were days when the country was poor, when the people were very poor, and when beggars abounded. Passing over the roads a constant succession of sturdy sorners lived on the good nature and credulity of farmer, cottar, and laird. The alms were more ready than lavish—a handful of meal or a sup of kail. At Kirkmichael manse they made their appearance, and the minister dispensed charity, more from the poor-box than his own purse, and the supplicants departed thankful for extremely small mercies. In August 1722, for example, are given "to 2 poor seamen broke at Greenock 3 happens; 2 sick women 2d.; to a poor sick man with a large family of children from Kintyre a penny." Next month is "payd a shilling for maintaining the woman in prison"—doubtless committed to the "thieves' hole" of Ayr by the Presbytery's orders. In days when Scots ships sailed to Portugal and the Levant with their cargoes of woollen stuffs, dried salmon and salted herring, they were often pounced upon by the Tarifa pirates, who, disgusted with the miserable plunder, sold their crews into slavery in Algiers and Barbary. After sore hardships some escaped or were bought from their Moslem masters, and arrived on their native shores in rags and hunger, bearing on their bodies the marks of brutal usage in maimed limbs and tongueless mouths. These poor wretches were the objects of special commiseration, and won charity from kirk and house, though in donations which reveal more the poverty than the generosity of the age. Such "supplicants' at Kirkmichael manse were sent, if not full, at least not empty, away, as the disbursements of Mr. Laurie from the session's poor-box show. "To a poor man taken a slave in Algiers 6s."—*alias* ½d. sterling; "To a slave from Algiers, dumb, 2d."

The stipend of Kirkmichael was small. The family was increasing; but Mr. James Laurie was a prosperous, shrewd man, eager over his grain and his cattle, his bonds and his bills. He had, besides his glebe, land or "mailings" in other parts of his parish, which he stocks for grazing. In 1723 he has at Glastron "11 gimmers, 4 ews, 5 dinmonts, 13 lambs, 1 tup—all marked above the ears"; he has also there "3 queys, a stot 2 years old, 4 stirks, 1 stot white faced"; besides "Johnnie has a ew and a ew lambe." A groat is paid to a crofter for each beast he grazes in summer. In 1722 "it is agreed betwixt William Goudie in Glastron and the minister of Kirkmichael that he shall take charge of ye cattell, horse, nolt, and sheep, and herd them till Martinmas, and oversee the making of fold dikes and mend them when failing and assist at the hay, and to have for his pains a horse grass, and 2 cows' grass and a stirk, the house and yard, and 2 bolls meal." There being in those days of rude agriculture no enclosures of fields, no fences, dikes or hedges, the cattle needed to be herded night and day lest they should stray on the crops of the neighbours; but when harvest was over they could wander and pasture anywhere as on common ground till Martinmas. Then there was a slaughter of sheep and oxen for the mart of salted meat, which kept families supplied with monotonous fare till June came round, while the surviving beasts were kept shut up in byres till in April they issued forth blear-eyed, starved, emaciated, tottering with weakness. No wonder in this little note-book we have entries such as this: "June 3, 1720. Dead 6 ewes, remaining five; 2 last year's lambs dead, 6 alive."

Here is another of those engagements with servants, duly witnessed and signed in excruciating cacography, which are interesting as relics of bygone fashions. In 1727 "there is an agreement between John Kennedy and the minister of Kirkmichael. The said John Kennedy is to work all days of the year to me at Avonsou, and if occasion offer sometimes a day or two here which is to say he is to oversee the herd, flit the folds, weed corn, shear and bind in harvest, oversee the cattel after harvest, in winter to thresh and fodder the nolt, and oversee the sheep, and plough the land and cut down the haye and help to win it, for which I give him a house and yard, 2 cows grass and their followers, 2 ackers of land ploughed and harried, the proof for threshing." Sometimes the wages are varied, to "2 acres of land, an aiker of croft of the 3rd crop 4 bolls and ½ meall a house and yard, 2 pair of shoes," "a peck of meal out of each stack for foddering cattel, and right of hoof to bring home 18 loads of coals." Carefully is noted the produce of every stack. This one "is proved" to 9 bolls; that has "corn dighted 7 bolls and a half dried for meal," and there is a fee allowed for "proof of threshing," of 3 pecks or "7 pecks, a forpit, and a handsell." The price of a boll of meal is £6 : 13 : 4 Scots, a bole of bere £8. A boll of corn is about £6 Scots, sometimes six merks.

The prices at which the beasts were bought vary year by year; but the small value set on them was due to their miserable kind—small and meagre. From William Goudie are bought "a cow, 2 queys, and a sheep for £3 sterling. The cow 13 lib. (Scots), the queys 9 lib. a piece, the sheep 5 pounds." From another "ane cow 20 merk old but good mouth." From David M'Laren "a quey for 11 pound, another at a guinea 6 weathers 42 pence a piece," and "from Adam Grieve five weathers eleven groats a piece." By selling his beasts—dead or alive—("Thos. Mactaggart owes me four pounds for ye half of ye carecass of a stot")—he increased his little fortune, and besides that he had the skins of the dead to sell, which he gave in part payment to his weaver, shoemaker, and smith. But he had need for many of these skins for himself, and he sends them to be dressed, barked or tanned by the shoemaker, and these are used when the shoemaker and his man come to work for 7 or 9 days at the manse, as leather to make shoes for the family. There is £1 : 10s. Scots for tanning a cowskin, £1 for dressing the skin of a codoch (which is a heifer), and the hide of the pony. Nothing is wasted in the household. There was grain more than enough from his land, and also from the victual stipend that replenished his girnal. So he pays with it his tradesmen; he exchanges superfluous meal for malt for brewing, and supplies the neighbours and cottars that call at the manse to buy portions of grain—from the laird of Killikie, who sends his men and 6 horses for 12 bolls of meal, at 8 merks the boll, to Widow Airds, who comes to buy 2 pecks. Some cot-houses he had to let to the poor. Mary Agnew gets a kiln to live in, with a yard, grass for a cow and a calf, "for which she is to pay £7 Scots, 3 days shearing, and as many peats as a man casts in a day."

Prosperous, the minister has more bonds than debts. The Burgh Records of Lanark show that he had in 1727 sold to the Town Council a tenement for £100, and the impecunious state of the burgh is shown by the difficulty of finding a man to become security for paying the money. Nor were the gentry abounding in funds—their rents being mostly paid "in kind," to raise a few pounds often drove them to their wits' ends. There was no bank from which to borrow except in Edinburgh, and when money did come in there was no secure place to place it, and it was lent to some well-to-do baker or general merchant in a town, or borrowed from a better-off neighbour at 5 per cent. So it happens the laird of Dinduff, who pays his minister largely by bills and precepts and victual, is driven to give a bond to him for 3000 merks borrowed from him—a sum which seems supplied by his mother-in-law; his brother-in-law, William Smith of Boggend, is obliged to seek his aid for sums of 100 merks now and again, for which the 5 per cent interest is duly exacted. When one luckless gentleman is unable to pay back in silver a bond for £10, the debt is cleared by Mr. Laurie allowing him for books and brandy —"Tillotson and Barrow's *Sermons*, Howe's *Living Temple*, Walker's *Gift of Prayer and Preaching*, etc.; also a cask of brandy containing 22 pints, 25 pence per pint [a Scots pint equal to 2 quarts English], 2 casks and a chopin of brandy at 1s 3d., a firkine of soap at £1 : 1s., and a hat 9s." By which transaction it is clear that the minister had made a very good bargain. Yet even he is forced to borrow at times, and does so from Sister Betty, a spinster evidently as shrewd at affairs as himself, who lends her money also at 5 per cent. When she goes to England, however, she needs 36 merks for her journey, and she calls up £2 : 7s. "which Betty says is not payd"—reminds him of sums for muslins and wages, and 4d. owing for pins, needles, and knitting thread. There is also mention of money borrowed by him from the poor-box, for which a bond is given and the usual interest paid.

However engrossed in bullocks and bonds, in corn and crops, the minister of Kirkmichael had interests also of a wider and more intellectual range. There were signs of learning and culture in the old manse. The shelves of the little book room were well filled, and groaned under their ponderous load of calf-bound folio and quarto. There are volumes in Latin and Hebrew, in Greek and French, as well as English—there are theology and history, and classics and plays. Clearly he was one of the new school, denounced for their profane morality by the fanatical ministers then abounding in the Church. He owns only one of the saintly and grim Mr. Thomas Boston's works. There are Church Fathers like Ambrose and Augustine, Puritan Fathers like Owen, Reynolds, and Goodwin, Anglican divines such as Tillotson and Barrow; and foreign theologians, Turretin, Cocceius, and Calvin, lie side by side with Arminius, which displays a fairy catholic religious taste. The wanton Mr. Wycherley's plays in folio, with the portrait of the worldly handsome face under a huge flowing wig prefacing the title-page, stand unblushingly in the shelves between Baxter's *Saints' Everlasting Rest* and Taylor's *Holy Living*. Nor was the worthy minister a niggard of his books: he had nothing in him of the curmudgeon spirit of the jealous bibliopolic abbé of Paris, who inscribed over his library door the forbidding legend: "Go to them that sell and buy for yourselves." No: to neighbouring ministers and lairds less furnished than himself he lends his volumes freely, and marks in his note-books to whom he has given them, though the note, reproachful to some entries, "I do not know who has this," shows that his kindness was not always fairly requited. We can learn from him what was the sort of mental provender those old times fed on; the stern Sabbath reading which made the evening preluded by two prolix sermons and a lecture deplorably dull, and sent the most sound and "awakened Christians" soundly to sleep. The Rev. Mr. Fairweather of Maybole has ridden off with the folios of Manton on St. Matthew and Hutcheson on Job behind him. Sir Adam Whitefoord has Diodatus' *Annotations*. The more worldly laird of Dinduff has borrowed *Athenian Sports*; while Sir John Ferguson of Kilkerran's son, evidently a student at Edinburgh, procures a Goldeman's *Dictionary*, Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, and *Cornelius Nepos* in English and Latin. The student son of another laird has got from his minister Homer, Buxtorf's *Hebrew Lexicon*, and Puffendorf's *De Officiis*. Others have got to read Sackeverell's *Tryal*, Vertot's *History of Sweden*, and Boyer's *French Dictionary* to consult, and *Look before ye leap*. More pious-minded neighbours seek from the shelves spiritual nourishment in the shape of the godly Mr. Durham's *Heaven on Earth*, Henry on *Sobermindedness*, Reynolds' *Vanity of the Creature* and Sibbes' *Bowels of Believers Opened*,—that work of fragrant piety familiarly and elliptically known as "Sibb's Bowels." The physician, Dr. Stevenson from Maybole, takes away with him, after drugging the children, *Religio Medici* and, less appropriately, Catullus, Ditton on the Resurrection, and *Moses' evidence of things not seen.* The minister's mother seeks repose of mind in Watson's *Art of Contentment.* It is sad that the worthy man has to look on empty spaces where a volume of Cocceius or Flavell or Augustine has been lost or never returned, making an ugly, memorable, and lamentable gap in the shelves. Liberal as he was in his views and with his books, the Session Records show that he was not lax as a pastor. It is ordered that culprits at the Kirk are never to appear except in sackcloth, and "the adulteress has there to stand for eight Sundays," having been first examined on the principles of religion and repentance by the minister and session. In 1711 it is appointed that there is to be a diet for prayer at the manse on Monday. In the old Kirk, surrounded with ash trees (on one of which the bell hung), besides the two long services on Sabbath, there was preaching every fortnight on week days "except during ploughing and harvest."

To the manse of Kirkmichael troubles and ailments came now and again, which called for the aid of the doctor. Dr. Stevenson from Maybole would arrive with his saddle-bag full of concoctions and electuaries, his lancets for blood-letting, and his sand-glass for timing the pulse bulging out his ample coat skirts. This old sheep-clad pocket-book is careful to record some of the invaluable recipes of the esteemed chirurgeon, which, however, give but faint notion of the preposterous pharmacopœia of the age. The ailments mentioned are mostly simple and infantile; and that is fortunate, for in those days the remedies were worse than the diseases. "For outstricking (that is eruption) in children take a halfe muscele or mother-of-pearl shell and burn it over a pite [peat] fire till it turn quite white, make it into a powder, take of it ane ounce and of the powder of slaters [wood lice] two ounces," with other ingredients which are illegible, to be thrown into a pewter dish till they are dry. For Annie is prescribed "a handful of red rose leaf, ane ounce of oake, make a strong decoction into a chopin." "For wind in the body or to purge the wind out of the veins take of Indian rhubarb ane ounce in fine powder of carvie seed; as much same of liquorice, ounce of white sugar-candie. Mix it well in a closs box, take as much at a time as a twelve pence white money will hold three times a day." Not even was the manse of Kirkmichael free from that ill to which (Scots) flesh was heir—namely the itch, that plebeian affliction which had no respect of persons, caught from contact with a peasantry more godly than cleanly, and by intercourse at parish schools where children of the highest rank rubbed shoulders with the poorest. Dr. Stevenson prescribes for the cure of Johnnie from his ignoble complaint "two grains of mercury in the morning, 3 at night, 3 nixt morning. Then nixt morning purge him out with ane infusion of a dram and a halfe of senna and halfe a dram of Crim. Tartar in a gill of hot water. Repeat this once again, then a decoction of woods for a moneth. If he have any outstricking [eruption] rub him with the ungentum citrinum betwixt the 2 courses"—the ungentum citrinum or "yellow ointment" being composed of quicksilver, spirit of nitre mixed with a pound of melted hog's lard. Frequently the favourite concoctions were home-made and home-found, the ingredients being culled from the kailyard or marshes. When one of the family was troubled with a cough the simple remedy consisted in "a handfull of tussilago [colt's foot], a handfull of nettles, a handfull of beir, a handfull of hoarhound, all boiled in three mutchkins of water to a chopin." Rust of iron, seeds of wormwood, castile soap, gall of ram or bull, are called into requisition to form Dr. Stevenson's precious prescriptions to cure everything from jaundice to "sneezing."

So the quiet life of the old times went on. When too old for the lessons in the thatched school to which children brought their supplies of rushes for the dirty floor and peats for the fire, the boys and girls of the manse would probably go to Maybole, to take lessons from Mr. John Millan, the "master of manners and dancing." There are the visits to be paid to neighbouring lairds and ministers, the wife riding pillion behind her husband, the serving-man following with portmanteaux. Guests arrive too, for whom there is provided not merely the ale brewed at the manse, but good wine, for his accounts show that the minister has purchased in 1720 "14 pints at 20 pence per pint," and in 1721 "ten pints and a chopin at £10 : 10s. and 3 pints strong wine for £4 : 10s."

There were the frequent meetings of Presbytery held at Ayr, which lasted for days, discussing and examining witnesses on some familiar scandal. In 1717 they were long engaged on the case of Mr. Fairbrother of Maybole, whose trial shows that minister and lairds would meet to drink at the Maybole inn, consuming by 8 o'clock in the morning some chopins of wine and gills of whisky. These presbyterial labours were relieved by adjournments to Mrs. Hutchison's inn. There the members sat down to their mutton and hens, which they cut with the joctelegs or clasp-knives which they brought with them, and drank out of pewter mugs a beverage which was not always the simple "twopenny," for we find Mr. Laurie, in 1729, as his share pays for presbytery dinners "ten pounds ten shillings and a mutchkin brandy."

It was in this simple style of living that our ancestors fared, probably as happy as in our more expensive and luxurious days. The Kirkmichael family grew up, some to go out of the world, some to go into the world. George and James go to Glasgow College, the first to become Dr. George Laurie of Loudon, afterwards the helpful friend of Robert Burns, the other to enter the army and die Colonel Laurie, Governor of the Mosquito Shore. It was in 1764 that Mr. James Laurie died, leaving a good name and some good money behind him.

A LITERARY WAIF

While men of letters famous and prosperous—divines, advocates, lords of session—were making fortunes and reputations in Edinburgh, obscure men of letters living in unsalubrious wynds, up dark turnpike stairs, in dingy garrets served by dirty landladies, were trying to eke out a meagre livelihood by scribbling for the Scots magazines and translating books for the booksellers located in Parliament Square. They were to be found at nights in the gloomy taverns which resounded with hilarity, in the High Street and Canongate closes, supping for fourpence in congenial company, after wearing out brains and ink for twelve hours of the day. Poor themselves, they made publishers rich. There was James Tytler, who could write good songs, make balloons, write on everything and live on almost nothing, in his "sky-lighted hat," patched clothes, broken shoes, who had written two-thirds of the second edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, as well as works on history, surgery, chemistry, whose desk was the reversed end of the tub of the washerwoman with whom he lodged, and who in a forlorn garret fared heartily on mashed potatoes, and slept sonorously after drink. He was but an accentuated type of many a poor hack in Edinburgh Grub Street, out of whom the estimable booksellers, Sibbald, Kincaid, and Elliot, made handsome but ill-remunerated profits. The *Scots Magazine*, the monthly and weekly magazines, contained their unacknowledged contributions; translations from the French, books of travel, history, and science were done by them, and then shipped to London by smacks from Leith when there was a convoy of frigates to guard them against French cruisers.

Robert Heron was one of the ablest, best-known, and least fortunate of the tribe of which poverty was the badge. The son of a weaver in Galloway, born in 1764, he had come to Edinburgh University, studied for the Church, and after hard work had been licensed. Dr. Blair had made him his assistant, and every now and again a disconcerted, fashionable congregation in the High Kirk would see the obscure "helper" mount the pulpit stairs instead of their admired Doctor. Fortunately for the Church's credit, he turned to literature—he knew his Latin and French, he was ready to give lectures on law or philosophy, and soon he was busy translating. He spent his money when he had any, ran into debt when he had none; living one day on fine fare, another day content with cabbage, potatoes, or butter-milk. But he loved to appear well in society—tall and handsome, he was to be seen in fashionable dress, well-powdered hair, and beaver hat: no one could guess he had fed scantily that day, and had not paid his landlady for weeks. We know his inner life from a curious unpublished manuscript, "Journal of My Conduct, Begun on August 14, 1789," in which day by day for four years he records his doings, his sorrows, and his sins with penitent frankness—a curious revelation it is of piety and vanity, of self-abasement and conceit, of simplicity and mendacity, industry and indolence. It opens thus: "Monday — awoke about seven. Read chapter or two of the Gospel of Matthew till between eight and nine. Got up, prayed, but not with much sincerity. At breakfast reflected with selfish resentment on the reception I met with from my father and my other relations on my last visit to Galloway; was employed translating extracts from Howell's *Travels*, for *Encyclopædia Britannica*. Fretful because my hairdresser did not keep his hour. Broke my promise to call on Dr. Blacklock this forenoon. Mr. MacFarquhar sent for proofs which should have been ready before this. Promised to wait on him; violated this promise. Mr. Willison sent for copy! delivered him a small quantity, and promised him more by twelve to-morrow, though in all probability I shall not be able to perform. My hairdresser came at length. Blamed him, and required greater punctuality in future, but happily without passion. Resolved, from a consciousness of the wickedness and folly of my life, to review my conduct with a stricter eye. At three dined. After dinner continued to write, went to Sibbald's Library, and returned two works. Returned home, drank my tea, and read another chapter of Matthew." He tells of his prayers night and morning, his reading the Gospels at every meal, his lateness at the printing office, his lying promises; confesses and laments acts of immorality and passions, how he struck his brother unmercifully at breakfast for no fault; calls himself liar and sluggard. We can see him as he sits at his table in the room in Crichton Street, over scanty fare, with his Bible before him, out of which he solemnly reads; then, shoving the plate aside on the grimy tablecloth, he makes way for *Sir Charles Grandison* or Fourcroy's *Chemistry,* which he is translating. He trembles as he hears steps on the stairs, for it is the printer's boy for "copy," which is not ready, or MacFarquhar, proprietor of the *Encyclopædia,* to rebuke him for not keeping his word. Then comes daily the hairdresser—even on Sunday, and when under his hands he reads with unction Dr. Blair's sermon on *The Government of the Heart.* Having finished his first original work, he visits Dr. Blair to show him the dedication of his essay on Thomson's *Seasons*—at which the excellent man would give a gracious smile, and burr forth his thanks for the compliment. Dressed, he sets forth on his daily visit to Dr. Blacklock, takes the blind poet for a stroll in the meadows, and goes back with him to tea. On the way home he visits James Sibbald's Circulating Library in Parliament Close, which had once been Allan Ramsay's, for he is working up an article on "Creation" for the *Encyclopædia,* and then home to his tea and his work. Great is his love for amiable Dr. Blacklock—he carefully records how "the good man slept well last night." It is characteristic of Master Heron that his main association with Burns should be a case of broken promise and neglectfulness. Visiting the poet at Ellisland, he had received a letter for Dr. Blacklock which he never delivered, and this drew forth Burns's rhyming apology to his blind friend, with a malediction on the faithless messenger—"The ill-thief blaw the Heron south!"—and an explanation of his neglect which alludes to unclerical habits—

But aiblins, honest Master Heron
Had at the time some dainty fair one,
To ware his theologic care on.

He is found going off to breakfast with Mackenzie, the "Man of Feeling," or attending Dr. Black's lectures at the College on Chemistry. Sunday is his day for penitential entries regarding his vanity, boastfulness, and lying; but sometimes he is engaged on preaching for neighbouring ministers, hires a horse, for which he pays 1s. 6d. to account, and borrows money to pay toll and collection in church. There is the poor man laboriously getting up information on the zebra and quagga for his natural history articles in the *Encyclopædia*, and suddenly we find his employers charging him with dishonesty. Had he stolen his articles? That seems to be the case; he is disgraced and in debt, and booksellers will not give him a shilling till the copy is in their hands, and the jail stares him in the face. Pitiful is a letter he writes to MacFarquhar, begging him to intercede for him; while he owns himself "a wretch who has imposed upon him," he begs him, in pity to his parents, to save him from ruin. The journal is suddenly interrupted, and poor Heron is in the Tolbooth; in the grimy debtors' room, in which his creditors must maintain him at 4d. a day. Shrewdly creditors propose that the debtor should write a *History of Scotland*, out of the profits of which he might pay 15s. in the £—and the versatile hack was soon at work, with books from Sibbald's Library, and before he was set free one volume was written—five others of this not too learned work to appear in successive years. A pony being hired, he travelled over the country, and came back to write *A Journey through the Western Counties of Scotland*, which is worth reading still. Prospects having become bright, he was superintending the *Statistical Account of Scotland;* translating, editing; and, being returned ruling elder for New Galloway, he appeared in the General Assembly respectable and fluent, pious and self-confident, with carefully turned periods and well-fitting clothes. This could not last, and a change came. He was seen in the streets wasted, dejected, with sunken eyes, for his sister Mary had died, broken in health and heart by his temper, his irregularities, and he blamed himself for her death, as also for that of his brother. He had a fine turn for remorse and resolutions that came too late. His employers complained of his indolence; he is again in debt and in jail. Then he makes his way to London in 1799, where he lands with little luggage and some letters from and to long-suffering booksellers, and he becomes busy and prosperous—this versatile, volatile creature. The best papers take his articles, and he can boast of making £300 a year by working sixteen hours a day, and also glories that he gained it all "by teaching beneficial truths and discountenancing vice and folly." Whereupon this dispenser of "beneficial truths" sets up a carriage, a pair of horses, and a groom in livery, and lives not without "vice and folly." He quits his work, and then follows as the night the day the old debts, threats, and duns, and prospect of jail. This forces him again to work, and in his bedroom he sits dressed in shirt and dressing-gown, with green shade over his eyes, worn out by fitful study. But what could be done with this man, who could neither keep his word, nor his friends, nor his employers? Who loved pleasure and show when he had nothing to live on? The end came at last. In 1806 he is in Newgate for debt, and many months of hopeless confinement drag on — friendless and penniless.

Yet he can write a *System of Chemistry* within the gloomy walls, and in strange irony a book called the *Comforts of Life*, which ran in a week into two editions when its author was realising the misery of living. Piteous are the poor man's appeals for help to the Literary Fund, with the long roll of labours he mentions to prove his claims on their regard. "I translated Fourcroy's *Chemistry* twice, Fourcroy's *Philosophy of Chemistry*, Savary's *Travels in Greece*, Dumouriez's *Letters*, Gessner's *Idylls* in part, an abstract of Zimmermann *On Solitude*, and a great diversity of smaller pieces. I wrote a *Journey through the Western Counties of Scotland*, a *History of Scotland* in six volumes 8vo, a *Topographical Account of Scotland*, which has several times been reprinted; a number of communications in the *Edinburgh Magazine*; a Memoir of the Life of Burns, which suggested the subscription for his family"—and many others. While in London he had written articles in most periodicals and published reports of debates in Parliament. He omits to enumerate his play, which had been damned on the Edinburgh stage, and made him keep his bed for days of vexation. "I shudder at the prospect of perishing in a jail," are the words with which the luckless man closes his vain appeal; and after thirteen months in Newgate he was seized with the putrid fever—that disease which carried off many an inmate of the fœtid jails of those days—and was carried to St. Pancras Hospital, where he soon died in 1807.

Here was one of the many unfortunate, vain, unsteady souls who complain of their fate instead of their faults, who think their miseries come from Providence instead of from their own want of providence.

SAMUEL RICHARDSON

As we take from the highest shelves the nineteen volumes clad in dingy calf, and, blowing off the dust, turn over the pages yellow with age, we are carried by them to the old days when George II. was king. We hear the rattle of the lumbering "chariot-and-four" over the ill-paved, muddy streets of London; the signboards in the Strand, with their devices of the "Blue Boar" and "Salutation and Cat," wheeze and creak in the wind overhead; the city bellman, beginning "Oyes!" announces the loss of the muff of some beau near Hockley-in-the-Hole, or the discovery of the snuff-box of some belle near Marylebone Gardens. We see gentlemen in their laced waistcoats and silver-braided coats, stuck out with brocade, bag-wig, and Ramilies hat lounging in the Mall; parsons in their bands, gowns, and short cassocks; ladies in their hoods and capuchins. The streets are full of sedan-chairs bearing their hooped and powdered burdens, who stop to discuss from the opened top the last news from Bath, or the last scandal from Vauxhall. The horn sounds, announcing the unwieldy arrival of the "Fly" coach from

Exeter, filled with tired and dusty "six insides," fatigued with each other and their five days' travel, and with nerves shattered by rumours of highwaymen in the distant heaths. We see Mr. Lovelace at the windows of the "Cocoa Tree," in St. James's Street, making his rakish friends laugh over some intrigue of which, with their "Cot-so" and "Let-me-perish," they profess their profound admiration. Sir Charles Grandison is entering his chair in Piccadilly after handing Lady Betty to her chariot "with a grace all his own" in the carrying of his hat, and the holding of his sword. The Fleet parson is called in to perform the marriage service "with shabby gown, as shabby wig, a huge red pimply face," reeking with tobacco, "with dog-eared Common Prayer-Book in his hand opened on the page of matrimony." In the evening Ranelagh is filled with its brilliant masquerades, and we see Miss Byron attended by admiring masques to her chair, to be lighted through the dark and perilous streets by the flambeau of the footman and the lanterns of the chairmen. In James's Square Sir Charles and his friends, after an improving conversation over their dishes of tea, either have a minuet or a family concert. Miss Byron is at the harpsichord, Mr. Beauchamp takes the violin, Lord G. the base viol, Lord L. the flute, while "the fine mellow voice" of Sir Charles rises to the words of *Alexander's Feast* set to Mr. Handel's music:

> Softly sweet, in Lydian measures,
> Soon he sooth'd his soul to pleasures.

Duels are fought by Sir Hargrave Pollexfen, in Kensington Gravel Pits; Miss Byron is abducted through the unfrequented fields that separate London from Paddington, the chairmen being paid high for the dangers and distance of the road; Miss Harlowe, escaping from her persecutors, seeks refuge in the Flask Walk, in the remote village of Hampstead, by which one coach daily passes.

In the country we meet with noisy squires, with loud oaths, uttering coarse jokes out of season, and clad in wigs out of date; the winding horn at the gate announces the arrival of belated fox-hunters, who drink too much and who sit too late over the supper and the Burgundy or ale; friends pay their visits in their coach-and-six before the winter makes the roads impassable with ruts and mire; parsons conduct devotions for the family, laugh at the squire's most venerable stories, attend obsequiously on the lady, and marry the lady's-maid. Such is the society to which Richardson's voluminous novels introduce us, and which lives all be-ringed, be-wigged, and powdered in his pages.

There is something peculiarly homely and commonplace in the steady career of the printer-novelist, who from his room in Salisbury Court, or Hammersmith, sent forth those works which moved the hearts and won the admiration of every rank of society and every educated country in Europe in his day. Samuel Richardson fortunately wrote for a friend a short sketch of his early life, composed in his most elaborate English, which he always used on matters of great importance. His father was a carpenter, who, having had some compromising relations with the Duke of Monmouth, was "after the decollation of that unhappy nobleman" obliged to leave London and retreat to the country. In Derbyshire, in 1689, Samuel Richardson was born, although he never told in what part. He tells us that he was always steady and highly respected by all who knew him; that he was called "Serious" and "Gravity" by his schoolmates, who often got him to tell or invent stories which sometimes moved them to tears, and we can well believe him when he gives the assurance: "All my stories carried with them, I am bold to say, a useful moral." With much satisfaction, he recalls how at the age of eleven he wrote to a widow lady—pious but quarrelsome—a letter full of scriptural texts and advice which moved her to tears of indignation, and unfortunately only moved his fond mother to give him a slight rebuke for his liberty, and commendation on his excellent principles, instead of a much-needed and wholesome flogging. He was soon in great request, to read tales to young women, and write love-letters for them, "for they had a high opinion of my taciturnity"; and he would express their rustic emotions in that elaborate phraseology in which youthful composers like to show the sweep of their style, at the trifling risk of being utterly unintelligible. All this practice in back shops and country parlours was not lost, although his father was too poor to carry out the design of making so steady and upright a lad into a clergyman. In 1706 he was bound to Mr. John Wilde of Stationers' Hall, where he spent an industrious apprenticehip, and was called "the pillar of the house" by his master, who so highly valued his services that he grudged every hour that he did not get them. During this time his propensity for letter-writing led him to enter into a voluminous correspondence to improve his mind "with a gentleman greatly my superior in degree, and of ample fortune, who, had he lived, intended high things for me." So conscientious was Samuel that he bought his own candles to read by, and yet avoided sitting up late at night in case he should be less able to work for his master during the day. Next followed five or six years' working as compositor and corrector of the press in a printing office; and at length he set up for himself, first in Fleet Street, and then in a flourishing business in Salisbury Court. According to the precedent of all industrious apprentices, he married his master's daughter; and after her death he married, in 1731, Miss Leake, the daughter of a bookseller at Bath. From his press issued the *True Briton*, the *Daily Journal*, and the *Daily Gazetteer*—organs of political factions in which the printer preserved a strict neutrality. The privilege of printing the Journals of the House of Commons was procured for him by his friend Mr. Speaker Onslow—a privilege which allowed him to print twenty-six folios, at the cost of £3000, which for years he was not paid.

At this time he lived a steady, prosperous life, unknown beyond his family or his trade, and only able to employ his literary tastes in writing prefaces, compiling indexes, and composing in that age of servile patronage what he calls "honest dedications." One day, however, in 1739 two booksellers—Messrs. Rivington and Osborne—suggested that he should write for them a volume of "Familiar Letters" in a simple style, "to serve as models for uneducated people who were not able to indite themselves." He was glad to begin a work which his old practice in letter-writing made so congenial to him; but he altered his plan so far as to begin a series of moral letters "to instruct handsome girls going out to service to avoid the snares which might be laid against their virtue." As he wrote, however, the story of *Pamela*, which he had heard years before, grew in his mind, and in a few months the first two volumes were finished,—begun in November 10, 1739, the four volumes were finished January 10, 1740. Great was the excitement in the bosom of the printer's family as he wrote his maiden work for maidens. His wife and a lady visitor would each night come to his little closet, and ask: "Pray, have you any more of *Pamela*, Mr. R.? We are come to have a little more of *Pamela*"; and he would read to his tearful audience the new instalment of the narrative.

In the beginning of 1740 *Pamela, or Virtue Rewarded*[1] was published, and met with instant success in an age where there was no fiction which had a touch of nature or simplicity, and which enjoyed his story and neglected his moral lessons. Everybody read it, everybody talked of it; ladies at Ranelagh would hold up a volume of *Pamela* to show that they had been lucky enough to get what every one wished to have. It was the subject of discussion at every card-table, rout, and masquerade; ladies wept and rakes laughed over the adventures of the virtuous and much-rewarded servant-girl. Divines commended it from the pulpit; Pope, with perhaps more malice than praise, said it would do more good than twenty volumes of sermons; admiring friends delighted him by declaring "that if all other books came to be burned, next to the Bible this ought to be preserved." Although many like Lady Mary Montagu thought it "foolish stuff," and found it extremely tedious, yet it became the fashion in Paris and Versailles as well as in England, and was not only "the joy of all the chambermaids of all nations," as Lady Mary said, but of the maids of honour in all courts. The two first volumes, which really complete the story, were followed by two others which give details of Pamela's married life, and are full of letters of pedantic counsel and criticism by the triumphant young servant-maid on fashion, the drama, education, and domestic life, all deplorably dull and intensely sensible. Warburton, in his own and Pope's name, had unfortunately urged the author to make it "a vehicle for satire upon the follies and fashions of the great world by representing how they would appear to the rustic Pamela when she was introduced to them." It is Pamela, however, who is made ridiculous, not the fashions which the *ci-devant* waiting-maid rebukes in this "vehicle of instruction," and which, like all "vehicles" of the eighteenth century, is very large, very heavy, and very slow.

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[1] The full title is: "Pamela: or, Virtue Rewarded. In a series of familiar letters from a beautiful young damsel, to her parents. Now first published in order to cultivate the principles of virtue and religion in the minds of the youth of both sexes. A narrative which has its foundation in truth and nature, and at the same time that it agreeably entertains, by a variety of curious and affecting incidents, is intirely divested of all those images, which, in too many pieces calculated for amusement only, tend to inflame the minds they should interest."

The worthy printer had been so long addicted to concocting "honest dedications" that he prefixes to *Pamela* what he would, we presume, call an "honest preface." Under what he pompously terms "the umbrage of an editor's character," he printed in the preface letters full of flattery and commendation of his own work, purporting to come from admiring readers, but which he had himself composed. There is more of the adroit tradesman than the moralist in these puffs, written like the letters of thanks advertised by patentees of pills and plasters, from grateful but anonymous patients. One letter expresses "the inexpressible pleasure I have had in the perusal of your *Pamela*"; "at the beautiful simplicity of the style and happy propriety; clearness of expression," and affirms that "the greatest regard is everywhere paid to decency and to every duty of life." Another correspondent is made to say he is "charmed with the beautiful reflections she makes in the course of her distresses, her soliloquies and reasoning with herself are exceedingly entertaining . . . a pure fountain of truth and innocence, a magazine of virtue and unblemished thoughts!" It is very nice to discover that the author of this "magazine of unblemished thoughts" had himself composed those puffs to sell his book and commend it to Christian parents.

The story is very simple, very long, highly moral, and very offensive. Pamela became at twelve maid to a lady who had taken a fancy to her, and taught her sewing, reading, carving meat, and music, and to these and other accomplishments she added the advantages of being pious, prudent, and pretty. Her mistress died, and she was left to the precarious charge of the son, Squire B. The girl was now fifteen, and her attractions fascinated the master, who tried to seduce her. She remains in her dangerous "situation" in spite of alternate attentions and insults from the discomfited master, which are borne deferentially by the submissive Pamela: "It is for you to say what you please, and for me only to say, 'God bless your Honour.'" At last she feels forced to leave, and the Squire, under pretence of sending her home to her parents, makes the carriage take her to another country-house, where she finds herself a prisoner in the custody of a hateful and hideous woman, Mrs. Jewkes, who panders to her master's vices. Here she is watched night and day, ill-treated, insulted. At last the master comes, and Pamela requires all her courage and piety to preserve her honour. Enraged at being defeated, the Squire sends her home; but as the carriage is on its way a letter comes from him full of protestations and promises to marry, and she servilely returns—returns to a man who was without honour and decency, and whom she had despised and loathed. She feels now that all his villainy is exceeded by his noble magnanimity, and, forgetting that he had acted like a scoundrel, the virtuous waiting-maid is full of abject gratitude for his goodness in making her his wife, and the goodness of Providence in raising his handmaid from the ground. In her slavish wonder she cannot find any words strong enough to express her admiration of the condescension of her "master" and "benefactor," as she calls him, when the marriage licence was brought. "I made," writes Pamela, "to kiss his dear hand, and though unable to look up, said, 'I know not what to say, sir, to your goodness. I would not for any consideration that you should believe me capable of receiving negligently an honour which all the duty of a long life, were it to be lent to me, will not be sufficient to make me grateful for.'" Then Goodman Andrews, her father, when he comes to inquire for his lost daughter, instead of being moved to indignation against her persecutor, is full of deference, which changes to pious thanksgiving when he learns that the Squire intends to make her his wife, since he had failed to make her his mistress. "'Blessed be his name!' said he. 'But you say he will marry you? Can such a brave gentleman make a lady of the child of such a poor man as I? O! the divine goodness,'" weeps the obsequious old soul, with whose deference for the great it is evident that honest Samuel Richardson had much miserable sympathy. All the neighbouring gentry now admire the beauty and accomplishments of Pamela, who narrates without a blush or a blank the praise unceasingly offered to her. "Divine being," "ornament of her sex," "exalted creature," are a few of the laudatory epithets which the circumstantial Pamela never shrinks from recording. When she is married to Squire B. she earns more homage still, as the benefactress of her parish, the dispenser of castor-oil, advice, and flannel. Before her marriage she was content to look forward to her humble duties of helping the housekeeper "in making jellies, comfits, sweetmeats, marmalades, cordials to pot and candy and preserve"; but when she marries she guides the family devotions, counsels clergy on their duties, criticises Locke on Education, enlarges on the vices of the fashionable world, the blessings of nursing babies, and the evils of masquerades.

In the details of the story there is often gross indelicacy, yet the author seems never to have felt that he shocked modesty far more than he improved morals by his unsavoury particulars. Well might Dr. Watts tell his friend that ladies complained they could not read it without blushing, although it is to be feared these ladies were confined to the little prim set who had not lost their modesty or wore no rouge to hide it. So utterly unconscious is the author of any impropriety that he represents Pamela, with consent of her husband, letting her friends read her copious letters, relating the dastard acts of Squire B., which would cover any man with infamy and every wife with shame. No one seems shocked, but with a flirt of the fan, and a playful "Naughty man," they pass on to applaud the virtuous Pamela. *Pamela* must bear the heavy responsibility of beginning the tedious fashion of novels told in letters,—a fashion which the author adopted in all his novels as the most natural form of fiction, we suppose, because it gave him most scope to be didactic and interminable. Tiresome as it is now, it was fresh, vigorous, and delightful in the age in which it appeared, compared with the stiff, stilted, high-flown romances such as the *Princess of Cleves*, which had hitherto formed the reading of ladies. Even Sir Charles Grandison condescends to laugh at their inflated style: "The mossy bank of a purling stream, gliding through an enamelled mead, the grazing herd lowing love around, the feathered songsters from an adjacent grove contributing to harmonise and fan the lambent flame." There is none of this in *Pamela*—the style is natural, direct, and simple, and the reader is carried not into a world of fantasy, but into real domestic life. Readers, in consideration of all this, forget the improbability of the story; the incongruity between the dogmatic tone of the letters and the servant-girl of sixteen from whom they are supposed to come. They did not resent her perfect self-confidence; the priggishness of her overflowing advice, her sycophancy to her lord. They did not see the absurdity of enormous letters being written to her parents which they were not to receive; written on reams of paper, though she had only secreted a little ink in a broken china cup and had scarcely any paper, composed at all hours in spite of all obstacles, and deposited under tiles in the garden. In the period of her utmost terror she has calmness and leisure to write her journal with unabated fulness. "On the thirty-sixth day of my imprisonment," on Friday, she writes in the morning; then "at 5 o'clock"; then "at 11 o'clock." Next morning she begins again with renewed vigour and increased volume; down she sits at "12 noon," and again at "almost 12 o'clock Saturday night"—giving the most minute details of every word, look, sound, every incident, and almost every article of furniture. Everything is detailed, down to the old clothes with which the Squire dresses his future father-in-law, and "the two bottles of sherry-brandy, two of cinnamon water, and some cake," with which he sends him home.

Richardson's piety was eminently respectable and tradesmanly; he believed that honesty was the best policy for the printer, the mercer, the man of fashion, and the servant-maid. He therefore desired in *Pamela* to show that a wise Providence always rewarded virtue, and that this was a maxim which well-behaved and prudent young persons should never, never forget. He obtrudes this estimable lesson, however, just a little too conspicuously, as if it were the sole motive for being virtuous; as if virtue, like grain, would go up in price if you only kept it long enough. "Don't growl, Hans," said Luther to his dog, "and you shall have at the resurrection a golden tail."

There is enough in this improving narrative to strike any man with a sense of humour, and, while society was moved to interest, Henry Fielding was moved to laughter. He forthwith began his parody, and in his story of *Joseph Andrews*, the supposed brother of Pamela, there was given delight to generations who have never read the story of his sister. The greatest work of Richardson is not found in any of his voluminous fictions, but in his having provoked Fielding to give up writing flimsy, forgotten plays and trifling papers in the *Covent Journal*, and to begin that brilliant literary career which has reproduced the immortal pictures of Parson Adams, Joseph Andrews, and Partridge. *Joseph Andrews*, which appeared in 1742, gave delight to the ungodly, and grief to Samuel Richardson and his little coterie. The printer assumed a calm and impartial aspect in judging of this work by a man whom he had known well, and whose sisters were his warm friends and recipients of his literary confidence. He put on an air of genuine pity for the profligate ability of his rival, believing that Miss Susan Fielding's *David Simple* was an infinitely superior work to the best which the ribald genius of her brother could produce. "Nothing but a shorter life than I wish him," wrote the injured author, "can hinder him from being out of date. The Pamela he abused in Shamela taught him how to write to please, though his manners are so different. Before his *Joseph Andrews* (hints and names from that story with a lewd and ungenerous engraftment) the poor man wrote without being read." A few years after this he writes to his French translator: "*Tom Jones* is a dissolute work; its run is over with us. Is it true that France had virtue enough to refuse a license for such a profligate performance?" This rumour M. Dufreval had sorrowfully to confess is not true, but that *Tom Jones* has a great run. Nor did *Amelia* gain more of the rigid moralist's esteem: "Mr. Fielding has over-written himself or rather *under*-written, and his friends seem ashamed of his last piece. The piece, in short, is as dead as if it had been published forty years ago, as to sale. You guess I have not read *Amelia*. Indeed I had intended to go through it; but I found the characters and situations so wretchedly low and dirty that I imagined I could not be interested in any of them." Richardson never could have enjoyed the rollicking worldliness of Fielding's novels; but it is impossible to miss observing that a little spite and literary jealousy mingled with the virtuous scorn of the offended printer.

Round him gathered a bevy of admiring females, for he preferred the company of ladies,—"I do not blush," he owns, "to confess it." They courted his society, praised his works, laughed at his laborious raillery and gambols, and listened with rapt gaze while he poured out his talk with measured pronunciation, or read from his everlasting manuscripts. When he settled at North End, "near the Hammersmith turnpike," his hospitable house was open to all. Miss Mulso, afterwards the learned Mrs. Chapone, Miss Highmore, Miss Fielding, were among the happy number whom he called his "adopted daughters," who formed an audience in the summer-house, where he sat in his round-backed chair, in morning gown and cap, and read instalments of his forthcoming work. But other and more robust society came to North End. Hogarth came occasionally, feeling much in common with the writer, who was a moralist on paper as he himself was on canvas. Dr. Johnson would come, and here the painter met him for the first time, and as he saw the strange man in the shadow of the room shaking his head and rolling his body when a Whig sentiment was uttered, Hogarth fancied he was some idiot whom good-natured Richardson had taken charge of. Often through the iron gateway to the red brick house the rolling figure of Dr. Johnson passed, though his friend was but a dull talker, and one day he took with him Bennet Langton to call on the author of *Pamela,* boasting he could bring him out: "Sir, I can make him rise"; but all in vain, for Richardson had little else to say than that there was in the room a German translation of *Clarissa.* Sir Joshua Reynolds and his sister would come, having been warned to enlarge on the excellence of his moral fictions. Colley Cibber would often pop in and listen patiently to long letters of *Clarissa,* at which the printer was occupied, and weep carefully at the episodes which the irreverent old rake called "handkerchieffy," and then he would join the quiet family circle all busy, till supper was laid, round the big tea-table, at muslin flowering or border-making. Dr. Young the poet appears all booted and spurred to stay to hear his play *The Brothers* performed at Drury Lane, having designed the proceeds to go to the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, and is enraged to hear a nasty epilogue to it spoken by the wicked lips of Mrs. Clive.

Eight years passed by before Richardson appeared as author again. Yet a year or two after *Pamela* came out the plan of a new novel developed in his mind and occupied his time in the snug little closet at North End. In 1744 he owns that he is running to an egregious length, being "such a sorry pruner, that I am apt to add three pages for one I take away." The first four volumes were published in 1748, leaving the public in an agony of suspense over the fate of Clarissa; excitement was intense in society, and the fate of the character of the novel awoke more anxiety than that of one's nearest and dearest kindred. Correspondents wrote urging a happy ending to the history, as if the heroine was their sister whose safety they besought. One lady wrote entreating in anguish that Lovelace might be reformed: "Sure you will think it worth your while to save a soul, sir?" From Lady Ecklin came a plan to reform Lovelace by the ministrations of a Dr. Christian. Even Colley Cibber was in extreme anxiety as to the end of the "divine Clarissa," and when he heard that it was intended she should die he flung the volume in a passion away, and uttered his terrible threat in his weak treble voice: "G—d d—n him if she should! He would no longer believe that providence or eternal wisdom or goodness governed the world if merit, beauty, and innocence were to be destroyed." In spite of all such consequences, the author with imperturbable obstinacy carried out his design, although he himself wept over the inevitable fate of his heroine. "We could none of us," says his confidant Miss Highmore, "read aloud the affecting scenes we met with, but each read to ourselves and in separate apartments wept." Richardson certainly showed himself a true artist as well as moralist in giving a melancholy end to his work. Clarissa must die although society protested; so Little Nell must die, although readers in hundreds entreat Dickens that she may live; Mr. Emanuel Paul must die although the author of *Villette* is besought that he may be spared. It is art, led by genius to follow nature, that overrules the author's personal feelings in the fate of the creatures he has made. When Thackeray was blamed for making Esmond marry Lady Castlewood, he could only answer he could not help it. At the same time that we give Richardson credit for artistic propriety in the conclusion of his story, it is evident that he had also a prosaic moral aim. He would not, he urged, make Lovelace reform, for, "while art and nature are against sudden conversions, they are a bad example"; he could not make Clarissa live happily, for her troubles are so great that she "can only have her fit reward in heaven"; and, besides, "what greater moral proof can be given of a world after this than the rewarding of suffering virtue?"

The appearance of the last volumes completed Richardson's triumph, and those who sneered at *Pamela* were forced to admire *Clarissa Harlowe.* It was very long, with its thick eight volumes; it was often dreadfully tedious; but it possessed a power and a pathos which left few hearts unmoved. Again the writer inhaled the grateful incense from adoring readers, and each letter of admiration was read, re-read, and carefully docketed by him. "I verily believe I have shed a pint of tears," wrote one esteemed and absurd correspondent (Lady Bradshaigh), "and my heart is still bursting. When alone in agonies would I lay down the book, take it up again, walk about the room, let fall a flood of tears, wipe my eyes, read again perhaps not three lines, throw away the book crying out 'Excuse me, good Mr. Richardson, I cannot go on—it is your fault, you have done more than I can bear'"; and so the effusive lady proceeds, to the delight of her correspondent: "My spirits are strangely seized, my sleep is disturbed, waking in the night I burst into a passion of crying; so I did at breakfast this morning, just now again. God be merciful to me, what can it mean?" Praise in more sober terms comes from other quarters to please the worthy printer. Nor was admiration limited to England. In Holland, in Germany, in France, it became the fashion. It suggested to Lessing his *Miss Sara Simpson*, the first play of domestic life on the German stage. Diderot placed its author among the few greatest writers, amongst whom he esteemed Moses, Homer, and Euripides, and almost forgave him for believing in a God. Rousseau, till his own *New Heloise* appeared, considered it the greatest work of genius in fiction; while D'Alembert significantly said: "*La nature est bonne à imiter mais non jusqu'à l'ennui.*" French society was moved to enthusiasm over a novel in which was condemned every vice and folly it still continued to practise.

Certainly Richardson never wrote with such force or skill as in *Clarissa.* A new power seemed to have possessed the fussy, commonplace printer, and carried him to higher levels of imagination and expression than ever attained by him before or after. The subject he chose — a pure, noble-hearted girl exposed to the machinations of an unscrupulous rake, placed in scenes of vice and surrounded by vile creatures, who are as unable to understand her innocence as she is to understand their impurity—was one which bore him far beyond the didactic purpose which he announces in the title: "Clarissa, or the history of a young lady, comprehending the most important concerns of private life, and particularly shewing the distresses that attend the misconduct both of parents and children in relation to marriage." The tale increases in power as it grows in length, and the reader is sustained through the dreary wastes of epistolary irrelevancies by the deepening interest in the fate of a young girl who in simple confidence has put herself in the power of a most practised knave of fashion, who has no pity in his heart, no shame in his conduct. There is tragedy here of the truest kind, and Clarissa in her desolation, her helplessness, her misery, and her death stands out from the big cumbrous frame of the old novel, one of the finest pictures that genius has painted.

Clarissa Harlowe is a girl of nineteen, fresh-natured, tender-hearted, and lovely, who wins by her sweet and noble character the affections of all round her. But her foes are those of her own household; the sister is jealous of Mr. Lovelace, now paying his addresses to Clarissa, having once been her own suitor. The family jealousy is increased by the grandfather having left his property to the girl, and the danger of an uncle doing the same. To prevent her marrying Lovelace, a profligate man of fashion, the family—now rich, purse-proud, "mushroomed into rank," as the aristocratic Lovelace sneers,—clique together to force her to marry one Solmes, a narrow, mean-natured man utterly repulsive to her. These persecutions drive her into the hands of the man they wish to keep from her, and who was constantly offering to rescue her from her trouble. She does not love him, for she knows of his profligacy; but she cannot but feel the fascination of his manners and the flattery of his admiration. Long she resolves not to trust herself to him; but her resolution gives way when she learns that the family has determined on a certain day to marry her to the man she destests, and in an evil hour she lets Lovelace know she will put herself in his charge. She is too true to trust so false a man, and as she goes out one morning to meet him and tell him she had changed her dangerous plan, Lovelace deludes her away, and a carriage takes her beyond help. The villain puts every obstacle in the way of her return home, and from help of every friend, and conveys her in London to a vile house, on pretence of respectable lodgings. Here he, unknown to her, also takes up his abode, and tries to ruin the girl whose noble heart cannot shame him, though her strength of purpose daunts him. She tries to escape, flies to lodgings in Hampstead; but by a stratagem she is brought back to her abominable quarters, and there Clarissa is drugged and Lovelace wins his vile end. When the poor victim recovers her senses she escapes again, and gets, near Covent Garden, an honest refuge with a glover. She resists all entreaties to marry the libertine, and prefers to die in peace. With only one acquaintance — the penitent companion of Lovelace—to look after her, without kindred, or true friend to tend her, she dies, her heart broken with misery.

All this is told chiefly in letters from Clarissa to her friend Miss Howe, whose letters have their own vivacity and character; in letters from Lovelace full of effrontery and devilish frankness, in which he relates his vilest deeds and schemes to his friend Belford. Tedious, deplorably tedious, a vast part of the story is. Hundreds of pages are devoted to affairs which could be condensed into a paragraph, solemn reflections are incessantly uttered of the dreariest order, and irrelevant details are given till the story advances to degrees of longitude to which only enterprising explorers ever reach. So copious is the writer, we feel grateful that Clarissa's will only occupies twenty pages in a work of three thousand. We feel, too, that the plot has its improbabilities; that the author has made laborious efforts to keep Clarissa in the power of Lovelace, and to prevent any of her numerous friends helping her in her distress, or her claiming protection from a magistrate in the next street. We cannot make out why Lovelace should rather incur the penalty of death by committing an atrocious crime than marry a lady possessed of every gift and grace. We cannot understand how he could write letters detailing every evil scheme to a friend who detested them, or why the honest friend never moved one finger to defeat them. Difficulties rise as we examine the story; yet there is a grave circumstantiality about the whole narrative, such as Defoe might have envied, and we feel at the time that everything is likely and everything must have happened. In his effort to make the heroine write her letters and tell her story the author has also difficulty. In the vile lodging house, for instance, all her pens and ink are ordered to be removed; but the exigencies of the story require that she should still be able to correspond, so we are told that she had secreted "six quill pens"—the author, however, forgetting that this was not enough, for the *ink* had been removed. But even Defoe makes his slips, and can tell how Crusoe fills his pockets with biscuits, although he had taken off all his clothes before swimming to the wreck.

In the character of Lovelace, impossible though it be, there is singular ability. He is not at all merely the gay, light-hearted rake who under the name of "a Lovelace" passes as a current epithet in our vocabulary. The wit, the scholar, the man of fashion, full of self-assurance, vanity, and selfishness, who had hardened his heart and surrounded it, as he cynically owns, with "flint and callus," an epicure in vice, who loves woman as a sensualist; subtle in designs, unscrupulous in his means, vile in his ends, who fascinates by his brilliancy and captivates by his insidious grace; who glories openly in his devilish success, and tells with effrontery of his intrigues; who lies, forges, shrinks from no perfidy to carry out his plots, yet too much of a gentleman to scoff at religion, and reproving as in bad taste the use of oaths—this character is brought out with strange originality. The very baseness of the man heightens the dignity of Clarissa's character by contrast. It should not be considered so great a miracle, as the author deems it, that a lady remains chaste, especially when she fears and despises the lover; yet there is a fine dignity in the woman, which speaks in her scorn: "Begone, Lovelace! my soul is above thee, man. Thou hast a proud heart to contend with. My soul is above thee, man!" The letters of Lovelace, in their dash, vigour, and spirit, are infinitely more readable than those of Grandison with their virtuous dulness. The wonder is how humdrum Samuel Richardson could write in so lively a way; how the worthy printer could assume so ably so blackguard a character.

In writing the story of *Clarissa* the author never forgot his audience, and it may be forethought rather than garrulity which induced him to introduce endless details which now weary to death. He no doubt foresaw that particulars as to the heroine's costumes would be as interesting to many of his female readers as the more harrowing episodes of the narrative. To this we may ascribe the minute description, given with the accuracy of a milliner, of poor Clarissa's dress on the fatal morning when she was seized at the garden door—her Brussels mob, with sky-blue braid; "her morning gown a pale primrose-coloured paduasoy; the ruffs and robings curiously embroidered by the fingers of the ever-charming Arachne in a running pattern of violets and their leaves; the light in the flowers silver; gold in their leaves. A pair of diamond snaps in her ears. Her ruffles were the same as her mob. Her apron a flowered lawn. Her coat white satin quilted. Blue satin her shoes, braided with the same colour without lace. And on her charming arms a pair of black velvet glove-like muffs of her own invention." The author never sees the absurdity of Lovelace observing these details, or the incongruity of their being recorded by him in a letter to a fellow-rake, who could not tell paduasoy from calico.

Far as the tale of Clarissa carried the writer beyond the pedantic purpose with which he set out, and full of searching analysis of feeling and motive, he never forgot that his great mission was to instruct society by improving examples and by moral sentiments. It is evident that the heroine escapes only by death from a worse fate—that of realising Richardson's ideal woman—a respectable, sententious housewife. We may lament her death—it is told with power and pathos enough to touch any heart—but it has its consolations. She dies a heroine; she might have lived a Pamela. After her funeral her friend Miss Howe records in a long letter all the virtues and accomplishments of the deceased. We are told of her lovable nature, and her true, tender heart, and we are moved; we are told "that wisdom was her birthright," and we respectfully admire; we are told that she was "an admirable mistress of all the graces of elocution," and "mistress of the four principal rules of arithmetic," and—we laugh. The world is told with great gravity: "the hand she wrote, for the neat and free cut of her letters (like her mind solid and above all *flourish*), for its fineness, evenness, and swiftness, distinguished her as much as the correctness of her orthography from the generality of her sex"—a cunning rebuke being here given to the deplorable penmanship and spelling of "her sex." We learn her exemplary conduct in the dairy and the church, and the excellent maxims that came from her lips. It may be interesting to know that "she was moderate in her diet. 'Quality,' she used to say, 'was more to be regarded than quantity.' That a full meal was the great enemy both of study and industry, and that a well-built house requires but little repairs.'" Amongst the wholesome but not strictly original remarks which Clarissa was wont to make, and admiring friends remembered, it may be enough to quote this: "This excellent lady used to say, 'It was incredible to think what might be done by early rising and by long days well filled up.'" When at the end of the eighth volume we learn the platitudes which had come from the heroine's lips, before trials deprived her of leisure to utter any more, we feel resentment; we fancied it was a true, simple, loving woman we were watching, instead of Richardson dressed in woman's clothes acting cleverly the part of a distressed lady. Perhaps the ends of justice would have been served if Lovelace had been married, in punishment of his vices, to this paragon of domestic propriety. Unfortunately, the author never could remember that the more he puts of his own temperament into his characters, the duller and more commonplace they become. We further cannot but wish he had not made Clarissa buy a coffin, and have it, with its lugubrious inscription, in her lodgings when she feels she is dying.

Richardson always wrote as a preacher, and was always afraid that if he was exactly true to nature he would be false to his mission of instructing society. He could only conceive of two possible ends for his bad characters in his zeal to vindicate the ways of Providence—they must either be reformed or they must die a miserable death. He boasts that there are no less than three death-bed scenes in *Clarissa*, and, indeed, the end of that novel is as full of deaths as the stage of corpses in *Hamlet*, with its last stage direction, "Exeunt bearing dead bodies." The terrible picture of the dying of the infamous lodging-house keeper surrounded by bedraggled harridans, such as Hogarth might have painted, the ends of her accomplices and Lovelace's tools, the wretched lives of the Harlowe family, the death of Lovelace himself in a duel, all show how Richardson wrote a novel as he would a tract. He feels it necessary even to tell how wicked Sally died of surfeit and fever, and Dorcas of salivation. Curiously enough, he makes Lovelace, who deserves the worst fate of all, die an honourable death in fair fight, and, as critics of his day noted, his end was not in consequence of his villainy, but only of his inferiority in the management of the small sword. Men of fashion were not frightened by these moral pictures. They knew that, however immoral they were, they would not die of a burning fever, but that after having married an heiress they would live comfortably on a life pretty heavily mortgaged to the devil. The author of *Pamela* forgot that the road to vice is not the less frequented because there is a solemn notice that "trespassers will be prosecuted" (which they never seem to be), that there are "man-traps and spring-guns" (which never go off). No: the rakes only yawned over the morals and laughed at the threats of the decent old printer, and they treated his warnings with easy contempt, like those birds which, instead of being frightened by old scarecrows, calmly build their nests in their dilapidated pockets.

The fault of Richardson's moral and religious teaching, as of Hogarth's sermons on canvas, is that it appeals only to prudence, and not to the higher motives of life. But so it was with the preachers of his day, who all appeal to reason, to prudence, and to little higher. Infidels doubted of future rewards and punishment, and Bishop Butler by Analogy proved them, as Richardson did by the hardships of Clarissa. Men of the world neglected morals, and Sherlock proved that virtue had its true reward, as Richardson did by the triumphs of Pamela. It was chiefly the Deists, in fact, in those days who taught the most disinterested form of goodness, which needed no future world to reward it—a doctrine which the orthodox considered dangerous, and Richardson was very orthodox.

Richardson's fame was now at its height, and the old printer was happy. To hear praises from ladies and divines was a very charm to him; to show callers some translation of his works into Dutch or German was a happy hour; to make them listen to his slow, deliberate voice uttering commonplaces was high satisfaction. He had no objection to correspond in letters as long as even Pamela or Miss Byron wrote, and exactly in the same style, with italics and parentheses, with some enthusiastic young lady, and discuss his novels or comment upon a moral truth in grave, portentous sentences. It is not surprising that he derives "correspondence" from *cor;* "for all familiar letter-writing comes from the heart." One lady began to write to him under the name of Mrs. Belfour, and afterwards openly as Lady Bradshaigh, the wife of a Lancashire baronet, and occupied both his and her own time with letters long and sentimental. This impulsive lady was anxious to see her famous correspondent, and as she and her husband, Sir Roger, were coming to London to see the sights, instead of, like a rational being, calling on the great novelist, she had the whim to see him without being recognised. It was therefore arranged by the good-natured man that he should be seen walking through St. James's Park, and to allow her identify him, he gives this description of himself:—

"I go through the Park once or twice a week to my little retirement; but I will, for a week together, be in it every day three or four hours, at your command, till you tell me you have seen a person who answers to this description, namely, short, rather plump than emaciated, notwithstanding his complaints; about five foot five inches; fair wig; lightish cloth coat, all black besides; one hand generally in his bosom, the other a cane in it, which he leans upon under the skirts of his coat usually, that it may imperceptibly serve him as a support when attacked by sudden tremours and dizziness which too often attack him, but, thank

God, not so often as formerly; looking directly fore-right, as passers-by would imagine, but observing all that stirs on either hand of him without moving his short neck; hardly ever turning back; of a light brown complexion; teeth not yet failing him; smoothish-faced and ruddy-cheeked; sometimes looking to be about sixty-five, at other times much younger; a regular, even pace, stealing away ground rather than seeming to rid it; a gray eye too often overclouded by mistiness from the head; by chance lively; very lively it will be if he hope of seeing a lady whom he loves and honours; if they have large hoops he looks down and supercilious and as if he would be thought wise, but perhaps the sillier for that; as he approaches a lady his eye is never fixed upon her face, but upon her feet, and thence he raises it up, pretty quickly for a dull eye, and one would think (if we thought him at all worthy of observation) that from her air and (the last beheld) her face, he sets her down in his mind as *so* or *so*, and then passes on to the next object he meets; only then looking back, if he greatly likes or dislikes, as if he would see if the lady appear to be all of a piece in the one light or in the other."

The anxious author did walk for days in the Park patiently backwards and forwards, afraid, of course, to take his hand from his bosom to spoil the likeness, and trying to be as like his portrait as possible, while the lady, with fatiguing coquettishness, kept the poor man on his fashionable beat, and then viewed through the crowd in hoops and lace the object of her admiration, whom for some time her perturbation would not allow her to visit at his villa in North End.

Here he loved to return after the business of the day in the printing-house, write in his study, or sit in his grotto. And yet he had his griefs, which not only moved his heart, but affected his appetite, as he laments. When writing to Lady Bradshaigh, who had deprecated an unhappy end to *Clarissa*, he adds: "Ah, madam, do you call thus upon me! Forgive an interrupting sigh and allow me a short abruption." This "abruption" he thereupon devotes to narrating the death of the first wife and the merits of the second, the loss of six sons and two daughters, of a father and two brothers—"no less than eleven affecting deaths in two years!" "These," he naïvely says, have so affected his nervous system that "I have been forced, after trying the whole *materia medica* and consulting many physicians, as the only palliative to go into regimen, and for seven years have I forborne wine and flesh and fish." Tar-water was then the fashionable panacea for all ills, and this Richardson took assiduously; he sometimes went to Tunbridge Wells to try the waters. We see him, from his letters, walking under the shade of the trees, where pass in valetudinarian idleness Dr. Johnson and Speaker Onslow, the little dapper figure of Mr. Garrick, the stately Mr. Pitt, and the lank, tall frame of Lord Littleton. In the morning they drink the waters and listen to the band, dining at two o'clock; in the afternoon they gather in the bowling green; in the evening crowd Evans's coffee-room, or watch the play at the faro table.

"Lord! Miss H.," he writes in August 1748, "what figures do Mr. Nash [who, no doubt, as usual had come with French horn sounding and chariot and six during the recess in Bath] and Mr. Cibber make hunting after new beauties, and with faces of high importance traversing the walks! God bless you, come and see them! And if you do, I will show you a still more grotesque figure than either. A shy sinner creeping along the very edges of the walk, getting behind benches, one hand in his bosom, the other held up to his chin as if to keep it in its place, afraid of being seen as a thief of detection."

There is Mr. Whiston explaining the stars and proclaiming the millennium to a group of ladies who, "if they have white teeth, hear him with open mouth"; there is Mr. Cibber, at the age of seventy-three, flitting about the beautiful Miss Chudleigh in the tea-room, or walking with Beau Nash, whom (being eighty) he calls "papa." The whole of the Well is crowded with these eighteenth-century celebrities, beaus, and beauties.

Richardson, soon after the success of *Clarissa Harlowe,* was engaged on literary work again; for as an "instrument of goodness" he was urged to write still more. One clergyman wrote to hope that in his next novel "you intend to give us a bad woman—expensive, imperious, lewd, and at least a drammer. This is a grateful and necessary subject which will strike and entertain to a miracle." But more influential was the suggestion that since he had painted a bad man, he should show how a "fine gentleman" can be a good Christian. Ladies were only too much addicted to admiring Tom Jones rather than Joseph Andrews, and admired Lovelace so dangerously, that the author was obliged to make his character worse as the story progressed. Richardson in 1750 began his portrait of a gentleman and a Christian; but he felt his task no easy one. "To draw a man that *good* men would approve, and that young ladies in such an age as this will think amiable, tell me, madam, is not this an audacious task?" He had his difficulties, too, in describing the modes and manners of fashionable life, and asked advice from Dr. Delany in "describing a scene or two in upper life." One day he brought to his friend Mrs. Donnellan a manuscript copy of *Grandison*, begging her to point out any error, knowing that she was thoroughly acquainted with the ways of good society. She began, but found that Richardson changed colour as she criticised, and then, muttering sullenly that if there were so many faults he supposed his best way was to throw it into the fire, the little man strutted off in dudgeon. He consulted also, of all men in the world, the rakish old Colley Cibber, as to the story of a "good man." The veteran actor, with many "egads," as he tapped his snuff-box and creased his little pig eyes, described his ideal, giving his hero a mistress in order to show his virtue in parting with her when he has chosen a lady to whom he pays honourable addresses. "'A male virgin!' said he; 'ha! ha! ha! hah!' when I made my objection to the mistress, and she another man's wife too, but ill-used by her husband; and he laughed me quite out of countenance," complains the shocked old moralist.

The novel which he had intended to entitle *A Good Man*, but wisely changed to *Sir Charles Grandison*, proceeded. Before the family was up he began his work, and in the forenoon in his summer house he read aloud instalments to his female friends. A knock at the door would sometimes announce Mr. Colley Cibber and his daughters, who had previously intimated his intended visit in this way: "The delicious meal I made of Miss Byron on Sunday last has given me an appetite for another slice of her off from the spit before she is served up to the public table; if about 5 o'clock to-morrow afternoon will not be inconvenient, Mrs. Brown and I will come and piddle upon a bit more of her, and pray let your whole family, with Mrs. R. at the head of them, come in for their share."

In 1753 *Sir Charles Grandison* appeared, and society was in a flutter, and the chorus of praise once more rung in the author's ear. "I look upon you," said his friend Dr. Young, the poet, "as a sure heir of a double immortality. When our language fails one indeed may cease" [though even that he doubts], "but the failure of the heavens and the earth will put no end to the other. These are great words, but your modesty must brave what your worth requires, and permit your friends to let loose the real sentiments of their hearts. Happy is the man whose head has secured him the one immortality and whose heart entitles him to the other." There were, of course, carping critics and scoffing men and women of fashion who wearied over its tedious length, and laughed at its dull morality. It is indeed feeble as a story, terribly prolix as a tract, and devoid of any centre of interest. Miss Byron, the chief correspondent, goes to London to visit relations, and no sooner is she there than she is beset by lovers, and offers pour in like boxes at Christmas. One rejected suitor, Sir Hargrave Pollexfen, abducts her from a masquerade; but the coach is stopped by a gentleman who hears a lady's cries, and she is rescued. This gentleman is Sir Charles Grandison, who takes her back to London. Still her admirers adore and pine; but her love is really fixed on her deliverer, whose graces and virtues charm society and cultivate all hearts. In the meantime Sir Charles's hand, if not his heart, is otherwise engaged. He had met and loved in Italy the Lady Clementina della Porretta, who when she found her faith as Roman Catholic an insuperable obstacle to her marriage with him, became mad. He returns to Italy, restores her to reason, and would have married her, allowing her to retain her faith, her confessor, her servants; but still her conscience hindered, and he returned free to marry Miss Byron. They live together, in happiness, models of Christian propriety and usefulness, he a perfect husband, she a model wife.

This simple history is prolonged to seven volumes of letters, full of records of endless talk, the humours and raillery of Miss Grandison, the solid opinions and conversations of Miss Byron, the graces, virtues, and sentiments of Sir Charles, and the powerful episode of Lady Clementina's love and madness. Sir Walter Scott tells of an old lady much subject to drowsiness who preferred above all works to hear *Sir Charles Grandison* read aloud, "because should I drop asleep in the course of the reading, I am sure when I awake to have lost none of the story, but shall find the party where I left them, conversing in the cedar parlour." The centre of attraction is Sir Charles—what he says, what he does, how he looks, being described in every letter with a soporific monotony of eulogy. One wearies of all this; and the young man of twenty-six who does everything right, who can disarm scoundrels and conquer ladies' hearts with equal ease, who brings a whole breakfast-party of rakes to penitence with bland self-possession; provides for his father's mistress, and provides his disreputable uncle with a wife with a fine air of superiority, may be perfect; but he irritates us. "Noblest of men" and "exalted being" are the terms of praise ceaselessly given him, and we feel impatient as we are called to admire everything he does—from his walk in life to his steps in a minuet. If he leaves a room it is "with a grace that is all his own"; when he goes to church "he edifies all by his cheerful piety"; his servants take away his plate "with silent reverence"; when he leads a lady to her chair it is "with an air that has all the real gentleman in it." When he good-naturedly tells an old suitor of his wife that he would be glad to see him at his house, this Mr. Orme in ecstasy exclaims: "'Good God, good God!' He burst into tears, he ran into the house to hide his emotion, but in vain. 'Forgive me,' said he; 'forgive me, Sir John' (who just came from taking leave of his noble guest), 'but there is no bearing this man's magnanimity.'" "Sir Charles Grandison's heart is the book of heaven—may I not study it?" asks a young admirer. The handsomest of men, most graceful of dancers, best of Christians, what fault has he? He says he is naturally passionate; we are called to admire his piety in controlling his passions. It is at last gently broken to us that he has *one* singularity—*his horses are not docked*, their tails being tied up when they are on the road. "But," says reassuringly Miss Byron, as we are suffering from this shock, "if he be of opinion that the tails of these noble animals are not only a natural ornament, but are of real use to defend them from the vexatious insects that in summer time annoy them, how far from a dispraise is this humane consideration!" After this all censure is shamed to silence. It must be confessed his manners are stiff as his brocaded coat, and he seems so stuffed with virtues as to move with difficulty. He proposes to Miss Byron in a solemn speech which fills twenty pages of admirable sentiments. When she compassionates the fate of Sir Hargrave Pollexfen, nothing can exceed Sir Charles's grace and graciousness: "In a soothing, tender, and respectful manner he put his arm round me, and taking my own handkerchief unresisted wiped away the tears as they fell on my cheek. 'Sweet humanity! charming sensibility! Check not the kindly gush. Dewdrops of heaven!' wiping away my tears and kissing the handkerchief; 'dewdrops of heaven from a mind like that heaven mild and gracious.'" Incarnation of virtue as he is, this saint of saints does not move us. We never can forget that he is put before us as a mere pattern gentleman. There is most wholesome, most admirable teaching in the volumes, and the hero, if pompous, is always manly, brave, even noble; but he has the fatal flaw of being tiresome. When, instead of fighting a duel with Sir Hargrave Pollexfen, he, uninvited, presents himself to breakfast with his baffled enemy, he treats the breakfast-party of *roués* to a speech on the folly and sin of duelling which bristles with references to Augustus and Mark Antony, Albanus and Tullius, the Horatii and Curatii, and he fills all with a profound veneration, and forces one to exclaim: "I had rather be Sir Charles Grandison for this past hour than the Great Mogul all my life." Admirable in moral lessons as the novel is, was society made one whit better by it? People were not converted by this very full-length portrait of a Christian gentleman, for they knew this very appeal against duelling came not from a brave man of the world but from a worthy tradesman who could not wear a sword without tripping over it, and whose acquaintance with lead was confined to that in his types. They laughed at his ignorance of high life. Lady Mary Montagu sneered at his dislike of masquerades, and suggested it arose from his never having had enough money to buy a ticket to see one. She haughtily complains of Charlotte Grandison's "coarse jokes and low expressions," and the young ladies in *Clarissa* "who romp like wenches round a maypole." "He should confine his pen to the amours of housemaids and the conversation at the steward's table, where I imagine he has sometimes intruded, though oftener in the servants' hall": so she wrote, but at the same time she sobbed over the volumes of *Clarissa*, and stayed up all night—"all night!" it would take a month—to finish them. We may accept the verdict of Lord Chesterfield when he said that "when he goes into high life he mistakes the modes, though to do him justice he never mistakes nature."

To *Sir Charles Grandison* is added the minutest index, perhaps, ever written, for the author had been recommended by Dr. Johnson to make an *index rerum* to *Clarissa*, and acted gratefully on the suggestion. There is further an index of "similes and allusions" for the use of readers who wish to commit to memory his sentiments. Now, Richardson had an utter lack of poetry, of fancy, and of wit; his sentiments are invariably platitudes and his similes the tritest of metaphors; and as to his phrases, we can only repeat what Rivarol cruelly said of an amiable man but very dull writer—"his epigrams do credit to his heart." We read at random in the index, the pages carefully being noted for reference: "Bad habits compared to the Jerusalem artichoke"; "Accumulated quarrels to the contents of a lady's work-bag"; "Lord G. with his collection of insects to the mountain and the mouse by his lively lady"; "Death to a river;" and so on for pages. It is difficult to conceive a man cataloguing such melancholy similes without being sad if they were his own or laughing if they were those of anybody else. Yet so much did Richardson and his little coterie admire the laudable maxims and moral utterances lavishly dispersed through his novels, that in 1755 he published "a collection of the moral and instructive sentiments, maxims, cautions, and reflections contained in the histories of Pamela, Clarissa, and Sir Charles Grandison digested under proper heads." Nothing more dreary can be found than this collection, for certainly Richardson is not brilliant in these extracts. We need to read with whatever difficulty his long voluminous novels till the letters bring the characters fully and familiarly before us, and become by familiarity real living beings with whom we have had a long and intimate acquaintance. Then we feel his power and genius, but not in isolated reflections which desolate the mind by their absence of light, life, and humour. Here we must differ from Dr. Johnson, who said: "Why, sir, if you were to read Richardson for the story your impatience would be so much fretted that you would hang yourself. But you must read him for the sentiment." After looking at them, we can understand what Heine said when asked if he had read a pamphlet by Venedy: "No, I can only read the great works of our friend. I like best three, four, or five volumes. Water on a large scale—a lake, a sea, an ocean—is a fine thing; but I can't bear water in a spoon."

With the production of *Sir Charles Grandison* Richardson remained content. He was not strong, he suffered from nervousness, which tar-water, three times a day, failed to cure, and he sought the ease of a retired citizen in his house in Parson's Green, to which he removed in 1754, in which year he was made Master of Stationers' Hall. For years he had been afraid, owing to giddiness, to go to church or theatre, and instead of ambling along on a steady horse the road which led to the City, he was reduced now to use a chamber-horse at home. But although he no longer wrote letters for literature, he kept up his correspondence with friends, and these letters from and to acquaintances reveal the good-natured, kindly character of the fussy old man, who was ever ready to help lads out of pocket, girls out of place, friends needing change of air, authors needing a cheap printer, booksellers needing a puffing preface. Mrs. Pilkington, the authoress of not quite spotless reputation, sends to him her "Lays" to be submitted to the author of *Night Thoughts*, "that master of all that is sublime, harmonious, and elegant." Now she writes beseeching that the chastity of Clarissa Harlowe may be spared; at another time she requests that "you will oblige me with a few sheets of gilt paper, a few pens, and a stick of sealing-wax, in order to write circular letters to the nobility who have honoured me with their notice." She begs for "a little old linen for mercy's sake." She writes to the patient old man that she would like the following advertisement printed—of course with no intention of paying for it: "At the Sign of the Dove in Great White Lion Street, near the Seven Dials, letters are written on any subject except the law by Latitia Pilkington, price one shilling. Also, petitions drawn at the same price." Another correspondent was Mr. Aaron Hill, retired poet and dramatist. He has been planting acres of vineyards at Plaistow, and sends to his friend some of his concoction which he audaciously calls "wine," and writes turgid letters full of praise proclaiming that "*Pamela* will live on through posterity with such unbounded extent of good consequences that twenty ages to come may be the better and wiser for its influence." Even Richardson, who fed on compliments like a canary on groundsel, modestly writes on the back of this epistle "Too much praise." On the death of Pope a letter arrives from Mr. Hill: "Mr. Pope, as you with equal keenness and propriety express it, is *gone out*. I told a friend of his who sent me the first news of it that I am sorry for his death, because I doubted whether he would live to recover the accident"; his popularity "arose originally but from meditated little personal assiduities and a little bladdery swell of management." It is owned he had a turn for verse; "but, rest his memory in peace! it will very rarely be disturbed by the time he himself is ashes." Little thought he that he himself was to live embalmed like a fly in amber only in the verses of the *Dunciad*. Meanwhile Mr. Hill, who was as unsuccessful in concocting plays which people refused to hear, as in composing wine which friends refused to drink, is anxious about his own little immortality, although when he offers Mr. Richardson the copyright of his works, his friend is forced to hint most painful truths which, put into plain words mean that no one could read them and no one would buy them: "Would to heaven," answers the good soul, obliged by courtesy to bless those works which audiences had damned, "that all men have the same opinion of your works that I have! But—shall I tell you, sir?—the world, the taste of the world is altered since you withdrew from it. Your writings require thought to read and to take in their full force; the world has no thought to bestow. Simplicity is all their cry." It is not surprising that Hill majestically replies: "As for the world and me, we are so well agreed in our contempt of each other that I feel no desire at all to undergo the imputation of contesting it." The author of *Alzire* little fancied that of his compositions there should only reach posterity the quatrain beginning, "Tender handed grasp a nettle," which he wrote on a window-pane. Other correspondents send their eager letters to North End. An Irish clergyman describes the misery all around him, and with piety remarks: "I know not how this may seem to others, but at the time it struck me with a full and pleasing conviction of the truths of Christianity, for are not want and sorrow necessary to this 'state of trial'?" The Rev. Percival Skelton pathetically complains that his Discourses go through the press so slowly, although urged by friends to publish them; "yet the booksellers despise them, and I am forced to print them when the season is over, or burn them. God's will be done! If I had written against my Saviour or His religion my work would long ago have been bought and reprinted and bought again. Miller would have been far advanced in his third edition of it." He hopes, therefore, "to be in the hands of God and not those of Mr. Miller," a prayer in which Mr. Miller no doubt devoutly joined. Dr. Young, whose *Night Thoughts* are printed at Salisbury Court, suggests that the advertisement of his poem should state, "printed by the author of *Clarissa*," to add to their fame. Dr. Johnson writes from the sponging house in Gough Street: "Sir, I am obliged to entreat your assistance. I am now under arrest for four pounds eighteen shillings." Those letters alternate with long epistles to young ladies on moral and social questions, with old lady admirers who criticise and laud his works, all so patient and verbose, and never so deadly to read as when he tries to be lively. His verdicts on contemporary authors are curiously unhappy, owing probably to the profound and exclusive admiration that Samuel Richardson had for the author of *Pamela* and *Clarissa.* Pope he fancied almost forgotten; Fielding, he fancied, would never be heard of more; and as to Sterne: "Who is this Yorick? you are pleased to ask me. You must imagine I have looked into his books—execrable I cannot but call them, for I am told that the third and fourth volumes are worse, if possible, than the two first, which I have had patience to run through; one extenuating circumstance attends his works, that they are too gross to be inflaming."

Certainly the novelist had his little weaknesses. Fussy, vain, self-important, his friends winced under his foibles; they saw he panted after praise, as the hart after the water-brooks; they even said that they could not go to his house without having the reading of some of his enormous letters inflicted on them; that he cared chiefly to talk of his own books; that he gave large vails to the servants at Mr. Speaker Onslow's to be well spoken of by them. "You think I love flattery," said Dr. Johnson one day, "and so I do; but a little too much always disgusts. That fellow Richardson, on the contrary, would not be contented to sail quietly down the stream of reputation without longing to taste the froth from every stroke of the oar." But his faults are very harmless, while his kindly qualities make us like the old man with his pocket full of sugar-plums for children, his home open for sick friends, his purse ready for the most confidently audacious claims upon it. It is characteristic that when Dr. Johnson is in a sponging house he writes to the printer for money to pay his debts a second time, so little doubting a favourable answer that he calls for another bottle of wine to drink to his release. Richardson furthered, if he did not originate, the first institution of a Magdalene hospital, which he makes Sir Charles Grandison advocate in the novel.

Richardson's days pass quietly at his villa at Parson's Green, where, though feeble and nervous, he still writes his letters and receives his visitors. His ruddy round face beams with respectful pleasure as he receives Lady Echlin, who, afraid lest her august presence should overwhelm the tradesman's household, begged that she might be received humbly and incognita as "Mrs. Robarts." Mr. Speaker Onslow comes and admires graciously the new house; and "my Lord of Oxford was here last Wednesday," he is gratified to record. The home circle at Parson's Green is a pleasant and quaint one under the exacting rule and amiable disposition of Mr. Richardson. Pompous and formal, he makes his daughters Sukey and Prissy, his "pretty prattlers," who copy his letters, very deferential to him (and when they write to him it is always as "honoured sir" and "ever dutiful"), until he complains that they are "shy little fools"; while his wife respectfully defers to him, and then quietly takes her own way.

On 4th July 1761 he died of apoplexy, at the age of seventy, and was buried, according to his will, near his first wife in St. Bride's Church, leaving thirty-four funeral rings: "Had I given rings to all the ladies who have honoured me with their correspondence and whom I venerate for their amiable qualities, it would in this solemn act appear like ostentation."

RUSSEL OF THE "SCOTSMAN"

Four years ago[1] there died one of the most representative of Scotsmen, and one of the most prominent men in Scotland, one whose writings had given more constant interest to politics and more vivacity to conversation for thirty years than those of any other man. His name was as familiar to every one in the obscurest cranny of the country as was his figure in Princes Street of Edinburgh. As he walked along to and from his office, big and burly, with his genial rubicund face full of clever expression, his tilted inquisitive nose, like an incarnate note of interrogation, his bright eyes peering through his spectacles, and his hat a little back on his enormous head, as if to see the better below as well as through his glasses, passers-by would whisper, "That's Russel of the *Scotsman,*" and then they would look back curiously to see his broad—not too gainly—shoulders disappear amongst the afternoon crowd, like a three-decker amidst a fleet of sloops.

A journalist's fame is slowly won, and painfully quickly lost; his writings appear without his name, so that his personality is hidden; the subjects on which he writes are ephemeral, so that his papers which to-day are, to-morrow are cast into the oven. Soon, therefore, his reputation, however great, passes away, and even a generation will soon arise in Scotland that knows not Russel. He himself used to speak of the sadly little which could survive of all he had written, and jokingly illustrated his case by that of Motherwell, the poet. In honour of the poet of unpoetic Paisley a banquet was given, and the chairman, in the festive enthusiasm of the hour, expressed his profound assurance, amidst general applause, as he named two songs by the guest of the evening, that they would last as long as literature itself. The poet writhed in his seat, and exclaimed in a hollow whisper to his neighbour: "Good heavens! here have I written five hundred poems, and he says only two songs will be immortal!" And yet, fleeting as his fame may be, for thirty years Russel was able to put the mark of his genius on the newspaper he edited, and by that paper to influence greatly the whole political and public affairs of Scotland, to represent lay opinion in ecclesiastical and economical questions, and common-sense in every social movement.

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[1] Part of this article appeared in *Fraser's Magazine* for September 1880.

Only Scotsmen can know what he was, and what he did; what exhaustless power of humour he had, which was always in such good humour with itself; what fun which relieved the heaviest and lightened the obscurest subjects, and was ever bubbling over into exuberant nonsense, or, more correctly, extravagant sense; how he could ridicule clerical and municipal folly, till it even laughed at itself; how he could bring to his service the most complex of blue books and most intricate of statistics, making them interesting to the dullest reader, and intelligible to the humblest town councillor; how he noted the flaws in public measures, and the inconsistencies of public men, and with remorseless tenacity of facts could show that politicians, like a certain class of individuals, need long memories, as at his word he made still-born pamphlets, abortive schemes, forgotten promises, rise from the dead past to judge the too confident statesman.

Dead now only four years, it is even already difficult to get details of the past life, and instances of the long-famed humour of this journalist who was so powerful, of this nature that was so charming; this writer with many foes, this man of many friends. These friends tell—and are never tired of telling—of the quickness of his conversational wit, the endless jokes and overflowing jollity, the stories that convulsed them in those old days and nights at dinner or supper parties, at social gatherings or sporting expeditions, or at "The Nest," that scene of many a convivial saturnalia of the Edinburgh Angling Club, with its "concourse wild of jocund din." But alas! when you say to these appreciative friends, "Come, do tell us something about him," they are silent. The charm is left on them, the impression of social delightfulness remains, and that is nearly all. Old admirers get quite pathetic over those old days, "which," they remark with more profound truth than novelty, "will never return," but they cannot paint them. They hail the bare recollection of old merry meetings with loud laughter, the only thing they can repeat with the slightest approach to accuracy. Over their claret, one says to another, "Do you mind that day when Russel and Maitland came in from the fishing?" and the other with rapture exclaims, "What a glorious day that was!" and then they fall into old-gentlemanly cachinnations and ecstasies of elderly delight, very quaint to behold, but very tantalising to the audience which did not happen to be there "that glorious day." As you listen to merriment over inimitable jokes you do not hear, at delicious jests they cannot for their life repeat, you feel provokingly like small boys outside a ring of grown-up people at a show. They hear them laughing and applauding, while they themselves can hear and see nothing at all except occasionally under the elbow of some one before them, when he chooses to raise his arm to wipe his mirthful eyes or blow his nose. It was ever thus. Even Ben Jonson had wondrous little to tell of those nimble encounters of wits in the "Mermaid," in his own giant days.

Alexander Russel was born in Edinburgh on 10th December 1814. His father, who was a solicitor, died when his son was young, leaving his family to the care of a mother who had much originality and great shrewdness of character. After a school life which was marked by his usual independence, relieved by keen sports and varied erratic reading, he entered a printing establishment, where he acquired that mechanical aptitude which served him well in his first connection with the press. Early in boyhood he became acquainted with Mr. John Johnstone, then editor of the *Inverness Courier*, and found true and kindly friends in him and his able wife, who edited *Tait's Magazine*, and who is best known as author of the novel *Clan Albyn*, and as chief contributor to *Edinburgh Tales*, which, if not read now, are still readable. Through them "Alick," as they called him, was introduced into literature, and by writing for *Tait's Magazine* he got practice for his pen, initiation into staunch Liberal politics, and acquaintance with literary characters of Edinburgh. Amongst these friends was Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, whose coarse humours afforded him much amusement and supplied him with many stories. One day Hogg took the Johnstones to one of those innumerable wells that bear the name of that seemingly bibulous Saint Mungo, and taking up a glassful of the enchanted water, he handed it to Mrs. Johnstone, saying, with a delicacy which was all his own, and fortunately that of nobody else: "Noo, mem, drink this; every leddy that takes a tumblerfu' o' this is sure to ha'e twins." "Indeed," Mrs. Johnstone with cautious hesitation answered, "then—I—think—I'll—take only *half* a tumblerful." Russel was working hard for his living, and all the harder because he enjoyed work, and liked to be independent of others, as he liked to be independent in his views. There was as much earnest as jest in his reply to a friend who asked him once: "What is your coat of arms?" "My shirt sleeves," he answered. Whig principles he espoused with all his heart, and defended with all his strength; and he used to tell how, when the news of the defeat of the Reform Bill in 1831 reached Edinburgh, full of excitement and wild indignation he rushed off from town, wandering about the Pentlands till darkness fell, trying to cool his youthful wrath in the bracing breezes of the unsympathetic hills.

Adopting journalism as a profession, he was appointed editor of the *Berwick Advertiser* in 1839. His remuneration was not enormous—£70 per annum, paid in weekly instalments. "For this," wrote the proprietor, "I will expect you to devote a portion of each day, less or more, to the reading of newspapers, selecting and abridging from them Parliamentary reports and other news. New publications and the literary periodicals must have your notice. And you will also have to write political articles and a summary of news such as we have hitherto had. On the occurrence of an election or any great meeting I will require your aid in reporting. And, lastly, the attacks of our political adversary will be expected to produce your retort." The last clause is decidedly good. And in such euphemistic and highly dignified terms the new editor was appointed to maintain Whig principles, and crush his political rival with the well-known urbanity of a provincial print. Local newspapers must indulge in personal amenities; else how can inhabitants exist in these dull country towns, where the streets are usually so deserted that on a market-day you wonder where on earth the people have come from, as much as you wonder at the buzzing noisy reappearance of flies on the window panes, on a sunny winter's day, from behind the genial retirement of the shutters; there citizens have nothing to excite them, and, as Heine says, you feel inclined to kick your dog for the mere sake of variety. There is little to arouse the feeblest minds except the diatribes of their newspapers, which lash, with sublime moral indignation and withering scorn, the iniquities of pernicious magistrates, who have hitherto been mistaken for men of ordinary virtue in the bosom of their too loving families. What a blessing to the dreary inhabitants are those scathing articles, written in the evening, after a ferocious dietary of tea and buttered toast, when the editor, having nothing particular to say, writes letters to himself signed "Ajax," "Junius Brutus," "Fiat Justitia," and then refers to such valuable communications in his leader, as from his "esteemed correspondents," who have revealed, perhaps, the startling fact that a public pump has been erected near the Established clergyman's house, to the manifest and deliberate inconvenience of dissenting lieges. Upon which a furious attack is written by him (toddy being brought in by the landlady after the tea is removed), and the political adversary is reminded that the eyes of an outraged public are fastened on this grossly Erastian pump. Into such local squabbles Russel, of course, entered with immense zest and glee, and certainly did not wait for his political adversary to assail him before he opened fire. But the prescribed editorial work did not take up all his time; nights when fun was fast and furious alternated with evenings full of steady quiet reading, and it was during his stay in Berwick that he laid in that store of literary information which used to puzzle friend and foe alike, as he illustrated his arguments with choice bits from Swift, apt couplets from Pope, recondite passages from Dryden, lines from Goldsmith and Thomson. Big volumes in shorthand still survive full of copious extracts from authors, chiefly in old standard English literature, whom he loved to quote throughout his journalistic career, and he was specially fond of the old-fashioned poetry, with its formal measure, and its feet that are as stately as a minuet. While he followed his own courses, one relative, however, took anxious care in his proceedings. His uncle, Colonel Somerville, a sort of Major Pendennis, used to write to his regardless nephew long letters in foolscap—postage unpaid—replete with old-fashioned admonition, bidding him have no dealings with "that apostate Brougham," and (added the old gentleman in an agony of propriety) "for heaven's sake, sir, wear straps." It is much to be feared that the advice, political and sartorial, of this respected relative had no appreciable effect whatever except amusement. We are not quite sure whether it was this relative of the editor's who was noted for his unpunctuality, and at whose funeral J. Hill Burton arrived and found that everybody was waiting, and that the coffin had not yet appeared. "Confound him," testily muttered the historian, "here's Somerville at his old tricks again—he's always late!"

In 1842 Russel was appointed editor of the *Fife Herald.* In his new post he had more congenial work, and in his new residence he had more genial society; for the quaint crotchety ways of a Scotch burgh must have pleased him infinitely more than the hybrid politics and neutral character of a border town like Berwick, which had the full flavour and characteristics of neither England nor Scotland. The best qualities of the journalist now got free play, and the Scotch political leaders soon recognised his power and welcomed his friendship, while eager readers enjoyed his rollicking fun, and sedate citizens shook their heads over his audacious assaults on time-honoured ways. How he enjoyed the burghal absurdities of Cupar, its gravity in small things, its littleness in dealing with big things! Solemnly he sat, pencil in hand, taking reports of presbytery and town council proceedings by day, and riotously he laughed them down at night. Here, too, "the attacks of the political adversary were expected to produce a retort," and the expectation was not disappointed. Politics in Fife were keen, and party feelings were strong, so that every week the Whig *Fife Herald* and the Tory *Fifeshire Journal* attacked each other with appalling fury. The Tory paper was under the editorship of James Bruce, an able, genial, accomplished man (not unknown in literature, by his *Classic Portraits* and *Eminent Men of Aberdeenshire*), and while the rival papers were in deadly hostility the rival editors were boon companions, and would make merry at night over the virulent leaders of the morning in which they assailed each other, and sometimes they would exchange editorial chairs and attack their own papers. One day they dined out together, and they dined not wisely but too well, so that Bruce was unable to write the leader, which was eagerly looked for in consequence of a furious article by Russel in the previous *Herald*. In his distress he asked his political enemy to write it for him—a leader in the *Journal* in reply to himself. This, of course, Russel did at once, and the Tory citizens in the town innocently sang pæans of rapture over the splendid slashing which the *Herald* had richly deserved and righteously received. Smaller men than Bruce and Russel would have, in their earnestness, thought parochial politics too momentous to play with; but with an irreverence which made them to secretly exchange papers and ostensibly assault themselves, they entered into the real absurdity of those local affairs which made every grocer's heart to swell with excitement, and of the quaint "pomp and circumstance" of offices which fill every bailie's mind with sublime importance.

In the course of two years Russel, after an unsuccessful application for the editorship of a Glasgow paper, became editor of the *Kilmarnock Chronicle*, newly started, and for six months he resided in that town, of which he had ever afterwards no very savoury recollections. During this time, also, he had been appointed by Mr. Duncan Maclaren to write leaders in an Anti-Corn Law newspaper, called the *Chronicle*, at the rate of £50 a year, and to attack with all his force the Protectionist party. This brought him into correspondence with the great League Council, and brought him more under the notice of Richard Cobden. Soon, however, a post was offered him which fulfilled his journalistic ambition. His writings in Cupar had attained more than local fame, and were sometimes quoted in influential papers throughout Scotland, and attracted the attention of the proprietors of the *Scotsman*. In 1845 he was appointed sub-editor, with a salary beginning at the humble sum of £150, while he was occasionally to act also as a reporter. Mr. Charles Maclaren was at that time the editor-in-chief. He was the type of a hard-headed, sagacious, unhumorous Scotchman; very sensible, very well informed, and rather dull. He knew political economy as thoroughly as he did geology. His conscientious articles were written with great pains, and the sentences were so carefully rounded that they immediately rolled off every reader's recollection. He would examine a ridiculous town council squabble with as much sobriety as he would a piece of Silurian strata. A joke he could in a manner see, but certainly he could not *feel* it; and he would laboriously turn it round and round, as if it were a curious specimen, and carefully examine it to see what was in it. For instance, some one having quoted from *Candide* the incident which veraciously relates that every time Dr. Pangloss coughed he spat out a tooth, the editor, gravely calculating how few teeth man has at his best estate, after a pause of serious rumination, very thoughtfully remarked: "Well, he couldn't go on long at that rate." Now, however, he had a colleague who was his opposite in everything except staunch Liberalism and steady accuracy, and he could only marvel mutely and awfully, as does a sedate hen that has hatched a duckling, at the exuberance of humour and the fertility in resource of his sub-editor. In perfect astonishment he observed that his young man could joke on everything. "Now," added he, "for my pairt I can joke, but then I joke with deeficulty." Many editors, we believe, test the powers of aspirants to journalism by turning them into a room, giving them a subject to write upon, pen and ink to write with, and an hour or two to write in. One able editor I have heard say how he was thus tried, and had as his subject, "On such and such a day Canton was lighted with gas." What original and valuable reflections he made on the progress of civilisation he knows not now ; but Mr. Russel asserts that Charles Maclaren had two testing themes—the ballet and the ballot, which he pronounced "the ballett and the ballott." Russel's own reputation, however, being already made, he had no such trials to go through, and, indeed, by the end of the year his chief ceased to act as editor, although he held the post formally till 1849, when he finally retired, owing to an honourable aversion from receiving credit for work he had not done.

We have been told by one who heard them that the last words of Lord Elgin on his death-bed were, "I wonder what the *Times* will say of me," and this anxiety assuredly did not arise from fear of what the *Times* itself might say, but of what his country thought of him ; for he knew well that what such a paper said to-day, society either had thought yesterday or would repeat to-morrow. Now people are apt to estimate very lightly the power of a Scotch paper in comparison with that of such great English contemporaries, just because they forget that its influence may be really deeper, though not nearly so wide. In London there are so many able newspapers, all competing with each other, each speaking to some particular section of readers, and trying to neutralise the effect of the others, that no one journal is omnipotent. What is brilliantly said in one to-day is unsaid by others as effectively to-morrow; the statesman run down by some is run up by a dozen others, while each class hears little of what any paper says except that which it takes to echo its sentiments, and to furnish it with much-needed ideas. In Scotland, however, where there was only one powerful representative Liberal paper, which had no Conservative rival of any force, which was read by men of both parties and of all ranks, its influence was enormous to shape political thought in every town and village in the country, and every class of the people. When Russel sat in the editor's chair, article after article came forth which surprised by its easy mastery of every political subject, and delighted by its easy humour; and as each morning's paper appeared in many remote country houses that wearied for the midday post, and in every bustling town eyes scanned eagerly the columns to see if there was another racy article out, and as they read the eyes brightened, the mouth relaxed into an expectant grin, and the grin widened into a broad laugh; acquaintances meeting in the streets on their way to business would ask, "Have you seen the *Scotsman* this morning? Russel is simply splendid to-day"; for everything was called Russel's, and "Russel of the *Scotsman*," and "the *Scotsman* of Russel" were reversible terms in the popular mind. Every wide political question was discussed with admirable pith and ingenuity; but what the ordinary people enjoyed most, we suspect, was often its "admirable fooling," and no country gives finer scope for it than Scotland. The country is so small that in unimportant towns self-important individuals, with that spirit of publicity which they mistake for public spirit, soon become conspicuous, and at once become absurd in the fierce light that beats around a provost's life. They magnify their office, and the office magnifies them still more, and once in the giddy height of a little magistracy, they generally lose their heads, and always lose their tempers, over such excitable and cognate questions as drains, religion, middens, churches, and water-rates. In such burghs, where there is no intellectual atmosphere to breathe, culture dies like mice in an exhausted receiver, and sectarian bigotry springs up, as mushrooms grow by excluding the light. Russel knew this well, and he was always on the outlook for civic and clerical scenes which were too much for his gravity, and which gave full scope for his Gargantuan mirth. Public bodies, busybodies, and presbyteries were invaluable to him, and after he had exhausted many a leader upon some foolish divine or eminent citizen, he knew that he would break out in fresh places again, and afford supply for further amusement. "There are pickings on him yet," the editor would confidently say. He simply revels when a Free Kirk presbytery denounces the Queen for congratulating the Pope on attaining his twenty-fifth year of office, on the score that it is immoral to congratulate the Man of Sin on his having finished twenty-five years of iniquity, or to wish the Son of Perdition "long life and prosperity"; when there is a Radical town council that will not officially go to an Erastian church; when the Court of Session decides that it is legal for a magistrate of Auchtermuchty to term the Procurator-Fiscal "a puppy," with a big D, although the injured official plaintively pleads that "he is not the offspring of a female dog, he is a responsible being, fearfully and wonderfully made"—a position the Court willingly allowed. Is there a civic intrigue, or a public jobbery? He ferrets the delinquents out, and makes them bolt from all their holes. Or a piece of sectarian intolerance? Is there a day of solemn humiliation and prayer over an epidemic which proceeds from want of cleanliness, rather than want of godliness? or a solemn fast by a penitent and hungry nation, because of a dearth which is due, not to Providence, but to improvidence? Do English clergy insist on the sacred right and luxury of burying Dissenters, as Sydney Smith expressed his ardent desire to burn a Quaker? Then sarcasm, ridicule, and argument were poured forth in leader after leader to induce people to return to their senses if they ever had any. Though no arithmetican, he could extract the meaning out of the most complex statistics, and nimbly work the figures into his argument, as a weaver works the threads into his web, as he showed in his masterly Free Trade advocacy.

With equal glee and pains he ransacks all the blue books and registrar's returns, when, during an election, Wigtown alone, of all the districts in Scotland, sends to Parliament a Tory for both county and burgh. With deep, sorrowful gravity, without a smile in a sentence, he shows that there are to be found a larger percentage of lunatics, of paupers, of illiterate persons, and illegitimate children than any other part of Scotland, and lets his readers draw their own conclusion from the coincidence — is Toryism due to these social conditions, or are these social conditions due to Toryism? The strange co-existence of Sabbatarianism, orthodoxy, sectarian zeal, and immorality in Scotland—where, to use O'Connell's parody of Hamlet, "the christening baked meats do coldly furnish forth the marriage table"—was too incongruous not to meet with his satire, as it has everywhere met with amazement. By the way, it would almost seem a significant fact that the Shorter Catechism is always printed with the multiplication table at the end. Whether this practice is a cause or a prophecy of the undue increase of population combined with orthodoxy, we cannot say.

While Russel staunchly supported Whig measures and Whig leaders, he never felt it the duty of a journal which assumes a high place to be the mere mouthpiece of a party or the obsequious echo of a statesman. Never extreme in his views, he said that the present Lord Derby, if he only joined the Liberal side — a wish now fulfilled — would represent best his principles. Whenever an aggressive or retrogressive movement was begun, he firmly set his foot upon it. He and the proprietors of the newspaper were too honest to justify measures which they deemed unjustifiable, whatever people might say, or however subscribers might murmur. Bravely and alone the *Scotsman* ridiculed the alarms of Papal Aggression and condemned the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill of 1851, when even staid citizens lost their head, as much as fanatic Protestants, who, "like those who take hay-fever the moment they smell grass, can never be expected to keep their senses when the faintest whiff of Pope is in the air." Then in one day, by one post, a third of the subscribers gave up the paper—and that was no slight matter at a time when the subscribers were only a twelfth of the present number. In the course of his editorship he had many a hard fight to make in defence of his Whig principles; and during a general election the tide of political feeling in many a constituency was turned by his advocacy, while he must have been a rash man who stood as a Liberal when the *Scotsman* opposed him. In his own town he was not always successful, however. In vain he tried to moderate the bitter bigotry which in the anti-Maynooth agitation led to Macaulay's rejection in Edinburgh; in vain he tried to hush the anti-Papal outcry which led to the abortive Ecclesiastical Titles Bill; in vain he opposed the petty Radical cliques which caused nobodies to be sent to represent the Scottish capital in Parliament; single-handed he fought when in 1854 Macaulay retired, and fortunately Adam Black was returned. In 1868 we find him anxious to get a man of mark to stand for the city. He asked Dickens, but in October Dickens wrote: "My conviction that I am more useful and happy as I am than I should be in Parliament, is not to be shaken. There is no man in Scotland from whom I would consider this suggestion a greater honour." And months before—in July—Russel had been in correspondence with Sir Henry L. Bulwer, who consented at his request to stand if there was any chance of success. But, though not omnipotent in Edinburgh, his influence was immense throughout the country. When Sir William Harcourt swooped down upon the Kirkcaldy Burghs to oust in 1858 the old Whig member, the *Scotsman* attacked him with unequalled energy and persistency day by day. Harcourt rejoined as day by day Russel assailed him, and no terms were measured, no love was lost. It is well known how a criticism on Mr. Duncan Maclaren, M.P., caused an action of libel in 1852, resulting in damages of £400 against the *Scotsman*. "Very hard," as Russel would plaintively remark, "for only quoting what somebody else had said." Libelled for having likened a respectable M.P. to a "snake," the editor said, in a very rare pun, referring to his opponent's arithmetical skill, "if he is not a snake, no one can deny at least that he is a remarkable *adder*." In Christmas of that year there was presented to the proprietors of the paper a cheque for £1000, to cover all the legal costs. Four years after, subscriptions to the extent of £1770 were given by friends and Liberals; and in the form of silver plate a testimonial was presented to Russel, for his unsurpassed services to the Liberal cause. And indeed in ecclesiastical questions the same impartial love of fairness and freedom was shown. Evangelical, Ritualist, Broad Churchman, Gorham, Bennett, Colenso in England, Dr. Robert Lee in Scotland, had each and all toleration demanded for them; and it mattered nothing to him that after some bold article, next morning's post brought letters from indignant subscribers, saying: "Sir, be good enough to cease sending me your paper from this date."

Although, like the famed terrier, "he just had never enuff o' fechtin'," he had no personal enmities. He fought as a politician, he jested as a humourist, but he was not a good hater. "Do you forgive your enemies?" asked the father confessor of Narvaez on his death-bed. "I have no enemies," replied devoutly the old marshal: "I have killed them all." In a milder sense, Russel could be said to have no enemies; he had fought them all, demolished most, and the rest he laughed away. Those may laugh who win, but Russel won because he laughed. Not that many were not angry at a man whose ridicule they feared; and to this day, I dare say many bear a grudge against a man who made them look surprisingly like fools. "A man of nae principles, sir," some ridiculed town councillor *de jure* and shoemaker *de facto* would remark in his shop, with his fingers inserted defiantly in his waistcoat, and his nose independently in the air, to an afternoon audience of open sympathisers and secret rejoicers round his counter. "A man, gentlemen, who has no regaird for the Sawbath, and is weel kent to have nae religion ava." Yes: when a man's pride is hurt, it is difficult for him to forgive, and nothing can make up for the loss of dignity to those who have very little of it to spare. As Mr. Lowe said to Russel, "You can't unpull a man's nose."

When Mr. Russel joined the *Scotsman* it came out twice a week, on Wednesday and Saturday; and only when the newspaper stamp duty was abolished, in 1855, did it come out daily, and then even in the modest dimensions of a moderate sized pocket-handkerchief. In the old bi-weekly times it was comparatively easy work for a journalist. Then he could think out, read up, and talk over a subject, while an editor like Maclaren gravely tapped out geological specimens with his hammer, or Russel grew wild over curling; and when he had written on it, two days at least would pass before fresh news would arrive to cruelly overturn, like a castle of cards, every ingeniously constructed theory. Nowadays, however, what he has written in the afternoon may be contradicted at night, and he has leaders to write on speeches not yet spoken, or being delivered as he writes at one or two in the morning. Waiting in his office till three o'clock, he has to hurry off an article on a debate still going on, the telegraph clicking its report as he discusses it, and amidst the noise and rush overhead of busy footsteps preparing the paper for the press. Mr. Russel illustrated the contrast between present days of hurry and the leisurely times when news jogged laboriously along at ten miles an hour by post, by the little incident of a clerk in the *Scotsman* office in London being locked out, and unable by his knocking to rouse the sleeping clerk within. In a minute he wires to the office in Edinburgh, requesting a telegram to be sent to the office in Fleet Street, to bid the slumbering clerk let him in. Quickly the telegram comes, and the tinkle of the bell opens the sleeper's eyes, and he reads the message, "Open the door." While all-important news took days to travel when Russel began work, long before he ends it a message travels 900 miles in a few minutes on the insignificant errand of directing that a door be opened, while the man hardly leaves the door-step till it is done. And yet he considered that the average articles of to-day are quite as good as in the deliberate days of old. Albany Fonblanque wrote two short leaders a week for the *Examiner*, and found his strength exhausted, and needed his two or three months of autumn yachting to recruit; but the modern journalist, who has six articles a week, at least, to write, works at high pressure. He cannot elaborate, and often is in consequence all the more successful. The points that strike the editor's mind to-night are just those which will convince the citizen's mind to-morrow; the arguments which come soonest into his head are exactly those which will most readily enter into other people's. No doubt leaders, which, like rolls, must come piping hot to breakfast, get a little stale by keeping; but they form that daily bread which nourishes wonderfully the political system of the people.

Fonblanque would sometimes write out his brilliant but fastidious papers ten times over, repointing every epigram, repolishing every antithesis; but in a popular paper to write twice is to spoil once and for all. You may manipulate wit as you please; you cannot, however, elaborate humour, which must be spontaneous.

Russel for many years had to go off to his office every night, and returned about three or four o'clock in the morning, after seeing the paper to press. Sometimes he wrote three articles a day, and, if in the spirit, with coat off, would do them with great rapidity. At other times his mode of composition was erratic; when puzzled to gather his thoughts, he would walk round the room, or saunter purposelessly from room to room, asking, perhaps, irrelevant questions with an absent look while he was thinking out some knotty point. At home, with coat off, he would write eagerly, occasionally stopping in the course of some close argument to rush and cuddle his children, making them scream with laughter as he made some preposterous joke, or rolling with them on the floor. Then, having relieved his paternal feelings and his editorial thoughts, he would sit down with restored energy to crush a bigot or scathe a charlatan, to expose the absurdities of a Cupar magistrate or examine the delinquencies of a Cabinet Minister. Two books he had always by his side—a concordance to Shakespeare and a concordance of the Bible, both of which he knew astonishingly well; the latter, indeed, so well, that the misquotations in the pulpit made him assert that none knew the Bible less than ministers. When in conversation on any acrostic a scriptural "light" was needed, he was sure to answer it. If he was wont to startle reverent natures by the audacity with which he couched his humour in biblical phrase, and shocked even still more some Presbyterian souls by his irreverence in using the quaint language of the Shorter Catechism, he after all meant no harm. Indeed, the articles, we suspect, which annoyed some prudish minds most he did not write. It is well known that the editor had happy skill not merely in writing bracing articles himself, but also in selecting other men to write them; and not the least of the many trials of editors must be the ordeal of receiving high compliments for leaders they had never composed. While often letters would come to him from admiring friends, saying that "they were glad to recognise his fine Roman hand at last"—he having written without intermission for months; at other times, "one of the best things you ever did, Russel," friends would pleasantly say of an article he had never touched. Of course, on these trying occasions he looked in answer with an air of simple bashfulness which confirmed them in their sagacious opinion, and gave them the satisfactory impression they had done and said a very kind thing.

While thus busy day and night in his editorial work, he had to correspond with and to be interviewed by political and local magnates from all quarters; to advise not only Whig leaders, but burghs in search of a candidate and candidates in search of a burgh; different classes, who besought him to find a class representative; and farmers, who came to him professing themselves indifferent as to political opinions, but wishing from him a member "soond on hares and rabbits." Deputations came to win his favour; committees came to deprecate his wrath; and irrepressible distinguished citizens and bores came to "talk over matters." If an unknown candidate started for any place, he knew at once all his antecedents; or, if he did not at the moment recollect, up went his spectacles over his forehead, his features puckered with aggrieved perplexity, as he muttered, rubbing his bald head, "Bless my soul! My memory *must* be going," merely because he did not remember what it would be a marvel if any mortal knew; then gradually his face would brighten as he called to mind some appearance or disappearance of the gentleman in question in rather equivocal circumstances, and with rather shady views, long years ago, in some obscure nook of the political world. On one occasion Lord John Russell was wondering in some company who a certain person was, when the editor reminded him that he had been one of his lordship's own secretaries.

Besides these distractions, he found time for reading and for reviewing, for occasionally writing for the *Edinburgh*, or the *Quarterly*, or for *Blackwood.* Turning to one article in the *Edinburgh* on "The Highlands—Men, Sheep, and Deer," we find a very good example of his thorough and careful work, his curious versatility of illustration and argument, as he argues in opposition to the outcry against depopulation raised by poets, theorists, sentimental uneconomists, and politicians. The manner in which he begins must have delighted the commonsensical mind of excellent old Charles Maclaren.

> Not many false sentiments have had more injurious or foolish consequences than that to which Goldsmith gave new wings when he sent forth the assertion—
>
> A time there was, ere England's griefs began,
> When every rood of ground maintained its man.
>
> It is rather sharp practice to encounter poetry with arithmetic, but it may be useful to hint, by way of illustration, that a rood of ground never yet maintained its man in England or anywhere else. It takes four roods of pretty good ground to maintain a sheep. Although England now maintains at least threefold the population of the time ere her griefs began, it is found that even in her richest agricultural districts sixteen roods are required to maintain a

man. In Ireland an attempt was made to make ten roods maintain their man—perhaps the nearest approach ever made in these latitudes to the Goldsmithian proportions—and we saw and felt what it came to.

And so he goes on with curious detail to expose one by one the pathetic crotchets of sentimentalists. He even explodes the notion that Highlanders are a military race, and examines carefully the lists of militia, where he finds that from the great recruiting districts of the Highlands only nine men are drawn, the three from Skye being due to indomitable exertions for weeks of certain officers sent to these regions, as being specially influential; and he points out how, even at the end of last century, the sons of proprietors who received commissions on raising a certain number of men, were not extremely successful. An officer sent up to receive the warlike recruits, asked, "Where are the volunteers?" "Tied up by ropes in the barn," was the answer he got. All the details which he works out are characteristic of his style of workmanship, and his keen exquisitiveness—not inquisitiveness—caused every fact he got, from Highland drover by the loch side, or blue book in his study, to be helpful in establishing some social theory or elaborating some economical problem.

The cares and fatigues of the office were not, however, without relaxation. Now he was in Ireland with his friend, Mr. Hill Burton; now, with the same companion, "jumping" in Jura (for he protested it was impossible to "walk," and only possible to progress there by "jumps" over hag and crag and bog). One year he was in Skye, another fishing by the Ettrick, another in Sutherland, letting few facts or fish escape him. Then he felt the glory of having no work to do to-day, of having no care for the morrow. Palmerston might declare war, but amongst the hills around Gairloch he would never hear it; Disraeli might change his policy, and Gladstone might denounce it; but neither the epigrams, which passed for convictions, of the one, nor the mellifluous sentences of the other, awoke echoes by the side of Loch Maree. What mattered it to him, in his holiday enthusiasm, even if, as he unreeled his rod, the keeper damped his matutinal ardour by telling him there was "only a happenin' beast," or by owning grudgingly that "there micht be a traunsient brute." There he stood in the stream as the hours went expectantly by, cold, lonely, and chittering; for though—as he wrote—"the wind was in his eye and the water in his boots, yet hope, the charmer, lingers still in his heart." [The printers, to his vexation, *would* persist in printing the sentiment: "Hope lingers in his *hat*."] There he would stay "till the hour when no man can fish, and every sensible man takes the thought of what he shall eat and how much he shall drink and wherewithal he shall be bed-clothed." Sweet was it for him on Loch Assynt—as he wrote in *Blackwood*—

to glide about on a summer's day, on the now leaden, now golden surface, of this hill-encircled sea—"gazing untired, the morn, the noon, the eve away"—now gloomed beneath the almost mingling shadows of Coinag and Ben More, then dazzled and oppressed by the rays poured down from the mid-day sun, multiplied and intensified by the ramparts of rock, no sound but the clatter of the cascades, high and unseen upon the mountain side; the scream of the bird of prey in the sky above, and, not least sweet, the plungings of the fish in the water below. Even one such day is recompense for months by-past, and materials for refreshing memories during months to come of toils and anxieties in the sweltering city. Nor less, though different, are the delights of straying at will through an endless series, or rather, labyrinth, of lakes—here one fringed with copse and isleted by rocks, clothed with the silver-stemmed and trembling birch; there one gorgeously carpeted with water-lilies, next another black and barren.

Yet amidst all his amusements he had his eyes, ears, and mind open to everything. There was not a shepherd he met by the river side that he did not question, it might be about the relative feeding properties of the soil or feeding powers of the sheep and deer; not a farmer did he meet and delight with his talk over their toddy at the little inns, from whom he had not quietly extracted facts about the rental, manure, and cropping. He had a wonderful tact in drawing out anybody, for he had as great a facility in being good-naturedly interested in uninteresting people. At once he put himself on the best of terms with every one he met, and there was no man, he held, so stupid, but that through his personal experience he knew something better than anybody else. Of course, everything ludicrous took his finely outrageous fancy, as when he broaches a delightful theory that Highlanders kept to their native districts because of the difficulty presented to Highland emigration by the demand of a halfpenny pontage at Perth. A local guide-book, having described some wretched elevations as "the most beautiful hills in Scotland," he is reminded of a funny passage in Miss Porter's *Scottish Chiefs* (which he cannot possibly have read since boyhood) where she speaks of the Scottish army wheeling its march along beneath the frowning gigantic range of the Corstorphines. The absence of trees in Caithness caught his whimsical compassion, for is it not asserted that "up Strathaladale, within the Sutherland boundaries, there is a clump of the scrubbiest birches that ever disgraced the name of 'a wood'; and the Caithness people came thirty or forty miles to picnic on that happy bog, and revel in forest scenery." This Caithnessian defect is visible even in the interiors of the churches, the timber in which the natives owe much more to the sea than to the land; and even pulpits, it is said, being ordinarily constructed, and that with little adaptation to altered circumstances, out of the wrecks of fishing boats. He audaciously asserts that "in one Caithness kirk which had been fitted up with timber not much altered from the state in which it had been cast ashore, a friend found himself embarked in a pew inscribed, 'The Brothers of Banff';

while the minister appeared to be considerably at sea in a pulpit which, as all men might read, had in its unregenerate days buffeted the waves as the 'Jane of Portsoy.'"

Meanwhile, though enjoying richly the ludicrous aspects of everything, few men were more susceptible to the charms and beauty of scenery—the song of the birds, the glint of light and play of shadows upon the mountain side, the solemn loveliness of silent moorland lochs, and the hoary memories of historic scenes. Few men knew, few men gave him credit for deeper thoughts than those he spoke lightly and jocularly to his friends, and yet few could describe better and feel more keenly than he, at once the humours of men, the pleasures of sport, and the picturesqueness and mystery of nature; this we see in his paper on his "Angling Saunter in Sutherland":—

> At Scourie, if the angler, slightly sated by diligence in his proper avocation, desires to seek variety of interest, he has it at hand. There is the island of Handa, probably the most stupendous cliff scenery in the British islands. No description, no expectation, is felt adequate when, after the slow ascent from the landward side of the island, you at once stand on a wall of rock 700 feet sheer above the Atlantic, which chafes and thunders eternally against that mighty battlement. Here the front presented to the assailing surges is without ledge or cleft that would give footing to a bird, or hiding to an insect. There you see it rent and worn by the storms of ages, and look down upon the fallen turrets and upon the savage and half-enroofed bays, within which the wild waters are at one moment lying in grim repose, the

next roaring and leaping in fierce impatience. Standing on this sublime rampart, awed by the alternating silence and the thunder of ocean's artillery, as each slow, succeeding wave crashed against the repelling rock, or rushed booming into the caves and bays, a singing bird, unseen on the face of the cliff, sent forth a strain so low, so clear, so sweet, like a spirit visitant from some far and better world. Awe stole in by eye and ear in presence of that truceless war between the invading ocean and the defying land; but so it was—a deeper though less dreary dread came from the faint notes of that tiny and unseen songster. No fine-strung mental frame was required to hear in it an echo and memory of that "still small voice," which, issuing we know not whence, is heard ever and again amid the loudest storms and fiercest tumults of our mortal state.

We think that a man who could write in such a strain and with such a style had powers of tender feeling and expression far greater than either the outside world, or even his intimate friends, ever gave him credit for possessing.

In these angling expeditions Russel acquired a remarkable acquaintance with the rivers and with their inmates; of every salmon cast and every bend of the streams; and of the deep mysterious question, "What is a parr?" And his knowledge, theoretical and practical, rendered his frequent evidence valuable before Parliamentary Committees, and his suggestions practical in legislation. Writing with readiness and fulness of information, his articles in the *Quarterly*, *Blackwood*, and the *Scotsman* were afterwards expanded into his well-known work on *The Salmon.* We know not whether it is piscatorial heresy in him to hold that "trout fishing is not only a more delightful amusement, but also a higher art" than salmon fishing :—

> A really good trout fisher—that is, not a trout fisher who can take trouts under circumstances when anybody else can take them, but who can conquer the most perplexing difficulties, and circumvent the most sharpened instincts—is a person of higher accomplishments and greater merit than an equally good salmon fisher, somewhat in the same proportion that a trout which knows every pebble in its haunt and is familiar with every kind of worm of the earth, and insect of the air, to say nothing of a ripened repugnance to steel and feathers, is a better informed and more sceptical fish than a salmon which has only left the ocean a few days or hours, is a stranger to everything that comes before its eyes and is offered to its mouth. The knowledge required for salmon angling is chiefly local—the knowledge of every spot, never to be inferred certainly from mere appearances, where the fish is lying, if he is lying anywhere—whilst the knowledge required for trout is chiefly a knowledge of the whole habits and instincts of the race. Again, salmon being few but ignorant, and trout numerous but knowing, the capture of *that* is largely a matter of chance—of *this* almost purely a matter of skill.

By the Ettrick, where he often resorted, he had much to try his skill, and a good deal more to try his patience; and we suspect the Lowlanders were not so "poor spirited" as the Highlanders, who in Sutherland incurred the lofty contempt of the Southern keepers. "*Them* poach!" said to the editor one who had confessedly "dune something on his ain accoont," both with gun and leister, on his native Ettrick. "When I cam' first, I gaed to the folk in the clachan up there, and said, quite bold: 'I hear ye hae guns amang ye; you maun pit them awa'.' Ye'll no believe me, sir, but the puir-speerited deevils actually did it. Besides, if ane o' them does mair guid for himsel' ony nicht than the rest o' them, some o' them is sure to tell. Hoo can folk be poachers when they've nae honour?"

It was on one of these fishing holidays that a minister met him, and on the editor asking him if he ever fished, he answered that "he was only a fisher of men." "I am afraid you don't make much of it, then," rejoined Russel; "for I looked into your creel on Sunday, and there was very little in it."

It must be owned that Russel's attainments as a shot did not equal by any means his talents as a fisher. When at the places he rented in Berwickshire or Selkirkshire, it was a merry sight to see and hear him sally forth, in the bright autumn forenoon, with deer-stalker cap on head, shooting coat bringing the burly form into very prominent relief, and spectacles very much in the way, laughing with and chaffing at the party that set out with him, and who kept carefully out of proximity to his gun. He had finished an article, he was full of life, and asked with much trustfulness the advice of his gamekeeper, who told him exactly what it suited his own convenience to tell. Never were there more remarkable hits or more astonishing misses made by any man than by him on these days. He used to tell of the gamekeeper who said, when the game was wild, "The birds are quite irreproachable, my lord," and it was just then he would fire. When the covey was more than a field away, and mere specks to the naked eye, boldly the gun was raised and fired; and then he insisted on all the drills being scoured for the missing bird, which was meanwhile in the bosom of its family quietly in another parish, unconscious of its life having been attempted. After diligent search, by friendly but unveracious hands, a dead body, much mangled, frequently was laid to his charge, and at his feet, while he gazed fondly on the supposed results of his prowess crowned with glory and perspiration. "It's jist extraordinar'," as a polite keeper, expectant of tips, remarked in explanation to some sportsmen who always fired and, to their astonishment, never shot a feather; "it's jist extraordinar' the amount o' lead a bird can carry away wi' it." Though not always successful, it did not matter very much. It was the air, the walk, the excitement, the talk by the way, the lunch and banter by the hedgerow, that he loved best; and if he did not get much game among the turnips, why, he generally found out before he got home all the qualities of the ground for turnip-growing. Still, he realised suspiciously often the gamekeeper's dictum, "There's a hantle mair room to miss than to hit."

It was very merry in the summer months in the country when the house was filled with his family and its constant succession of friends—the talk or whist in the evening, or sometimes a dance in which the merry editor joined in a quadrille, much more agile with his tongue than with his quaintly formal steps. Nothing was more charming than to see him when the place was choke-full of lads—companions of his sons. How he beamed as he sat at the front door, newspaper on his lap, watching their sports and rallying at their blunders; how as they sat at dinner they waited eagerly for some delicious bit of nonsense to come; how they rejoiced when some unfortunate boy was fixed on for chaff and accused of the very things which nature rendered him morally and physically incapable of doing; how they would gurgle with laughter and choke over their food, while the victim grinned from ear to ear, or blushed from collar to hair, until some other victim was chosen, and then he would burst into fits of relief. "What's this I hear?" the editor would begin, his eyes dancing behind his spectacles as he took a preparatory sip of his grog before he told something preposterous nobody had ever said or heard of. It was not difficult to make merry boys laugh, and indeed they have been often transported by the story of the old lady who, seeing constantly advertised "Bennett's fifty-shilling watch," exclaimed in profound commiseration, "Has that poor Mr. Bennett not got his watch sold yet?" and then, as the jokes flew round, the servants would giggle and shake, and you stood the risk, as they handed the plates, of receiving an ample oblation of gravy on your too confiding bosom. In the kitchen, too, the servants believed in him immensely, as he believed in them, though Free Kirk cooks could not abide his principles, and John would admiringly read to his fellow-servants amidst general approbation the very articles the editor had not written, and proclaim them "graund," and would loyally stand up with heroic misunderstanding for opinions which his master had spent an arduous lifetime in combating.

Every great conversationalist has his limited store of anecdotes which have seen an enormous deal of dinner service. One naturally compassionates the wives and offspring who have to listen to the same jokes with the same air of perennial surprise. Biographers are wont to say, "There is a story the great Mr. A. used to relate;" "the eminent Mr. B. was fond of telling the following incident;" and the words "fond" and "used" conjure up a vision of long-suffering on the part of devoted friends and hapless children who have heard that story—like "the grouse in the gunroom"—till they can no longer either grin or bear it. Henry Crabb Robinson was such a man, and no skill could ward off the inevitable story. Bagehot tells of the oft-told tale of the finding of a bust of Wieland which was the terror of the good old gentleman's guests. "After a long interval I still shudder to think how often I have heard that story; it was one which no skill or care could avert, for the thing stood opposite our host's chair, and the sight of it was sure to recall him. Among the ungrateful students to whom he was so kind, the first question always asked of any one who had breakfasted at his house was: 'Have you undergone the *bust?*'" With Russel, on the other hand, the effort was, not to evade, but to get the anecdotes—"Tell us that story again," people would ask, and certainly they never asked in vain; and, after all, what faint recollections remain of his talk, so vivid, so bright, so intelligent, so ready, so witty—only a few anecdotes with the ludicrous touches gone, only a few meagre jokes with the rich mellow fun away. At dinner topic after topic came and went; a new book, a new measure, politics, ecclesiastics, society, are all discussed, brightened by some fresh thought, or illustrated by some quaint story, each guest being with kindly tact brought into the tide of talk, as the host chatted and sipped his grog—he having persuaded himself firmly that the doctors ordered him to take whisky on the precarious ground that they had ordered him not to take wine. One remembers vaguely how the conversation went. For instance, his literary memory is rarely at fault. Some one tells how, as the rival forces met at Marston Moor (it was Edgemore really), a party of English squires in full cry passed with their hounds, on which the host quickly doubts how that can be, seeing that the battle was fought in June when there was no hunting at all. The talk turns on Lord Melbourne, and he describes the interview between the easy peer who was shaving and the secretary to the Lord Advocate, when he brings before him the draft of some bill. "Well, Mr. M., this is another of your demned Scotch jobs, I presume?" "Just so, my lord; so, having settled the preamble, we will now proceed to the clauses." Strong-minded women are spoken of, and a lady remarks that one noted female emancipationist, of masculine appearance, is much more of a lady than one who had, the day before, sharply criticised her. "Well, she is much more of a *gentleman*, at anyrate, my dear," consolingly conceded the editor with quiet sarcasm. Dr. Kenealy is reported in that morning's paper to have spoken of shaking off calumny "like dew-drops off a lion's mane." Some present thought it was his own nonsense. Others thought it was "in Milton"; but Russel readily quotes the passage from *Troilus and Cressida.* Speaking of self-educated men, he mentions a remark by Emerson. When some one spoke of Abraham Lincoln as "a self-made man," the philosopher quietly said, as he thought of that ill-made figure: "That saves Providence, then, a great deal of responsibility." The Ballot question suggests the case of a farmer, who said to his landlord, in disgust at the new Act: "Afore, everybody kent that I voted for your lordship, but noo the waurst o' 't is, if I gaung to the poll, folk micht think I was voting according to my conscience." Some one speaks of political trials where persons get off, though guilty, because they were sincere, and this brings up the incident of the advocate, in a trial for sedition, pleading before Lord Braxfield of ill memory, who urged that sedition was not always reprehensible, and sometimes due to the noblest reasons, as was instanced by Jesus (?). "Muckle *he* made o' 't," retorted the judge, with a savage chuckle; "he was hangit." The editor relates his experiences of the Irish—the ignorant piety which comes from laziness, of troops of people flocking to chapel on week-day, and unable when he asked them to tell what saint's day it was they honoured, although, after consultation, some said: "We think it'll be the first Lady-day of harvest"—it was really the Feast of the Assumption. He recalls instances of their bulls, as, for instance, the entry he found in the inn-album, by a Colonel: "I stopped here by mere chance, and would advise every person to do the same." He recalls their inveterate desire for money—if gained without any labour: the boatmen in Killarney having coolly and objurgatively affirmed an object in the distance to be a "rale Irish eagle," while Russel's companion in travel denied it. "In that case," replied his friend, "we'll soon know—if it's an Irish eagle, it will pounce on the company and ask sixpence for showing itself." The clergy are brought in for some chaff, and he mentions how Kinglake in his drawling tones remarked that "he thought the clergy could be indicted under the common law against fortune-telling." Somehow the talk passes on to the humbug of servants' registers, the keeping of which, he protests, is the easiest business in the world to start, requiring the most limited of capital—for it only needs a pen, a sheet of paper, and a bottle of ink. The name of Charles Maclaren makes him tell how at a large party his grave and respectable appearance suggested that he should be asked to say grace. In deep agitation he rose, and made some vain bewildered attempts to say it. At last, looking round the company in abject despair and anguish, the unfortunate victim to respectability exclaimed: "Ladies and gentlemen, my memory has clean gone to the deevil." "Why, your hair is getting grey," says Russel to a friend. "Yes, but there's plenty of it, at least," looking at the editor's head, a Sahara of baldness. "Oh yes," added he; "you see mine preferred death to dishonour."

Strangely few true anecdotes remain of him, although of no man are there more false ones told, and often told very cleverly. Asked one day if he had said some very witty thing reported to be his, he answered: "I only wish I could." Driving past a well-known daft man who was haranguing a crowd of little children, "Now," remarked Russel, with a laugh, "give that man a little education and make him a minister, and, bless you, he would never be found out." Dining one day with some friends, the talk was about the popular notions of another world. "Now, as for me," said

Russel, "what can I do, for I have neither voice to sing nor teeth to gnash?" "Oh, these will be provided for you," said consolingly Dr. John Brown, author of *Rab and His Friends.* "Ah!" rejoined he, looking at a distinguished practitioner in dentistry who was present, "I see now where the dentists are to be." Although he had his semi-profane and not too reverent jokes, he had himself no patience with impiety.

Loving as he did good talk and good talkers, few men bore with dull ones better; and although he had utter impatience with public stupidity, he had almost tenderness for private dulness. He had that rarest of all forms of charity, intellectual tolerance, and never obtruded one view which he thought might annoy or hurt a soul in social intercourse. Those very proper and pious persons who met him first with the notion that "he was that dreadful Mr. Russel" went away with the impression that he was a "most charming man." Old ladies without an idea behind their ringlets, old gentlemen without a thought beyond their denomination or their crops, sat and listened, worthy souls! as the editor poured out stories and made jokes, while they were themselves afraid to smile in case what he said was meant to be serious, and were afraid to look solemn in case he had meant to be funny, and therefore preserved an expression of wonderful mental and facial perplexity. "Poor old chap, I like him," the host would say, when the simple guest had departed in his goloshes.

"He is a very decent old fellow, do you know? though he cannot see a joke, and his grace is far too good and long for the dinner," he remarks, as some respectable dissenting minister goes off. Absurdities and follies struck his humorous mind, but defects and weakness raised his pity. Benjamin Franklin tells of an old gentleman with one deformed foot, and he always judged of a man's character by noticing whether he looked at the shapely or the maimed limb first. Well, Russel would instinctively notice the deformed foot first; but he would pretend he had never seen it, and would act so that others might not notice it. This amiability pervaded his whole character. He could not blame in private, though none could hit harder in public, for he hated the infliction of pain on any being he met, and this quality servants knew to his cost; and he felt apologetic and awkward when he tried to find fault, as if he were really the culprit himself. Neither could he praise, curiously enough, for though none were quicker to own the merit of others, he was absurdly shy and clumsy at praising; and as one who knew him well says, "he seemed to think there would be some of the snobbishness of patronage in praise for work well done"; while he recognised without jealousy the talents of others, and even sometimes suppressed an article by himself to insert one by a friend which he considered more effective than his own, or rather than give disappointment.

During the last ten years of his life he had more ease and could take more leisure, although he wrote constantly from sheer pleasure, and laughed at those who anxiously bade him give up work as being too much exertion. Competent judges know, too, that he never wrote better than in those latter years. Never did he show such mastery of detail, such fulness of resource, such command over every political question he handled. Certainly the old buoyancy had abated, the exuberant spirits had diminished; for after the death of one of his sons by drowning, which caused him unutterable grief, he never was quite the same man, although there was still wonderful vivacity and heartiness. Sometimes he went up to London, entering into the most brilliant political circles, gathering clusters of Liberal friends round him, in the lobby of the House of Commons, and at many a club, and getting in Parliamentary coteries refreshment for his jaded political ideas. Not that he considered London journalism itself devoid of narrowness, nor lacking an amount of Cockney arrogance, and superfluity of ignorance on unmetropolitan affairs and interests, as if there were "no world without Verona's walls."

In 1869 he visited Egypt, in order to be present at the opening of the Suez Canal, of which he wrote home graphic notes. The incongruities of the scenes and the gravity of the occasion impressed him with equal readiness, and through all the mischances of his journey he carried the same even good nature, whether through the inevitable sickness in the Bay of Biscay, on the third day after which he reappeared on deck, "looking purified by suffering," or during the miseries of Egyptian travelling, through unpopulated places by day and in populated beds at night. Although as open to see the excellence of foreign ways and scenes as was that candid Aberdonian who, on first seeing St. Paul's, owned that "it made a clean fule o' the kirk o' Fittie," it may be suspected that he had some sneaking sympathy with the Scotch bailie who, on seeing the majestic Pyramids, asked: "What idiot biggit thae things?" At any rate he enters extremely rapidly into Thackeray's feelings when, in his book, the novelist said, "they are very big," and then "dropped the subject and went home again." He tries his best, however, to write impressively, for he feels bound to say something. "And these are the Pyramids! is the first thought, if not the exclamation, of every beholder; and in the mere fact that they are the Pyramids, whose history, builders, uses, and age have baffled human inquiries for generations, is the source of the interest and solemnity with which they are gazed at. You feel that to see them is an event in your life, though you cannot satisfactorily explain to yourself why it should be so"—and so on. Neither do the sandhills, seen as he sails down the canal, impress him deeply when he discovers that these form the land of Goshen: "If that land was of old anything like what it is now, depend upon it that when Joseph invited his brethren to dwell there he only meant to be upsides with them for their previous maltreatment." But not lightly did he feel the moment when they arrived at Suez, and proved the triumphant success of that canal which brought East and West 8000 miles nearer to each other. "It could not be but that even the least sentimental of us should have been 'glad with grave thoughts,' and have felt that in that hour there was more to be seen by the mind's eye than the gorgeous and glittering displays of the rejoicing of many nations which flouted the sky from sea to shore."

In November 1872 he went abroad again; but this time it was the first serious attack of his illness which drove him away from Edinburgh at a season when, as in Pope's *Castle of Spleen*, "the dreaded east is all the wind that blows," to seek a warmer climate. For some time he stayed in Arcachon, and entered into all the beauties and interests of the place—such as they are. As a sportsman, how pathetically he laments the utter absence of life in the woods. "For some years past everybody has been shooting everything, so that now nobody can shoot anything. During three weeks we have seen only one sparrow and heard another; and as to singing birds, such as the lark—of which the French cookery book so affectionately says, 'This charming songster eats delightfully with bread-crumbs'—it has arrived to them to be extirpated; and when some ignorant gull does appear above the horizon, shots begin going off all along the shore and from patiently waiting boats, as if a regiment of volunteers had broken into file-firing." And yet Arcachon, within hearing of the booming of the far-off Bay of Biscay, had its little consolations. He writes:—

> It is pleasant, morning after morning (in February or March) to wake to see the Bassin lying blue, calm and smiling, amid its setting of forest, and thickly dotted with fishing boats, whilst every now and then passes up steamer or sloop, more or less "rent and battered," telling of the dreaded "bar," where you pass at once from land and shelter into winds which have a full sweep for 3000 miles. Or, in the stillness of the night, you may have a draught of that malign pleasure from contemplating the miseries and the perils of others in contrast to your own pleasure and safety, by listening to the gentle lapping of the tide below your window, ever and anon overpowered by the thunder of the raging bay beyond the hills.

He afterwards passed on to Portugal, whose lovely Cintra he admirably describes; to Spain and Northern Italy, with eye more sensitive than most tourists to the beauty of the sunny South. On the whole he was not sorry to quit France, its formalities and its officialism; as many will agree with him that, "though they manage things better in France, they manage them a great deal too much."

Pleasant as idleness and travelling were to him, work and home were pleasanter still, and though a man of "cheerful yesterdays and confident to-morrows," illness was reminding him that life is a very uncertain thing. In the frequent spasms of his complaint he sometimes could only write kneeling. Yet how full of life and energy he was—so keen for work, so bright in society, so surrounded by old friends and ready to make new friendships. No one met with more people, and yet it is curious that he was miserably shy of public appearances, he hated to appear on platforms, he was in agony at the prospect of making an after-dinner speech; and when asked to stand as candidate for the Lord Rectorship of Aberdeen in 1875, he declined the honour at once. But in private he was not shy, and rejoiced in the presence of friends round his table. What a number and variety of faces had appeared there in Ramsay Gardens in old days, at Chester Street in later years, who talked and laughed their best! Thackeray, up in Edinburgh lecturing on "The Georges" (when Aytoun bade him "stick to the Jeamses"), came and was not even cynical; James Hannay, clever and conceited, would tell his most piquant stories and prove his claims to a dormant peerage (when his host remarked "it would be more to the point if he could prove a dormant half-crown"), and then roll off with more than his usual sailor's gait to the *Courant* office to write a spiteful article on the editor of the *Scotsman;* Mr. Grant Duff would come, fresh from some Elgin oration and with some fresh schemes on European policy; Dr. Robert Lee, of Old Greyfriars, cleverest of ecclesiastics, most liberal of Churchmen, ablest of debaters, would often turn up, his fine intellectual face looking so sharp as he uttered in staccato his iced sarcasms at his "preposterous" brethren in the Church, or as he delicately cut up some "pious goose" of a minister who was stirring charges against him of heresy; Captain Burton even appeared in the course of going to and fro on the earth, and would tell some risky tales and utter some wild opinions on polygamy, and leave the impression, as ladies hurriedly left him, that he had on emergency fed on, and rather enjoyed, a fellow-creature; Fitzjames Stephen would appear, not the least fatigued by his defeat at Dundee, having proved too good for the place, and very thankful for his new friend's powerful support; George Combe and Hill Burton, of course, were of old frequent guests; and Lord Neaves, when voice and memory were at their worst, as the company were longing to join the ladies, would send upstairs for the presentation copy of his "Songs," which he knew to be in the house, and then the quavering strains would rise before the hapless guests, held as by the Ancient Mariner, and as the unmelodious notes were heard in the drawing-room ladies knew "they need not wait for the gentlemen." Now there came the Liberal whip to talk over political prospects, and get counsel about a new movement; and now local magnates dined who could tell the chances of the next Edinburgh contest or the new water scheme of the Provost; now it was Professor Huxley, so fresh, so unalarming, that, as a clergyman finishes saying grace at dinner, Russel exclaims:

"Halloa! was that you saying grace, Professor?" "No," replies he, meekly and blandly, "I trust I know my place in nature." Russel's house was the meeting place of all sorts and conditions of men—certainly not excluding clergy: dissenting ministers, narrow in doctrine and Radical in politics, holding protection in religion, and free trade in corn; Broad Church clergy, whom he regarded as rational beings; worthy old moderate divines, who were admirable at table and sadly dull in the pulpit, who preached the driest of sermons, and gave the driest of sherry, who, in fact, from the good wine and bad discourses they gave, as Lord Robertson of facetious memory said, "were much better in bottle than in wood."

When people wish to know a man they are never satisfied till they know his creed, and in the case of Mr. Russel it is not easy to satisfy such a wish. To pious temperaments who measure natures by the straitest of rules he was "a most regardless man"; and in spite of his steady attendance in Old Greyfriars Church, he was asserted, with pious recklessness of assertion, "never to be in the house of God"; and when he ridiculed clerical folly and sectarian bigotry, they gave him up as lost; truly, as he said, his praise was in none of the churches. What would they have said had they heard him tell how, hurrying one Sunday to church, he stuffed into his pocket the manuscript of a forthcoming pantomime which he was revising, and during the service pulling out his handkerchief, the floor of the sacred courts was strewed with the profane leaves of the unholy production? Brought up as a United Presbyterian, he died in connection with the Church of Scotland, having with many of its clergy much friendship, and with its general liberality of feeling most sympathy. An Established Church—whose policy he often condemned, and whose flaws he never wearied of pointing sarcastically out—he yet maintained to be the best safeguard for independence of thought and expression, as lifting its ministers above the servile need of teaching for doctrines of God the commandments of the pews. He did not believe in hard, dry dogmas; he winced under dogmatic assertions which tried to define the incomprehensible and to limit the illimitable; and he did not trust in preachers who professed to know the mind of God when they did not even know their own. When Mr. Hope of Fentonbarns, an eminent agriculturist, and no less ardent Unitarian, urged Mr. Russel to join his connection, he could only say he did not care to tether his faith to one particular creed for even a fortnight, but liked to be able to change his opinions as he saw cause. Although religious discussions interested him—the book he was reading when he died was Amberley's new book on *Analysis of Religious Belief*—he did not care for curious theological speculations; as he said to a friend who had written needlessly a work against the Third Person in the Trinity: "Why cannot you leave the Holy Ghost alone: it has always left you alone."

The fact is that in him there were, as in most men, two conditions of mind, one that was believing and the other which was doubting. These alternated according to temperament and society, and, like those old-fashioned barometers, with the figure of a man at one end and the figure of a woman at the other, one of which comes out to mark the weather as the other goes in, so according to circumstances and intellectual atmosphere, the feminine belief comes out as the masculine doubt retires. There was much of the old Scotch religious character in Russel to the last. As the language of the Catechism clung to his memory, so the religious associations and beliefs clung to his mind. Amidst all the Bohemian regardlessness of form, there was a deep vein of sentiment, which increased with his years. He did not care, however, to try his faith too much; he did not, for instance, like pictures of sacred subjects, for they brought him face to face with them as things to be realised, instead of their remaining in the sacred security of religious vagueness. He said he would not go to the Ammergau Passion Play for the world, as it would disenchant him; and when we told him of a German Jew saying to us, as we came away together from the play, that the whole performance confirmed him in his beliefs and showed how natural all the events of Christ's life were, Russel added: "That's just why I wouldn't like to see it." But this very tenderness to old associations, and this carefulness over persistent religious impressions, prove that there was in him nothing cynical, nothing heartless. He loved religious teaching which was simple, and which was touched with a vein of true feeling, and he always retained a living awe of the unseen and a loving reverence for the Master of our faith. No doubt the "articles" he wrote did not exactly square with any articles of faith that men sign. He belonged, according to the saying, to that religion to which all sensible men belong, and which all sensible men keep to themselves.[1]

His death was unexpected; the symptoms which had startled him ever and anon were becoming more frequent, but yet he had no fear. One day, not long before his death, he had been at the office, and had dictated three articles, one of which appeared five months after he had died. On July 18, 1876, when he was looking forward to going to the quiet and pleasant leisure of the country, he passed away, after a short illness, with the suddenness which attends heart disease. As the news of his death quickly sped, it cast a sorrow, sincere and deep, over the country, to which his writings had for a generation, to political friends and foes alike, been a source of never-failing delightfulness. The untiring vigour of his work, the clearness and pith of his style, his skill in political dialectics, his unsurpassed political knowledge, his remarkable powers of sarcasm, his rare sense of the ludicrous, his wit and mirthfulness, were familiar to all readers. The real generosity of nature, the sterling honesty of purpose, the exquisite simplicity of character, the warm, genial, kindly, trustful nature, however, were known most to those who knew him best. Men who have held a prominent place in the world do not like to be forgotten when they die, or to think that their memory will soon pass from the minds of those they leave behind. Such a fate Russel really feared. It is natural truly to wish to be missed for long years to come, and to hope that in many a familiar gathering of old friends,

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[1] It is useful to track a story to its origin; and as many attribute the saying to which we refer to Samuel Rogers and others, here is the true source, which is found in John Toland's *Clidophorus*, c. xiii.: "This puts me in mind of what I was told by a near relation of the old Lord Shaftesbury. The latter, conferring one day with Major Wildman about the many sects of religion in the world, they came to this conclusion at last: that notwithstanding these infinite divisions caused by the interest of the priests and the ignorance of the people, *all wise men are of the same religion*; whereupon a lady in the room, who seem'd to mind her needle more than their discourse, demanded with some concern what that religion was? To which the Lord Shaftesbury strait reply'd, 'Madam, wise men never tell.'"

> Amid their good cheer
> Some kind heart may whisper
> "I wish he were here."

Amidst the now swiftly thinning ranks of his fast friends, that wish has been felt and uttered many and many a time, with all their heart, since he went away.

THE END

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